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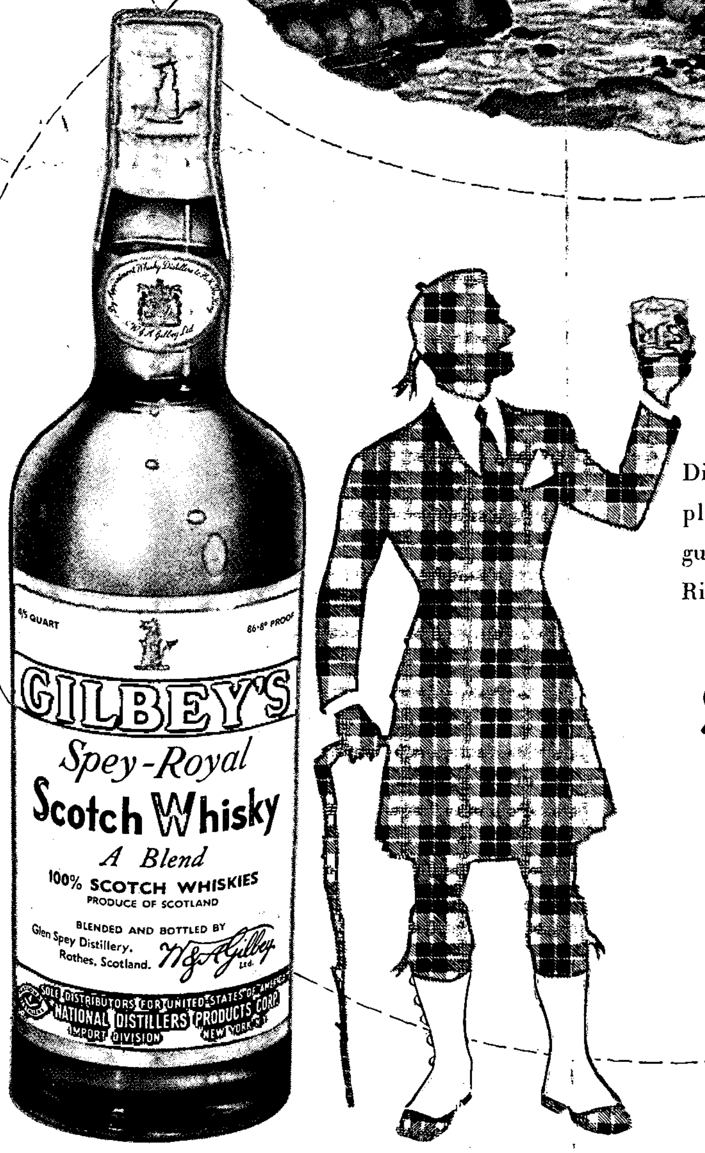
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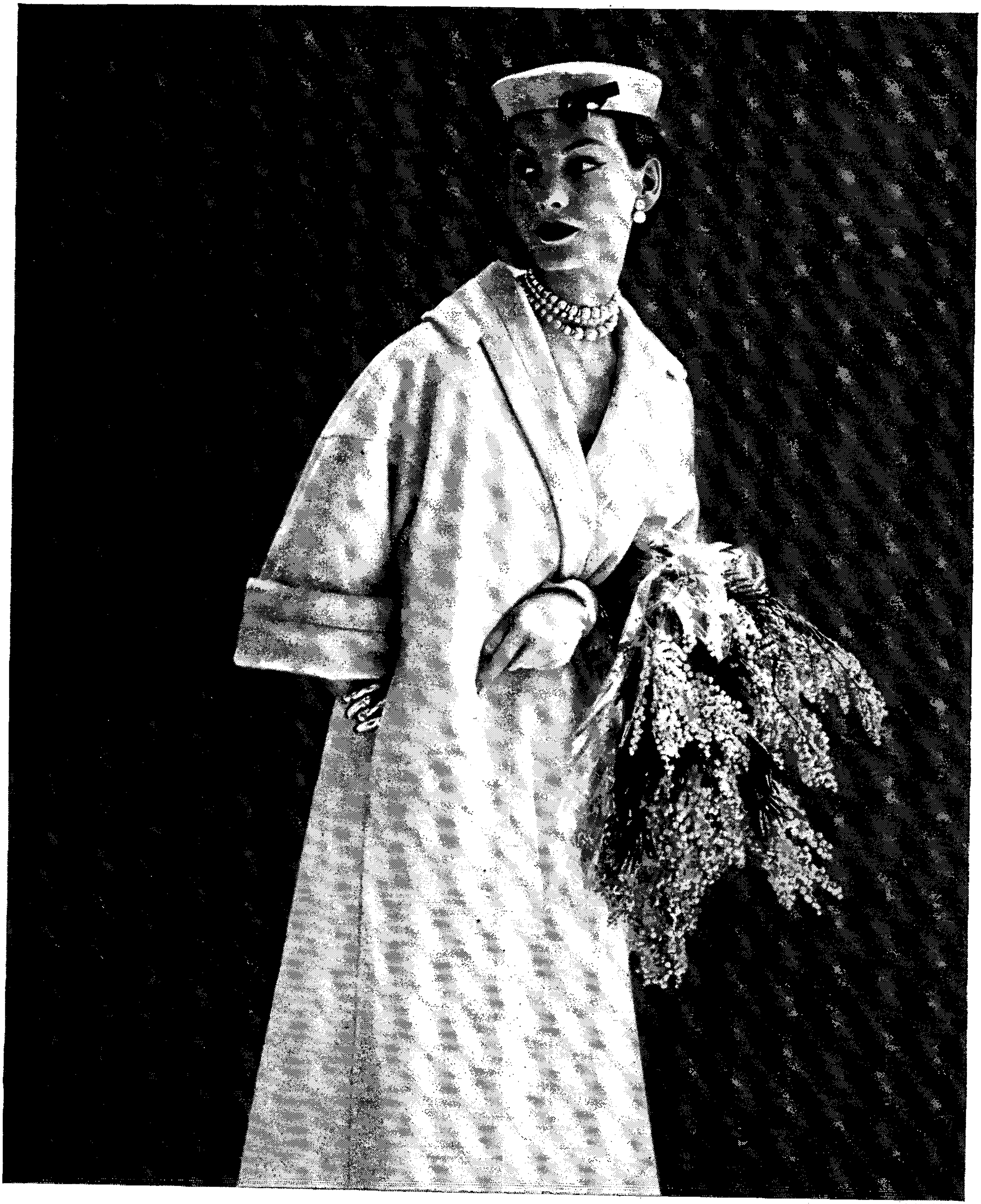

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Caine Mutiny Court Martial—In this dramatization of the Herman Wouk novel, Lloyd Nolan turns in one of the year's best performances as Queeg, and he is ably abetted by John Hodiak and Henry Fonda, who portray the defendant and his lawyer. Directed by Charles Laughton, the play also includes in its estimable cast Robert Gist, Ainslie Pryor, Russell Hicks, Charles Nolte, and Herbert Anderson. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Confidential Clerk—An uneasy poetic drama by T. S. Eliot that ranges between the farcical and the mystical, and winds up pretty much in midair. The cast, which is excellent, is led by Claude Rains, Ina Claire, and Joan Greenwood. Directed by E. Martin Browne, the play has been impressively staged by Paul Morrison. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Ruth Draper—The celebrated monologuist in a widely varied and fascinating series of impersonations, most of which you've probably seen before. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

His and Hers—This comedy, by Fay and Michael Kanin, hasn't much to recommend it except the performances of Celeste Holm and Robert Preston, but perhaps they are enough. Howard St. John, Elizabeth Patterson, and George Voskovec are also in the cast. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

The Immoralist—A worthy, if unsuccessful, attempt to project upon the stage André Gide's ideas about the homosexual's position in society. The adaptation of the Gide novel was written by Ruth and Augustus Goetz, and Geraldine Page and Louis Jourdan play the couple afflicted by marital difficulties. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Kind Sir—Although Mary Martin and Charles Boyer do their best with this empty-headed comedy about sex in exalted circles, nothing much comes of it. Norman Krasna is the author; Joshua Logan is the producer and director; and the rest of the cast consists of Dorothy Stickney, Margalo Gillmore, Frank Conroy, and Douglas McLean. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lullaby—A niggling and threadbare comedy that has to do with the efforts of a possessive mother to hold on to the affections of her middle-aged son, who has just married a hardboiled hoofer. Mary Boland, Jack Warden, and Kay Medford make their material seem a lot better than it is. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Oh, Men! Oh, Women!—Edward Chodorov's comedy concerning a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain trails away a little at the end, but it is extremely comic just the same. Franchot Tone is the tormented healer, and Betsy von Furstenberg, Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Ondine—Audrey Hepburn takes her place as one of the most talented and enchanting actresses on the stage with her portrayal of a more-than-mortal girl in this adaptation of Giraudoux's fantasy. The supporting performances, especially that of Mel Ferrer, are less distinguished and the text is occasionally a little cloudy and pretentious, but it is still a consequential event in the theatre. Alfred Lunt is the director and Virgil Thomson has furnished some nice incidental music. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Prescott Proposals—Katharine Cornell is her usual gracious self in this rather disappointing Lindsay-Crouse play about a crisis in the affairs of the United Nations. Felix Aylmer, Lorne Greene, Ben Astar, and Minoo Daver are in the cast, and Donald Oenslager designed the brilliant sets. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker—Liam O'Brien's jolly account of a wonderfully prolific bigamist whose life gets hopelessly mixed up when one of his wives, in Wilmington, learns about another one, in Philadelphia. Burgess Meredith is the entangled hero, and Martha Scott, Thomas Chalmers, Una Merkel, Glenn Anders, and Michael Wager share in his diverting confusion. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sabrina Fair—Margaret Sullavan, as a chauffeur's daughter, and Joseph Cotten as a young millionaire, in Samuel Taylor's not very substantial comedy having to do with life on the North Shore of Long Island. John Cromwell, Luella Gear, Scott McKay, Cathleen Nesbitt, and Russell Collins are in the talented supporting cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.

The Solid Gold Cadillac—Josephine Hull, who can do no wrong, in a very funny comedy about some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann are the authors, and others in the irreproachable cast are Loring Smith, Geoffrey Lumb, Wendell K. Phillips, Reynolds Evans, and Henry Jones. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Unfortunately, Robert Anderson's play, while often affecting, doesn't quite come off, though Deborah Kerr and John Kerr are admirable in the central roles. The cast, which was directed by Elia Kazan, also includes Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Dick York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—David Wayne has a field day in John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, and there are other nice performances by John Forsythe, Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. Robert Lewis directed the memorable proceedings. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Winner—Elmer Rice's play about what happens to a young woman when a rich admirer drops dead on her bed is certainly far below his customary standard. Joan Tetzel, Tom Helmore, and Frederick O'Neal are as effective as could be expected under the circumstances. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE FIFTH SEASON:** Fun among the denizens of the Seventh Avenue garment belt, with Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **PICNIC:** Sex running like a grass fire through the lives of some ladies in a Kansas town. A play by William Inge, with Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy dealing with a middle-aged man who gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Tom Ewell is the man, and Vanessa Brown is his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun-

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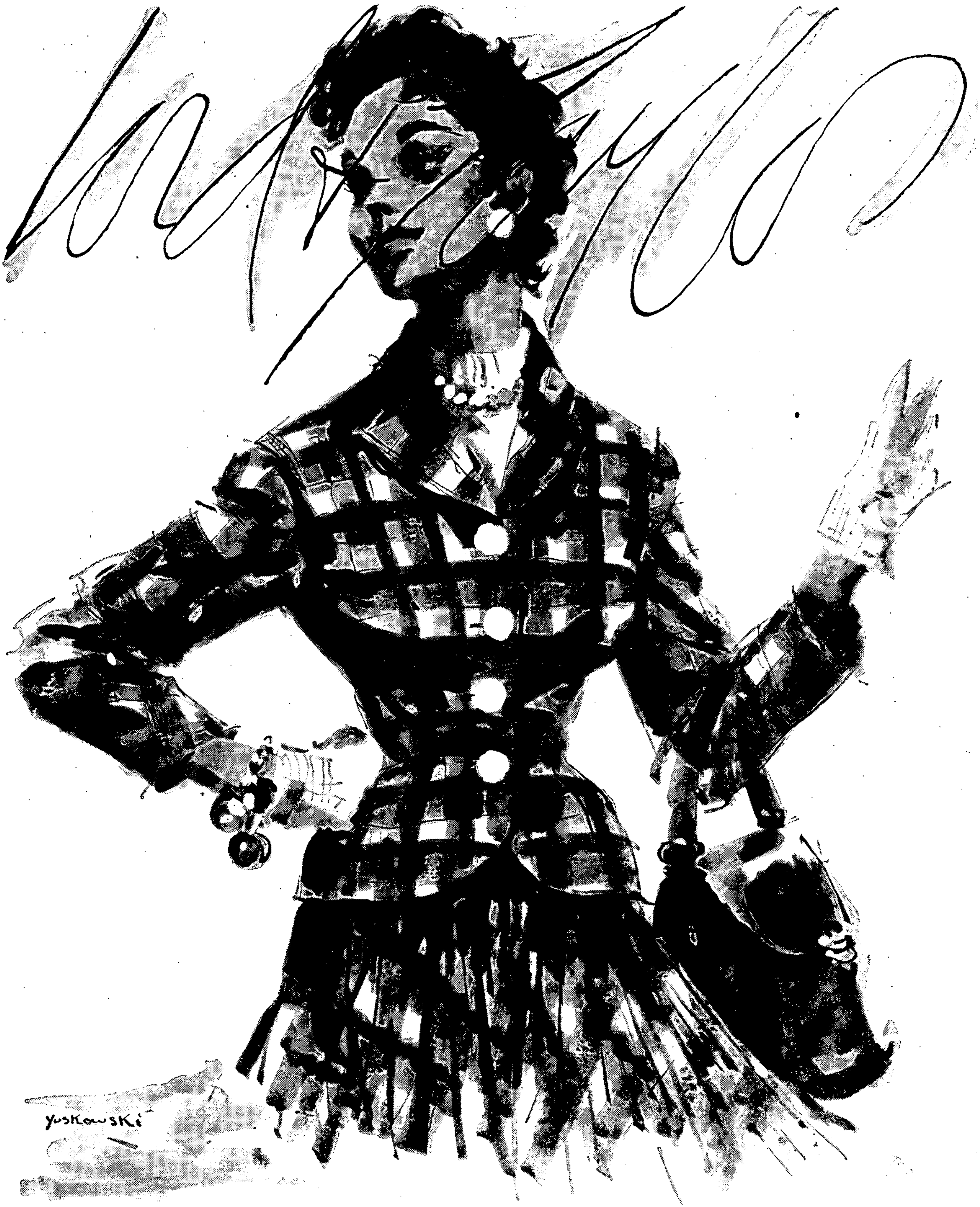

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

John Murray Anderson's Almanac—A revue that includes some lively sketches in which Hermione Gingold, Orson Bean, Alice Pearce, and Billy De Wolfe make merry, and songs and dances in which Harry Belafonté, Carleton Carpenter, Elaine Dunn, Celia Lipton, and Nanci Crompton are quite agreeable. There are other interludes that are not so pleasant, however, and at times things get downright tedious. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, March 7.)

Kismet—This adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama is very handsome and spirited, and Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are excellent as a vagabond poet and his beautiful daughter. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin and equipped it with lyrics, Charles Lederer and Luther Davis revamped the book, Jack Cole did the choreography, and Lemuel Ayers designed the costumes and the sets. With Joan Diener, Philip Coolidge, Richard Oneto, and Henry Calvin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**can-can**: Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast contains Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matineés Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **the king and i**: The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King, and Patricia Morison is the English teacher. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25. Closes Saturday, March 20.) . . . **me and juliet**: Backstage life given the Rodgers and Hammerstein treatment. With Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **wonderful town**: "My Sister Eileen" again, on this occasion with music by Leonard Bernstein and with Rosalind Russell in the leading role. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Burning Glass—Cedric Hardwicke, Walter Matthau, and Maria Riva in a play by Charles Morgan. Presented by the Theatre Guild and John C. Wilson, and directed by Luther Kennett. Opens Thursday, March 4. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Girl in Pink Tights—A musical starring Jeanmaire and Charles Goldner, with a score by the late Sigmund Romberg, lyrics by Leo Robin, and a book by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields. Shepard Traube directed the production, and Agnes de Mille staged the dances and musical numbers. Produced by Mr. Traube in association with Anthony B. Farrell. Opens Friday, March 5. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—"Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance. Through Sunday, March 14.)

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—"The World of Sholom Aleichem," with a cast, directed by Howard Da Silva, that includes Morris Carnovsky, Ruby Dee, and Jack Gilford. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CO 5-7845. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—"The Wise Have Not Spoken," Paul Vincent Carroll's play about some typically Irish political and economic miseries, would probably be more effective on its native soil. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—"The Girl on the Via Flaminia," Alfred Hayes' adaptation of his own novel about an Italian girl's unhappy romance with an American soldier, is handicapped by a poorly contrived rendering of its central role, but it is still a rather touching play. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—A musical, "The Golden Apple," with book and lyrics by John Latouche and score by Jerome Moross. Norman Lloyd staged the production, Hanya Holm directed the dances, and the cast includes Priscilla Gillette, Stephen Douglass, Kaye Ballard, and Jack Whiting. Presented by T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton. Opens Thursday, March 11. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. GR 7-0713. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," for which Marc Blitzstein has done a new English libretto based on the original by Bert Brecht. Lotte Lenya and Scott Merrill head the cast. Staged by Carmen Capalbo and produced by Mr. Capalbo and Stanley Chase. Opens Tuesday, March 9. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, March 4: "Quartet," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Pas de Trois," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 5: "Swan Lake," "Picnic at Tintagel," "Opus 34," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday matinées and evenings, March 6-7: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Con Amore," "Harlequinade," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 10: "Four Temperaments," "Con Amore," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "Filling Station," "The Five Gifts," "Pas de Trois," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "The Five Gifts," "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, March 13: "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, March 21.)

Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians—Twenty-five Japanese dancers and musicians who are appearing for the first time in this country. The four-week engagement is being sponsored by S. Hurok, with the coöperation of H.I.H. Prince Takamatsu and the Japanese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The original program will be replaced by a new one starting Tuesday, March 9. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, March 21.)

Inesita—In a program of flamenco, classic, and other Spanish dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, March 4, at 8:40.)

Iris Mabry—In a dance recital. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Jean Léon Destiné—With his company, in a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Agnes Moorehead—In a series of dramatic sketches. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The circumspect dance music of Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band can be heard at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin swoons at cocktail time. Silence in both rooms on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Dulcet music in the Palm Court at cocktails every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—All that glitters is not gold, but the customers here can almost fool you. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The cast of a new ice show is diligently flecking the ringside guests with a fine foam of shavings. The locale is the Terrace Room. Steve Kisley's orchestra does the dance music. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Nelson Eddy, a bit less conscious than last year of his grave responsibilities as Civic Virtue, is singing his old familiar airs in the Cotillion Room, sometimes in cahoots with a statuesque blonde named Gale Sherwood. As always, Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band emit the dance music. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing at all Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lisa Kirk, a girl quite capable of making

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

herself heard, is singing forte here these evenings, and Alan and Blanche Lund are dancing. They're all in the Persian Room, where the eminent Ted Straeter plays piano and conducts an orchestra that is an irresistible invitation to the dance. Other music is provided by Mark Monte's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room goes on serving dinner and supper in the good old *grand-luxe* way. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails (but not for dancing) every day but Monday in the Palm Court.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, except Sundays, the Lombardo household unreels safe-and-sane family-style dance music.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the grand duchy called the Maisonette, where the sun shines bright and the inhabitants are happy as the day is long, Milt Shaw's band and Ray Bari's ensemble play almost non-stop dance music. The beautiful Marti Stevens fondly caresses her last love song on Wednesday, March 10. Next evening, Shirl Conway will assume the soprano assignment. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Monday is the only day there's no afternoon and evening dance music by Irving Conn's orchestra in the Café Lounge.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a small and jaunty triumph of the lily painter's art, has practically continuous dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—It's quite a gypsy caravan Horace Heidt has brought into the Café Rouge. In his motley rout are singers, yodellers, Swiss bell ringers, snake charmers, and even a few dance musicians. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A habit-forming indulgence among a certain group that's afraid to go home in the dark. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make the music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The plot of George White's miniature musical comedy never deviates from the modern boy-meets-churl line, but the comedians (Fay DeWitt, Georgie Kaye, Lou Nelson, and Don Liberto) and the décor (Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard) easily surmount this problem. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The singing in the Empire Room is being handled by Connie Russell, who owns all the chromium Hollywood accessories, including a smashing serve and a furious overdrive. The dancing is being handled by the Bob Hamilton Trio. Nat Brandwynne, the old reliable, plays puissant piano, to say nothing of running one of the best of the big hotel bands. As of Thursday, March 11, Martha Wright, a remarkably cheerful little redhead, will become the cricket on the hearth. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Alex Fogarty is at the piano in one segment of the felicitous Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra alternates with him after eight-thirty, except Sundays, when another group does the honors.

Note—The Rainbow Room, lofty as a peak in Darien (Panama, that is), offers cocktails and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, the dean of the coming-out-party boys, is still rattling off his smooth, débutante-speed dance tunes after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Life the way it looked (and especially sounded) in the days of the Ignoble Experiment. However, the piano music by Johnny Mehegan at both dinner and supper is definitely 1954 in style, and Ralph Strain's supper piano, though in a handsomely romantic mood, is by no means dated, either. Sunday is their holiday. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter's high-style offbeat piano sounds, if possible, better than ever. He's around this neat and fashionable buttery from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A piano and a violin discourse decorously after ten in a room where everybody seems to know everybody else, often out loud. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): At the end of the dinner hour, Jim Mahoney begins his piano recital of the good show tunes, past and present. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Surrounded by a certain subdued splendor, Addison Bailey addresses his piano at cocktails and during dinner and supper except Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, with the clients joining in the latter. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche,* Herman Arminski turns out cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield plays at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless fun on a campus where the boy and girl students all like to sing and play the piano. There are sofas and armchairs from which to watch the commencement exercises. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when José Poniera's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine at night. . . . **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): For most of the evening, Norbert Faconi, a worldly practitioner of the prowler violin, moves with stately mien about his business. The rest of the amusement is minor Viennese schmalz. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The golden-voiced Helen Traubel, as well dressed and as spry as any of the pretty Copa ballerinas, is putting on a topnotch pop concert here, in defiance of both Met tradition and Rudolf Bing. Joey Bishop is the customary Copa humorist. Dancing. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Amalia (Rodriguez, that is), who should, if she isn't already, be the pride of Portugal, decks her native flamenco and *fado* arias with some thrilling glissandos. The rest of the show here, both on and offstage, passes all understanding. Dancing when there's floor space.

SUPPER CLUBS

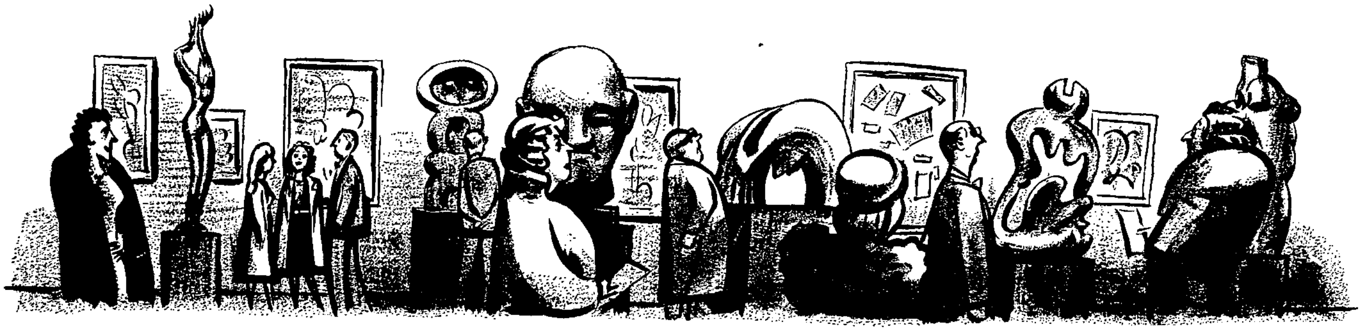
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A small package of good things; i.e., Burl Ives' calm, honest projection of folk music written by the people instead of for them; the diffident Orson Bean's excursions along some unexpected byways of humor; Felicia Sanders' vivid, excited chanting of her special ballads; and Channing Pollack's wholly unbelievable feats of magic. Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' vibrant trio are also in evidence. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Trude Adams, a bouquet of spring flowers, sings with warming sincerity and artless charm, and Arte Johnson, a mild but definite young wit, delivers himself of some original thoughts on cabbages and kings. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Diamonds in the rough keep cropping up here. The latest is Jonathan Winters, a strolling player with a high-fidelity ear for genuine Americana. Also on display are Susan Johnson, whose soprano makes sweet sorrow sound sweet indeed; the rambunctious part singers called the Toppers; the completely unique music of the Norman Paris trio; and the piano of Julius Monk, the mentor of this brood. On Wednesday, March 10, Miss J. and the Toppers will yield to Kirkwood and Goodman's harum-scarum comedy and the songs of Dorothy Loudon and Leigh Roberts. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Jimmy Komack's homemade, piping-hot calypsos deal mostly with Manhattan madnesses. He's off Mondays. As usual, there's lively double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies are added on Sundays; amateur nights are Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Many of our best love songs first see the light of night in the tiny upstairs salon that is presided over by Mabel Mercer, the voice of experience. The lyrics are often special and always literate. Sam Hamilton is at the piano all evening. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The whole damn shooting match—Oliver Wakefield's merciless dissection of after-dinner speakers, the rampant music of the Three Flames (led by Tiger Haines), the ostensibly nostalgic refrains of Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, the merry idiocies of the Three Riffs, and the deadpan foolishness of Bruce Kirby—takes a couple of hours, and then it's repeated for the benefit of those who come in late. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The top brass here is Wild Bill Davison's



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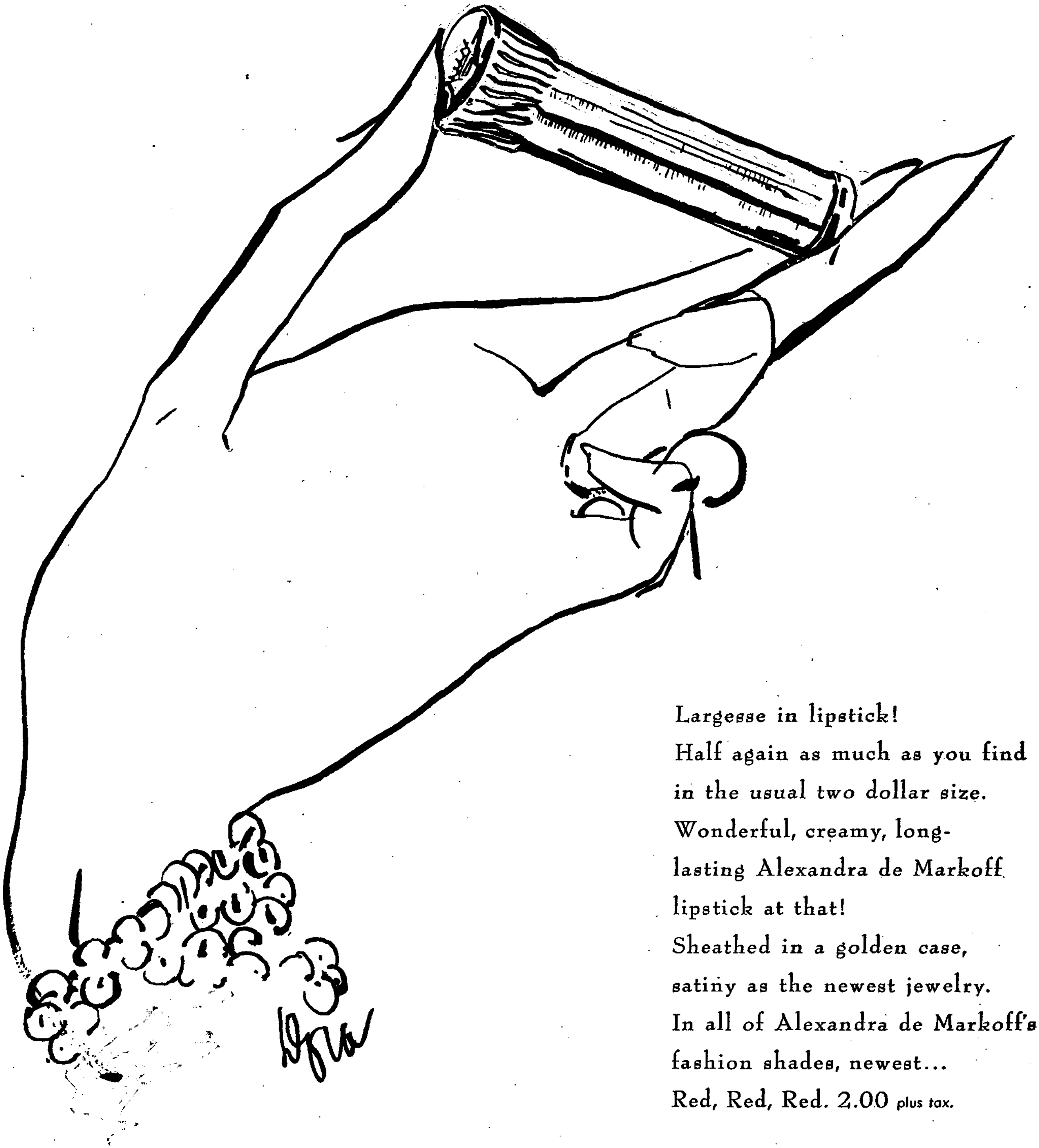

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

trumpet. Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Don MacLean, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon provide him and it with brilliant support. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Weekdays, from nine to three, Artie Shaw, clarinet in hand, leads his Gramercy Five (Tal Farlow, Hank Jones, Tommy Potter, Irv Kluger, and Joe Roland) through some interesting variations on some dearly beloved themes. Beryl Booker's girl trio holds the floor in between. On Monday, March 8, the mighty Erroll Garner and his trio will return to town to replace them. Alex Kallao's trio will be the alternating item. Sunday evenings, the cynosure of all eyes is Barbara Carroll, a slim strand of black satin and jewels, whose imaginative modern piano drifts constantly from shadow to substance and back again. Her trio is on duty from nine to three. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are happily shivering the timbers of their old homestead. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's congregation, which involves Zutty Singleton, Sidney de Paris, and Omer Simeon, is still dealing out the sort of traditional music that used to make this grass-grown byway a bustling highway. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): A turbulent aviary often full of nothing but birds of unexpected passage; still, with any luck, you should find the mob headed by Slim Gaillard, who teeters perilously on the verge of bop. On Thursday, March 11, Dave Brubeck's magnificent quartet will blow in from the Coast on a real cool breeze. Mondays, when the regular crews are off, are jam-session nights. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The music is strictly on the level here. Buck Clayton, Jimmy Crawford, Don Abney, and Aaron Bell take turns with George Wein and his Storyville boys from Boston (such as Buzzy Drootin and Vic Dickenson) at keeping it up to standard. They start at nine. Dancing. Closes Sunday, March 7. On Friday, March 12, the room will be reopened by Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Riotous music resounds in the echo-chamber grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Conrad Janis's tailgaters are responsible. On Sunday, March 7, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session in which Bob Wilber and the Wildcats will supply first aid to the local group. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine-thirty, except Mondays, Marian McPartland plays very pretty up-to-date piano at the head of her trio. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): On Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, this ancient *Brauhaus* expects to be host to Bobby Hackett, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy McPartland, Max Kaminsky, Bud Freeman, Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Lou McGarity, Claude Hopkins, Pop Foster, and George Wettling. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, there'll be an invitation tournament, undoubtedly involving Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sonny Greer, Danny Barker, Herb Fleming, and Elmer Shobel. Dancing.

ART

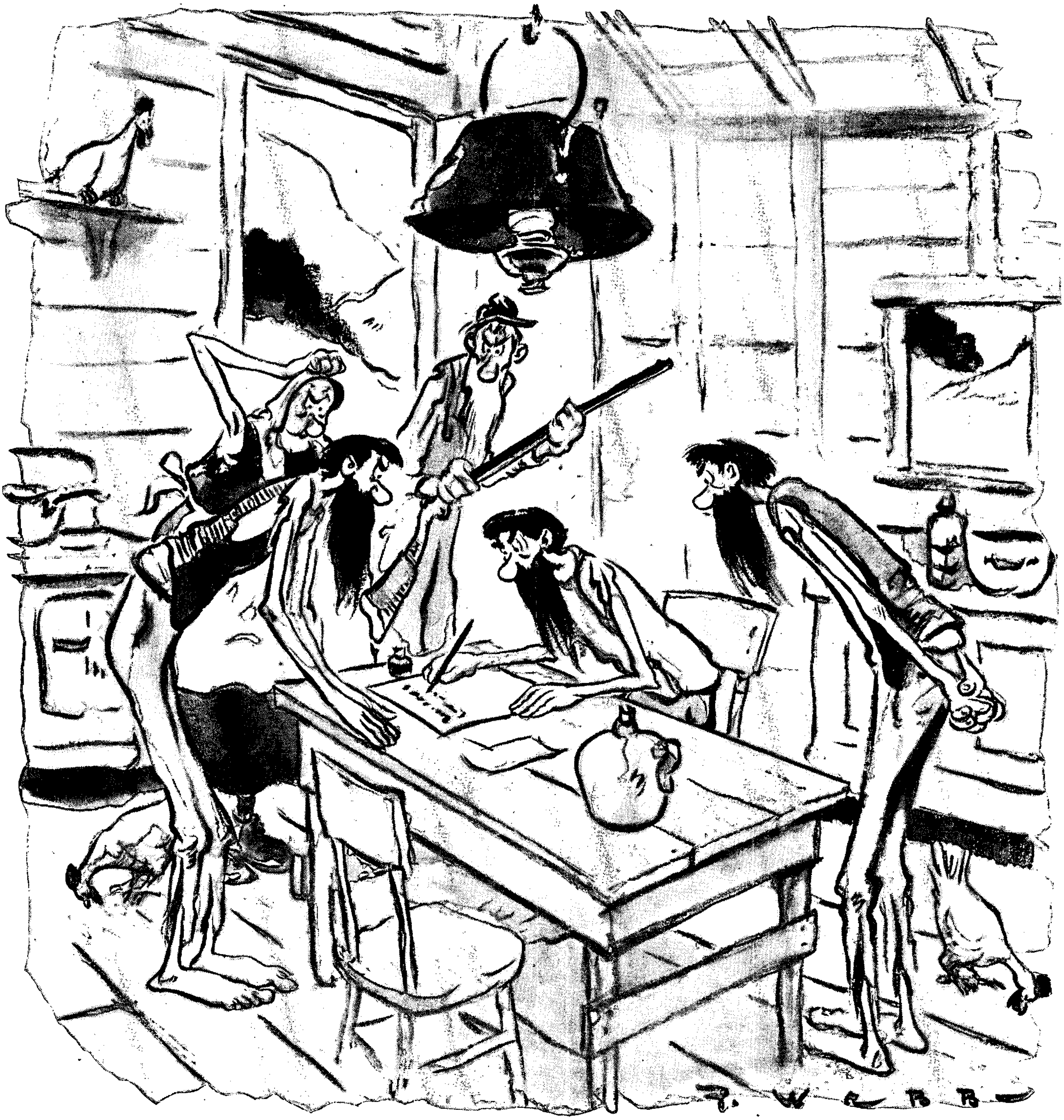
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CUNO AMIET—The first exhibition in this country of paintings, post-Impressionist in style and very capably done, by a leading Swiss artist, now eighty-six; through March 16. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

BERNT BALCHEN—Water colors of glaciers, icebergs, polar bears, and other arctic subjects by an aviator-artist who has spent a great

(*Advertisement*)



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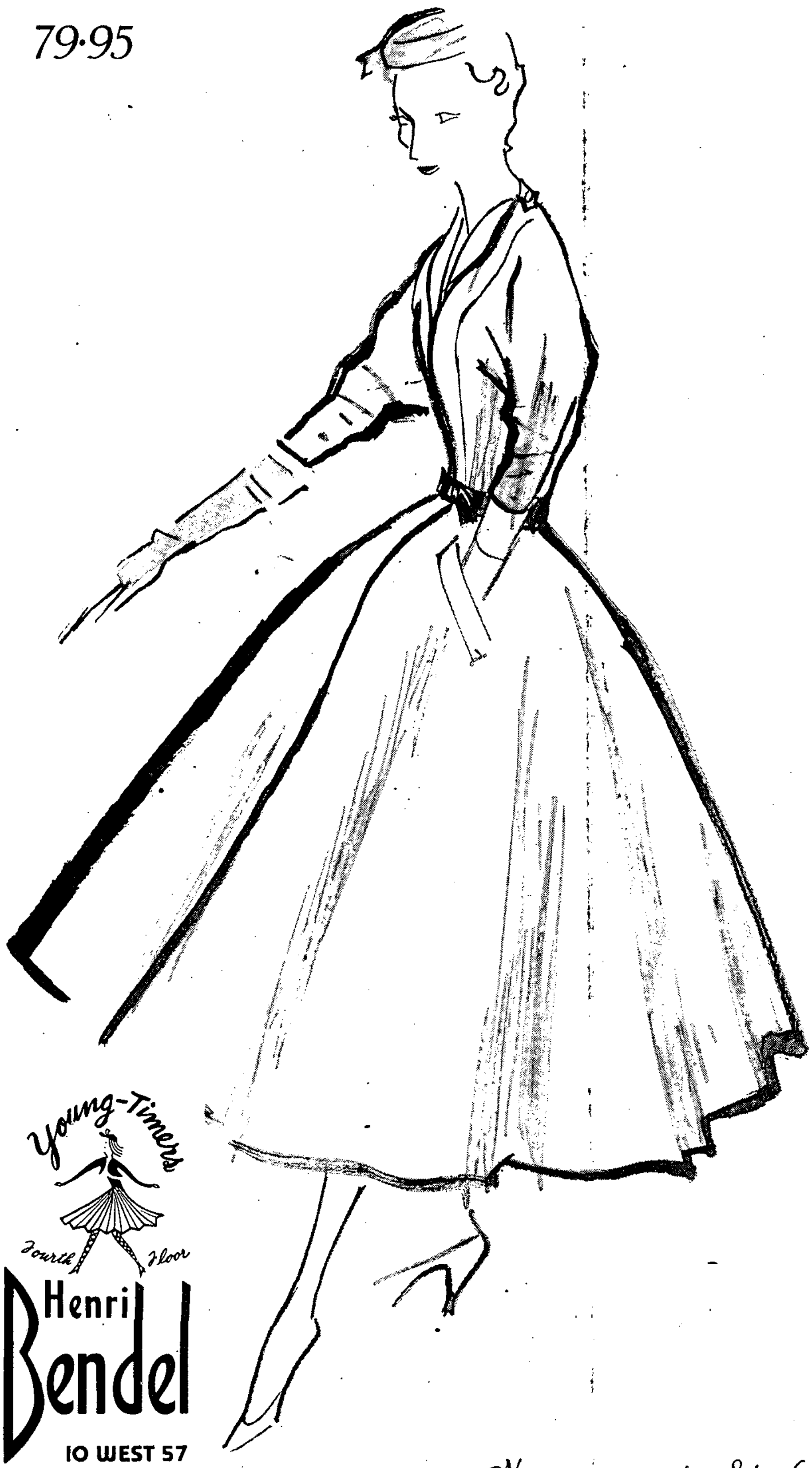

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

deal of time in the polar regions; through March 6. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

William Baziotes—A set of new oils, painted in his familiar and effective style of fanciful abstraction; through March 13. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Russell Cowles—Connecticut landscapes, for the most part, and a few semiabstract figure studies; through March 6. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Victor de Pauw—Circus and rodeo themes predominate in this exhibit of paintings that vary from Expressionist to semiabstract; through March 6. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Enrico Donati—New paintings, bolder and, on the whole, more authoritative in design than in previous years; through March 6. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Emeryc Gomery—Semiabstract paintings, a little harsh in color but full of movement, in a first one-man showing that has considerable appeal; through March 19. (Artisans, 32 W. 58th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Marsden Hartley and A. H. Maurer—A comparative exhibit of landscapes painted between 1907 and 1931 by two Americans who worked in Europe; through March 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Fannie Hillsmith—About twenty still-lifes and interiors painted since 1949; through March 13. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

Robin Ironside—Caverns, grottoes, and interiors of insane asylums (plus some ballet designs), all done with an almost obsessed concern for detail; through March 6. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Scenes in water color, mostly of New York, testifying to his unfailing wide-eyed wonder at the intricacies of city life; through March 6. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Helen Marshall—Paintings that, for all their simplicity of subject—still-lifes, horses and riders, and so on—have oddly disturbing emotional overtones; through March 6. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Luciano Miori—Large, boldly fashioned studies in wax crayon by a young Italian of much promise; through March 5. (Cadby-Birch, 21 E. 63rd St.)

Hans Moller—Abstract paintings, many of them with a suggestion of Kandinsky in their bright, bubbly movement; through March 6. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

Charles Oscar—Abstractions in casein, done in a curious but generally effective combination of misty backgrounds and sharp, vertical forms; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Hobson Pittman—The first showing in ten years of oils and pastels by one of our contemporary masters of the art of infusing the simplest scenes with a gently Surrealist suggestion; through March 6. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Felix Ruvolo—About twenty non-objective paintings and drawings from California; through March 6. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Esphyr Slobodkina—New abstractions, many of them based on musical themes and generally agreeable in design; through March 6. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Landscapes, treated in a mixture of the Pointillist and the abstract that is lively and colorful, if at times a bit too kaleidoscopic; through March 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Jack Squier—Sculptures, strongly influenced by totemic and other primitive forms; through March 20. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Nicolas de Staël—New paintings, treading a delicate line between the abstract and the representational, by one of the leaders of the younger French moderns; through March 6. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Paintings, somehow suggesting a tormented Miró in their abstract stylizations, by a leading Mexican artist; through March 20. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Louis Vivin—Paintings by one of the more talented of the Paris Primitives, covering the period from 1880 to his death in 1936; through March 6. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: The twenty-second exhibition of works by Philip Evergood, Harry Gottlieb, Gregorio Prestopino, and others of this gallery's artists; through March 6. . . . **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.: The American Watercolor Society's annual show, smaller this year than usual, with about two hundred examples by the late Theodore Kautzky, Ogden Pleissner, Edward Schiwetz, and others; through March 14. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **34TH STREET GALLERY**, 115 E. 34th St.: Sensitively handled graphics by Seong Moy, plus a series of other works, many showing substantial talent, by a group of college undergraduates; through March 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Stuart Davis; through March 27. . . . **FRIED**, 6 E. 65th St.: Fritz Glarner and George Vantongerloo; through March 27. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: René Magritte; through March 20. . . . **DE NAGY**, 206 E. 53rd St.: Robert Goodnough; through March 20. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 5.) . . . **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Jean Arp; through March 27. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Roger Chapelain-Midy; through March 20. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.; through March 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) **SALMAGUNDI CLUB**, 47 Fifth Ave., at 12th St.; through March 26. (Weekdays, 12:30 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.; through March 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A travelling loan show from Bogotá, Colombia, comprising eighty objects of art by pre-Hispanic goldsmiths, including a complete set of adornments for a Calima chieftain, a life-size conch shell made from sheet gold, and Quimbaya cinerary urns; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, textiles, gold and silver pieces, featherwork, pottery, and quantities of other artifacts in a show called "Ancient Arts of the Andes," covering the period between 1200 B.C. and the sixteenth century; through March 21. . . . ¶ A display of posters, advertisements, experimental designs, books, and catalogues by Ben Shahn, Herbert Matter, Leo Lionni, and Noel Martin; through March 4. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's biennial exhibit of oils, sculptures, water colors, and graphics by Brooklyn artists—almost a hundred of them this time; starting March 10. . . . ¶ Color lithographs of Brooklyn Bridge at the time of its opening, in 1883, and of Brooklyn amusement centers during the nineteenth century, along with etchings of Brooklyn Heights in the nineteen-twenties; through April 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—An exhibition of American drawings, water colors, and pastels ranging back to 1782. Some of the artists represented are Sargent, Whistler, Homer, Audubon, Glackens, and Eakins. Through March 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 9:30.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A thoughtful, if rather spotty, survey of the younger European painters plus a group of oils from the Museum's collection; through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-five oils, temperas, and drawings based on religious motifs by Meyer F. Lieberman, a thirty-year-old New York artist; through March 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A hundred new additions to the Li-

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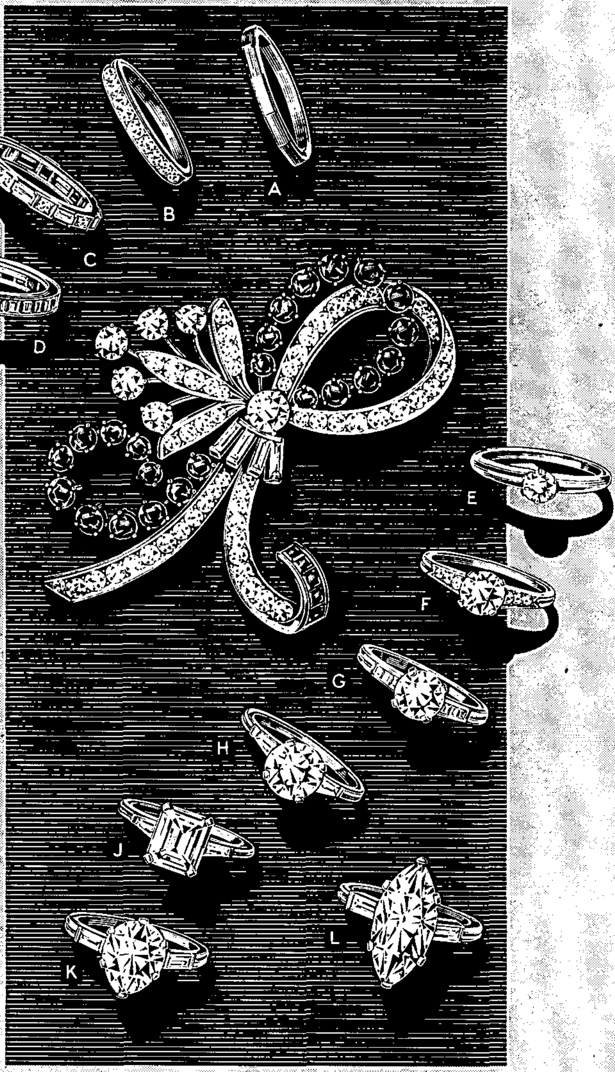

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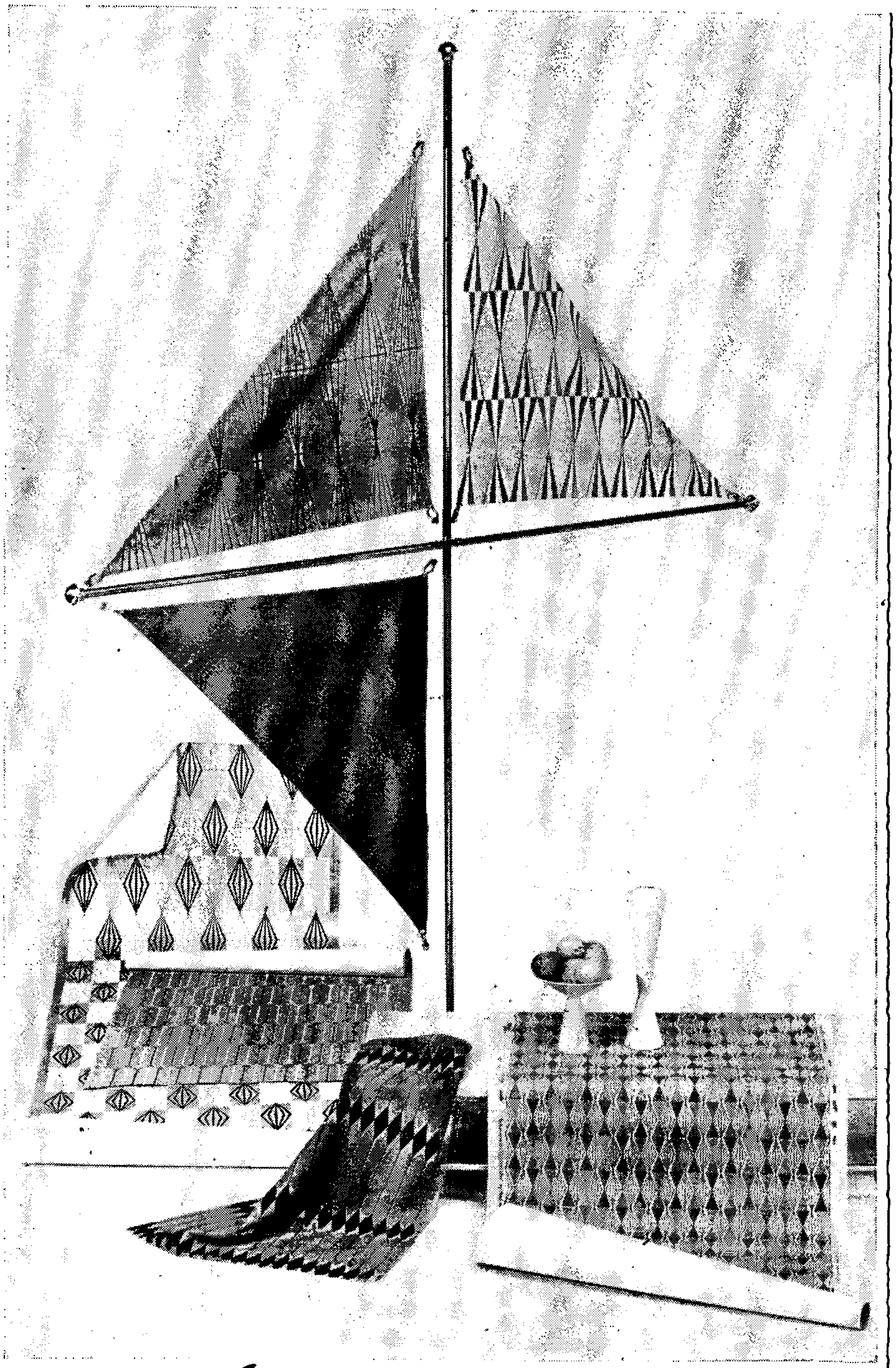

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brary's print collection, running the gamut from Titian to Ben-Zion and from Dürer to Klee; through May 31. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The American Abstract Artists' yearly display of paintings, water colors, and sculptures, together with more abstractions by ten Japanese guest artists; starting March 7. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by George Grosz, in a big, slightly scattered but consistently interesting retrospective survey of this truly great modern satirist; through March 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, March 4, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Dolores Wilson, Thelma Votipka, Brian Sullivan, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Friday, March 5, at 8: "Aïda," with Herva Nelli, Blanche Thebom, Gino Penno, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Robert Merrill, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 6, at 7:45: "Boris Godunov" (in English), with Nell Rankin, George London, Paul Franke, and Norman Scott. . . . ¶ Monday, March 8, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Margaret Harshaw, Astrid Varnay, Ramon Vinay, George London, and Brian Sullivan. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 9, at 8: "Norma," with Zinka Milanov, Fedora Barbieri, Gino Penno, and Cesare Siepi. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Opera Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10, at 8:15: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Patrice Munsel, Blanche Thebom, Charles Kullman, Brian Sullivan, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Carmen," with Fedora Barbieri, Hilde Gueden, Kurt Baum, and Renato Capecchi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Dolores Wilson, Jean Madeira, Cesare Valletti, Gerhard Pechner, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Margaret Harshaw, Eleanor Steber, Nadine Conner, George London, Eugene Conley, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jean Fenn, Ferruccio Tagliavini, Frank Valentino, Clifford Harvuot, and Nicola Moscona.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting on Thursday, March 4, at 8:45; Friday, March 5, at 2:30; Saturday, March 6, at 8:45; and Sunday, March 7, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, March 11, at 8:45, and Friday, March 12, at 2:30 (both with Jascha Heifetz, violin) . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 13, at 8:45 (no soloists).

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch directing Berlioz's symphony "Roméo et Juliette," with Mary Davenport, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Yi-Kwei-Sze, bass; and the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:45, and Saturday, March 13, at 2:30.) . . . ¶ Richard Burgin conducting, with Doriot Anthony, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 12, at 8:30.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Robert Scholz conducting an all-Mozart program, with Joseph Szigeti, violin; the last in a series of three concerts. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman directing a *Richard* Strauss program, with Mariquita Moll and Mattiwilda Dobbs, sopranos; Set Svanholm, tenor; and other vocal soloists. (Town Hall. Monday, March 8, at 8:30.)

American Chamber Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing Rossini's opera "La Gazza Ladra," in concert form, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Salvatore Baccaloni, bass; and other soloists. The second in a series of three programs. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:45.)

Briarcliff Junior College Chorus and Amherst College Glee Club—A joint concert, with Frank Widdis and Charles W. Ludington directing. A benefit for the Briarcliff Junior College Scholarship Fund. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

The Concert Choir—Margaret Hillis directing a program of vocal chamber music; the third in a series of four concerts. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—Frederic Joslyn directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Maxim Schapiro—Piano, in a program called "Invitation to the Dance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 4, at 8:30.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Berkshire Quartet—With John Langstaff, baritone. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Friedrich Gulda—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 7, at 8:40.)

Ellabelle Davis—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, March 8, at 8:40.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Vytautas Bacevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Carib Singers—A group of West Indian singers, dancers, and musicians, in a calypso program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, March 13, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 5: Jimmy Carter vs. Paddy De Marco, 15 rounds, for the World Lightweight Championship. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12: Nino Valdes vs. James Parker, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—All-Eastern Championship, Men's Three-Weapon Individual. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. Sunday, March 7, at noon.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 10: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Thursday, March 4, at 6:30: The second semifinal match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 7, at 3:30: Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a match in the National Twelve-Goal Championship Tournament. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Admission will be free on Thursday.)

FOR CHILDREN

Playmart Children's Theatre—"Snow White." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.)

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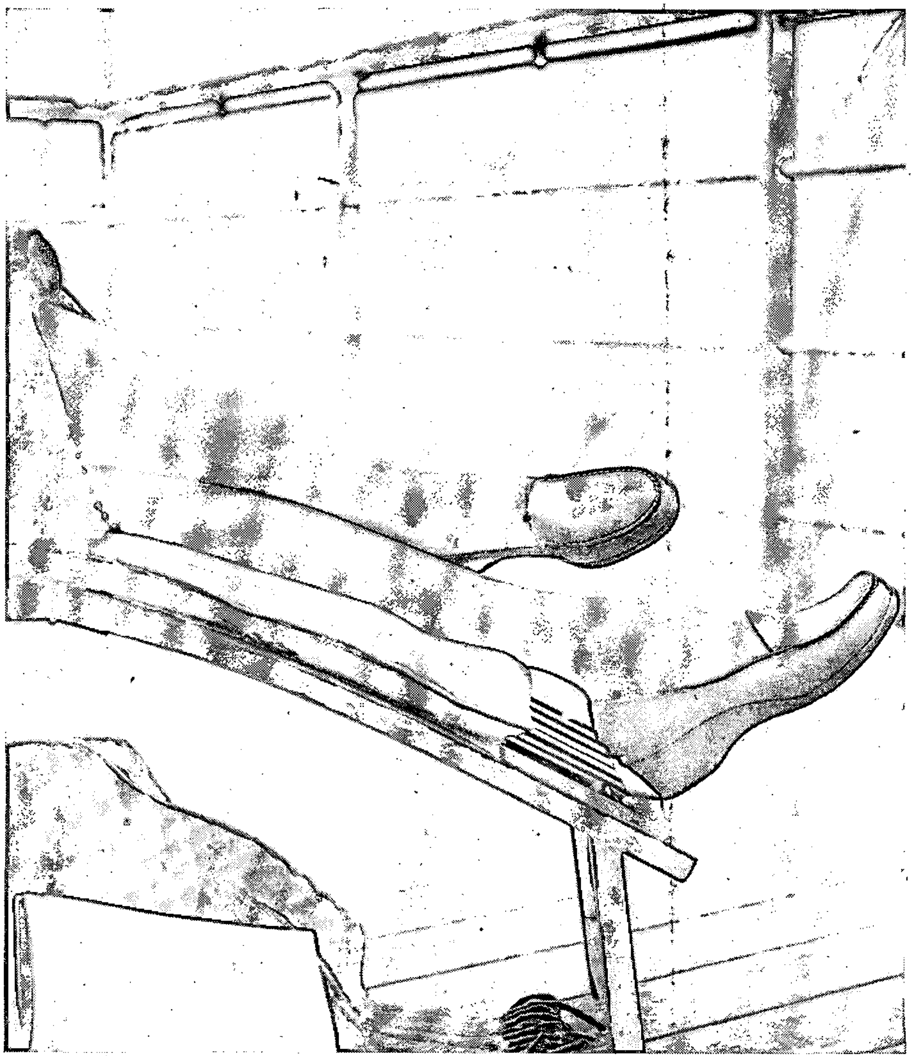

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tures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ Walt Disney's "Peter Pan" and "Waterbirds." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 13, at 3.)

Miscellany—"Little Big Bear," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 6, at 3.) . . . ¶ An Indian family, including two children, in a program of Hopi songs, dances, and folklore. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 6, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12).

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present) and of various commissions and committees, as well as periodic meetings of the Security Council. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings start at 10:30 and 2 Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

International Flower Show—A hundred and eighty thousand square feet of springtime in the Bronx, with everything from orchids to garden hose, including bouquets, palm trees, a waterfall, violets grown under fluorescent lights, a greenhouse, and even clothes to wear while puttering in your patch. (Kingsbridge Armory, 29 W. Kingsbridge Rd., at Jerome Ave., the Bronx. Sunday, March 7, from 2 to 10, and Monday through Saturday, March 8-13, from 10 to 10.)

National Antiques Show—Time again to go rummaging around in one of the biggest attics in town. You'll find a great deal of furniture, of course, as well as a washing machine dating back more than a hundred years, sixteenth-century guns, old cigar-store fixtures, Renaissance chessmen (four and a half feet tall), carriage lamps, and much, much more. (Madison Square Garden. Monday through Saturday, March 8-13, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 14, from 1 to 7.)

Early Developments in Typography—One of the three extant copies of the Constance Missal, which is believed to be the oldest printed book; a Gutenberg Bible; and a number of other examples of European typography of the fifteenth century. Through June 30. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show, "Our Neighbor Worlds," presents theories about the surface, atmospheric conditions, and behavior of Mars and, in less detail, of the other planets in our solar system. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 5-6, at 1:45: French cabinetwork; Oriental, Savonnerie, and Aubusson carpets; eighteenth-century bibelots; paintings and porcelains; and a group of tapestries that include three Royal Gobelin pieces. From the estate of Mrs. Beverley Bogert and other sources. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, at 1:45: Georgian furniture (chiefly Sheraton and Hepplewhite); American paintings by, among others, Dennis Malone Carter and Robert Street; a group of nineteenth-century British sporting pictures; Baccarat, Clichy, Sandwich, and St. Louis paperweights; and a variety of other decorative objects. The property of Agnes Clarke and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 6.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—Exhibition games: Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, April 9; and Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, April 10-11. . . . ¶ First league games at home: Giants vs. Dodgers, at the Polo Grounds, April 13-14; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, at Yankee Stadium, April 15; and Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, at Ebbets Field, April 15.

Boxing—Joe Giardello vs. Willie Troy, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 19.) . . . ¶ Golden Gloves Inter-City Finals. (Madison Square Garden. March 22.) . . . ¶ Bobo Olson vs. Kid Gavilan, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Chicago. April 2.)

Golf—The Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 8-11.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 14 and 21.

Hunt Races—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 10.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 10.)

Racing—At **LAUREL PARK**, Laurel, Md.: March 22-April 10. . . . **AINTREE**, England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 27. . . . **JAMAICA**: April 1-24. . . . **BOWIE**, Bowie, Md.: April 12-May 6.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Madison Square Garden. March 20.)

Music—**OPERA**: The Metropolitan Opera season continues through April 17. . . . ¶ The New York City Opera, at the City Center, March 25-May 2. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL**: The Philharmonic-Symphony season continues (except for two weeks between March 29 and April 14, when the orchestra will be on tour) through May 2. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 16 and April 6. . . . ¶ Stuart Fastofsky, violin, March 20. . . . ¶ Rudolf Serkin, piano, March 23. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, March 24. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic, March 26. . . . ¶ Myra Hess, piano, March 27. . . . ¶ Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, March 30. . . . ¶ Leopold Stokowski conducting a symphony orchestra in a program of Norwegian music, April 1. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, April 2. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, April 7 and 10. . . . **TOWN HALL**: Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, March 14. . . . ¶ Musicians' Guild, March 15. . . . ¶ Rey de la Torre, guitar, March 19. . . . ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, March 20. . . . ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, March 21. . . . ¶ Elena Nikolaidi, contralto, April 8. . . . ¶ Columbia University Glee Club, April 9. . . . ¶ Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, April 11. . . . ¶ The Concert Choir, April 11. . . . ¶ American Chamber Opera Society, April 12.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A comedy by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke, "The King of Hearts," with Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman. . . . ¶ Uta Hagen and Robert Preston in "The Magic and the Loss," a play by Julian Funt. . . . ¶ "Anniversary Waltz," a comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, starring Macdonald Carey and Kitty Carlisle. . . . ¶ Shirley Booth and Wilbur Evans in "By the Beautiful Sea," a musical with a score by Arthur Schwartz, a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, and lyrics by Miss Fields.

Other Dates—Federal income-tax returns for 1953 and estimates for 1954 are due Monday, March 15; New York State returns are due Thursday, April 15. . . . ¶ Saint Patrick's Day is Wednesday, March 17. . . . ¶ The first day of spring is March 20. . . . ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, March 31-May 9. . . . ¶ Country Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 5-10.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Annapurna—A pictorial record, in color, that shows how the French conquered one of the eight Himalayan mountains of twenty-five thousand feet or better, and then came to grief on their way down. A combination of triumph and tragedy that makes any fictional report on mountain climbing look paltry. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through March 6. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 10.)

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness again, and just as funny as usual. This time, he's a nautical bigamist who lives a placid life with an English wife and a sportive one with a Moroccan beauty. Celia Johnson is Mr. Guinness's quiet girl, Yvonne De Carlo his lively one. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Conquest of Everest—Another account of mountain climbing in the Himalayas, this one involving the British expedition that reached the top of the highest peak in Nepal last May. Probably the best film on the subject ever made. In color, and with an illuminating commentary by Louis MacNeice. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

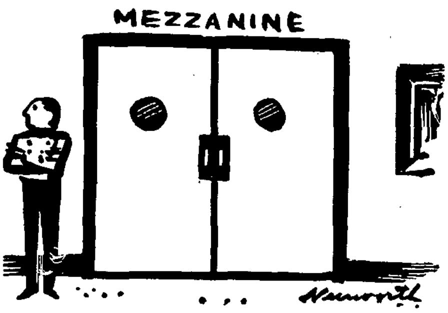
From Here to Eternity—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about Army life in Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra play the soldiers who figure most prominently, and they all do a nice job. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 6-9.)

Genevieve—Some ancient automobiles get their passengers in all kinds of uproarious dilemmas on a trip from London to Brighton and back. A British film in which John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More contribute much to the general hilarity. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Heidi—A charming interpretation of the Johanna Spyri story concerning a Swiss orphan who comes down from an Alp to spread sweetness and light in Frankfurt. A Swiss film (with English dialogue superimposed), in which a fine little girl named Elsbeth Sigmund plays the title role. Showing in tandem with this film is a brief French picture called "White Mane." It's a handsome account of the adventures of a boy and a stallion who form a partnership in southern France. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

It Should Happen to You—A funny comedy about an odd young lady (Judy Holliday) who spends her life savings putting her name on a billboard on Columbus Circle and winds up feeling even odder after a whirl with advertising men and television wizards. Written by Garson Kanin and directed by George Cukor, and with Jack Lemmon and Peter Lawford in the cast. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; through March 9.)

Julius Caesar—A collaboration between Joseph Mankiewicz and William Shakespeare, in which the former shows a commendable appreciation of the majesty of the latter's lines but too little appreciation of what the camera can do for his action. James Mason, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien read the sonorities with skill. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)



Little Fugitive—A boy named Richie Andrusco is enormously appealing in this account of a trip to Coney Island by a seven-year-old who is troubled, but not *too* troubled, by the thought that maybe he has killed his brother. A small-budget picture with superb photography by Morris Engel. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 10.)

Martin Luther—An impressive description of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is brilliant in the title role. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting March 10.)

New Faces—A CinemaScope scamper that features some lively skits and songs. Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, Alice Ghostley, Paul Lynde, and Robert Clary are in charge of the melody and merriment. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Robe—The pious story, in CinemaScope, of the worries and woes of the early Christians. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, and Michael Rennie roam around the broad expanses of the screen. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Roman Holiday—A lovely princess (Audrey Hepburn) breaks away from a royal tour in Rome, meets up with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert), and has a wonderful time in the old town. You will, too. Produced and directed by William Wyler. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 10, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; March 7-9, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Best Years of Our Lives (1947)—The postwar troubles of three veterans. With Fredric March. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; starting March 10.)

An Evening Alone (1938)—Robert Benchley, the master bumbler, in a one-reeler. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 10, tentative.)

Fanfan the Tulip (1953)—A French burlesque of love, war, and costume dramas, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 10, tentative.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 7-8.)

Kiss and Tell (1945)—Shirley Temple in the Abbott farce about sex among adolescents. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; March 8-9. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; March 9.)

Les Misérables (1935)—Harry Baur as Jean Valjean, in a French treatment of the classic. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 5.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; March 6.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 10, tentative.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—A dash of psychiatry and an earful of classical music. A British film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 6, tentative.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 7, tentative.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting March 7, tentative.)

The Tramp (1915)—A Chaplin one-reeler from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 10, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through March 7: "Angry Boy" (1951), written and produced by Irving Jacoby for the Mental Health Film Board; and "The Lonely Night" (1952), directed by Irving Jacoby for the same board. . . . ¶ Starting March 8: "Decision for Chemistry" (1953), directed by Sidney Meyers for the Monsanto Chemical Company; and "American Frontier" (1953), directed by Willard Van Dyke for the American Petroleum Institute. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Act of Love," Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Glenn Miller Story," James Stewart, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through March 9: "She Couldn't Say No," Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons.
From March 10: **THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES**, revival.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
THE ROBE.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Riot in Cell Block 11," Neville Brand, Leo Gordon.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through March 10: "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Money from Home," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through March 10 (tentative): "King of the Khyber Rifles" (in CinemaScope), Tyrone Power, Terry Moore.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
NEW FACES.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through March 9: **IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU.**
From March 10: "Saskatchewan," Alan Ladd, Shelley Winters

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6 0540)
"Top Banana," Phil Silvers, Rose Marie.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of a new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"La Lupa" (in Italian), Kerima.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 9: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi.
From March 10: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," Claude Rains, Marta Toren.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through March 6: "Murder on Monday," Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton; and "Murder Will Out,' revival, Valerie Hobson.
From March 7 (tentative): **TOP HAT**, revival; and **STAGE DOOR**, revival.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st (PL 3-0336)
Through March 9: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
GENEVIEVE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 10 (tentative): "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Intimate Relations," Harold Warrender, Marian Spencer.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
"The Holly and the Ivy," Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through March 5: "Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin, and "Those Redheads from Seattle," Rhonda Fleming, Gene Barry.
March 6: **THE MUDLARK**, revival; and "The Ivory Hunter," revival, Anthony Steel.
March 7-8: "Man in the Attic," Jack Palance, Constance Smith; and "Man Crazy," Neville Brand
March 9-10: "Miss Sadie Thompson," Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer; and "The Nebraskan," Phil Carey, Roberta Haynes.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 9: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi.
From March 10: **MARTIN LUTHER.**

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 10 (tentative): **ROMAN HOLIDAY.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 9. "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 10 (tentative): **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival; **AN EVENING ALONE**, revival; and **THE TRAMP** (silent), revival.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 6: "Miss Sadie Thompson," Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer; and "The Nebraskan," Phil Carey, Roberta Haynes.
March 7-8: **THE INFORMER**, revival; and "Born to Be Bad," revival, Joan Fontaine, Robert Ryan.
From March 9: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 6: "Times Gone By" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida, Aldo Fabrizi.
March 7-9: "Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.
From March 10: "Miss Sadie Thompson," Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 10 (tentative): "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 7: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 8-9: **KISS AND TELL**, revival; and "Relentless," revival, Robert Young, Marguerite Chapman.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 5: "Folly to Be Wise," Alastair Sim, Martita Hunt; and "The Passionate Sentry," Nigel Patrick, Valerie Hobson.
March 6-9: **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.**
From March 10: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 6 (tentative): **THE SEVENTH VEIL**, revival; and "Green for Danger," revival, Leo Genn, Alastair Sim.
March 7-9 (tentative): **ROMAN HOLIDAY.**
From March 10 (tentative): **FANFAN THE TULIP** (in French), revival; and "Justice Is Done" (in French), Claude Nollier.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 8: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 9: **KISS AND TELL**, revival; and "Relentless," revival, Robert Young, Marguerite Chapman.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 6: **ANNAPURNA**; and "The Paris Express," Claude Rains, Marta Toren.
March 7-9: "Lure of the Sila," Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman; and "Man of Conflict," Edward Arnold, John Agar.
From March 10: **LITTLE FUGITIVE**; and "The Man Between," James Mason, Claire Bloom.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through March 10 (tentative): "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through March 6: "Miss Sadie Thompson," Rita Hayworth, José Ferrer; and "The Nebraskan," Phil Carey, Roberta Haynes.
March 7-8: "Across the Wide Missouri," revival, Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban; and "Valentino," revival, Anthony Dexter, Eleanor Parker.
From March 9: "All the Brothers Were Valiant," Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger; and "Half a Hero," Red Skelton, Jean Hagen.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Queen's Royal Tour," a documentary film of Queen Elizabeth's and Prince Philip's recent trip to New Zealand.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"April 1, 2000" (in German), Hilda Krahl, Josef Meinrad.

Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Golden Coach," Anna Magnani.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
HEIDI; and "White Mane" (in French), Alain Emery.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE CAPTAIN'S PARADISE.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 9: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

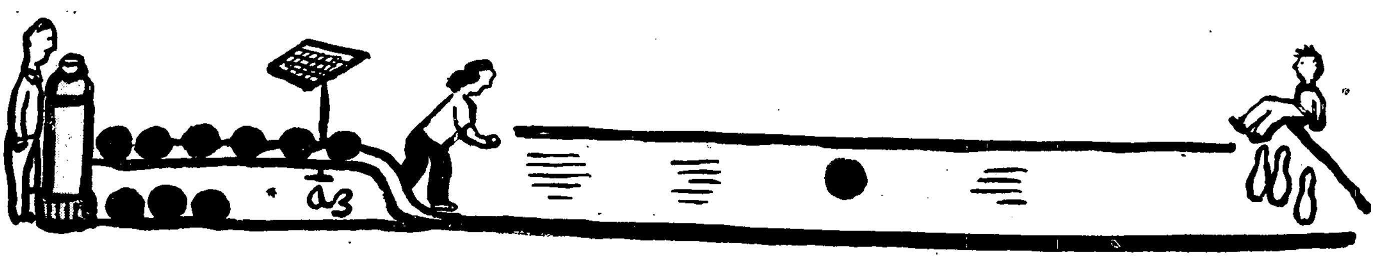
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 4: "The Night Is My Kingdom" (in French), Jean Gabin; and "The Berliner" (in German), Gert Frobe.
From March 5: **LES MISERABLES** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 8: "Escape from Fort Bravo," William Holden, Eleanor Parker; and "Give a Girl a Break," Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds.
March 9: **KISS AND TELL**, revival; and "Relentless," revival, Robert Young, Marguerite Chapman.
From March 10: "Here Come the Girls," Bob Hope, Tony Martin, Arlene Dahl; and "Jivaro," Fernando Lamas, Rhonda Fleming.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
"How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through March 10 (tentative): "How to Marry a Millionaire" (in CinemaScope), Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, Lauren Bacall.



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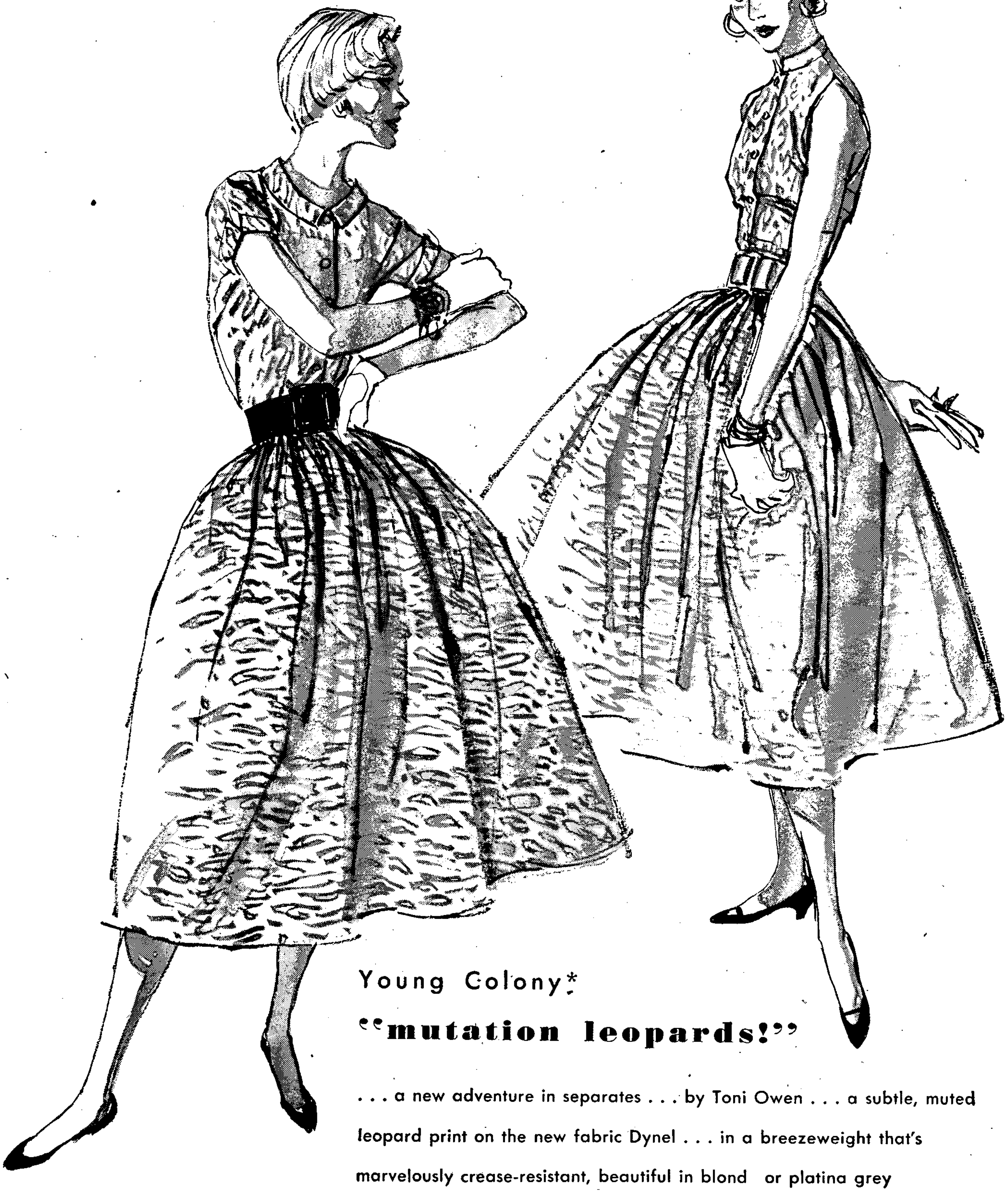

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CRITIC of books was buying flowers for his wife the other day in one of those Lexington Avenue open-front shops, near Fifty-ninth. He reports to us that the mimosa and roses were being visited by honeybees. The critic spoke to the shopkeeper about the marauders and the man replied: "Every spring, first warm day, they're over here." He thought they came from a hive in Wickersham Hospital. A couple of years ago we would have said they came from the apiary of Louis H. Hartman in the Associated Press Building, but Mr. Hartman no longer keeps bees. He keeps goldfish that stay put and don't go knocking around town just because spring is in the air.

AT the lunch last week when Secretary Stevens and Senator McCarthy settled their case out of court, the dish was fried chicken. We've wondered many times what would finally halt the whirlwind progress of the man who is trying to overthrow the established government by the force of his character and the violence of his methods, and maybe fried chicken is the thing that'll do it. McCarthy moves about the country like a bee, sampling a flower here, a flower there, and when a man ranges widely in America he is compelled to subsist largely on fried chicken. It is a ruinous dish, capable of knocking out all but the toughest stomachs. A chicken, to serve man well, should be broiled. And as far as that goes, the American chicken is slipping as an article of diet, no matter how it is prepared. Chickens used to be raised on corn and oats and wheat and barley and fish meal and stuff like that. Now they are fed methionine, arsonic-acid compounds, and aureomycin. In a struggle between the American people and a runaway senator, fried chicken is perhaps the third force.

WE still don't know why the Army retired in disorder from the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, but perhaps the top Republicans were simply following the advice of their leader Leonard W. Hall. Mr. Hall has stated publicly that he thinks TV manners are the key to political success next fall. It is possible that Secretary Stevens withdrew himself (and the Army with him) because it was feared he might not show up as well on TV as the Chairman, whose television manners are legendary.

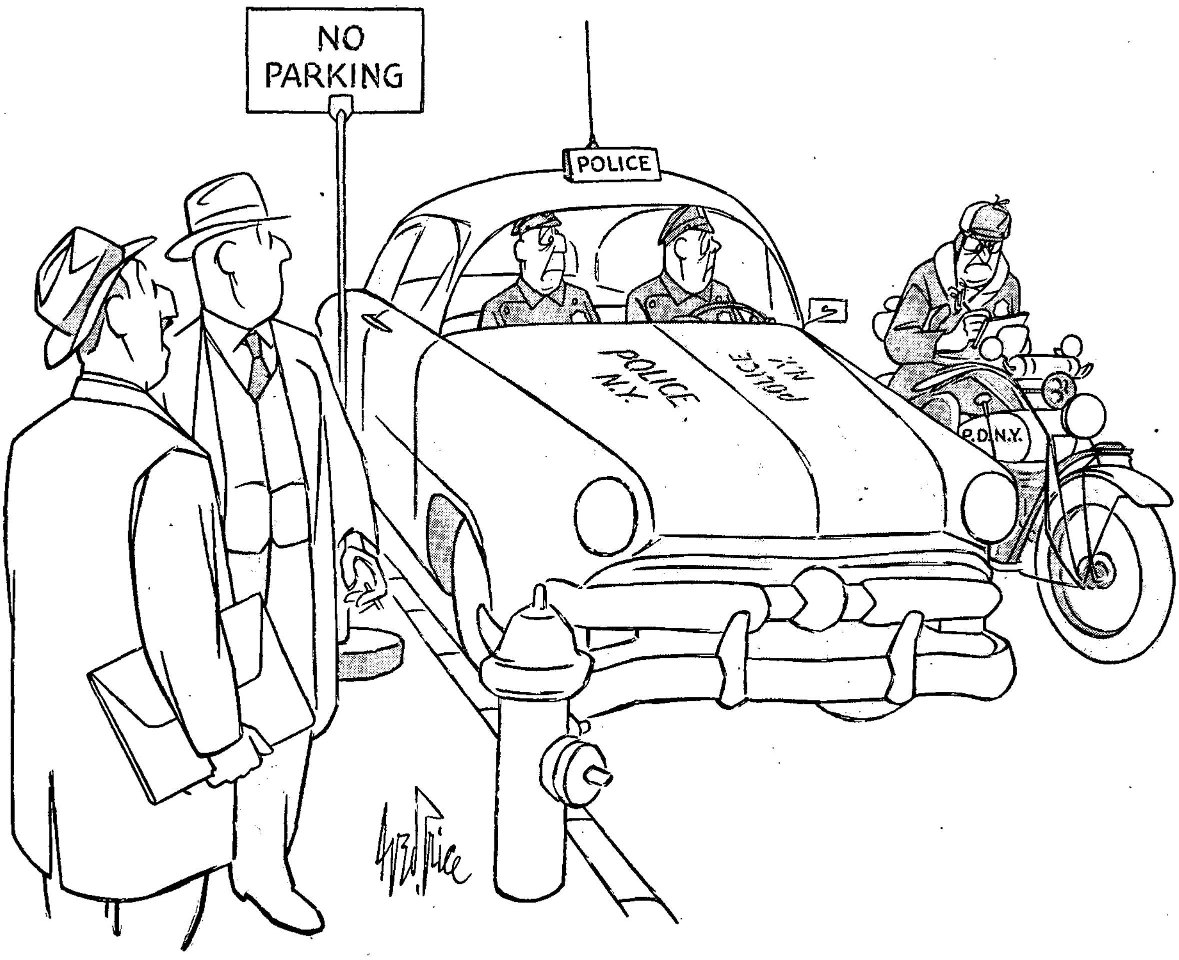
OUR own faith and hope are not founded on either fried chicken or TV manners. They are founded on that slow-moving but reliable force mentioned one time by Chief Justice Stone. He said, "The sober second thought of the community is the firm base on which all law must ultimately rest." That is our rock. Somebody described as a "high official" remarked last week, apropos of the Army's withdrawal in the face of fire, "You can't make a strong case if you have to start out by admitting you were wrong." We beg to differ. You can make a very strong case indeed by admitting that you were wrong, particularly if you face an inquisitor who, like McCarthy, hopes to rewrite American history and make it a crime to be wrong. The Army, of all agencies, should be proud of its long career of being sometimes wrong, in war and in peace—of mistakes later corrected, of defeats outweighed by victories. The people don't expect the Army to be always right; they expect the Army to be always courageous, always willing to fight back when attacked, as it was attacked when Senator McCarthy as good as told General Zwicker he wasn't fit to wear the uniform.

DR. SOCKMAN, the Methodist pastor, says the American city is more like a sand pile than a melting pot. "People are heaped together, but they do not hold together." Well, we have a letter telling us of an incident when Americans held together beautifully. The writer of the letter went, during his lunch hour, to buy stamps at the small post office in Bloomingdale's basement. Ahead of him in line was a lady who brought things to a standstill by changing her mind about what kind of stamps and envelopes she wanted, by running up a bill of more than thirty dollars, and by discovering that she didn't have thirty dollars and could she pay the balance by check? The line grew and grew. After a while, someone ventured to hope, out loud, that she wouldn't change her mind again, because he was on his lunch hour. At this, the woman turned on him and said, "You aren't even an American, are you?" The man was quite shaken by this, but the others in the line weren't, and they came to his aid instantly. "We're all Americans," shouted one of them, "and we are all on the lunch hour!"

That was no sand pile. People hold together and will continue to hold together, even in the face of abrupt and unfounded charges calculated to destroy.

Foot in Door

YOUR attention, please. The League of Women Voters of the United States is in favor of lower tariffs,


NO PARKING
POLICE
POLICE N.Y.
POLICE N.Y.
P.D.N.Y.

"I hear the whole Department is torn with dissension."

and the League of Women Voters of the City of New York wishes to put on a campaign to inform the local public of this stand and of what lies behind it. The League decided that if it was to put on a worth-while campaign, it had better find out what people here think about our present foreign-trade policy, if they think about it at all. The League has therefore undertaken a sternly scientific poll, the first in its history, which consists of over two thousand interviews in a hundred and four sample locations throughout the five boroughs. The locations, each a block square, were worked out by the Elmo Roper outfit, and the questions the League is asking were prepared by the Bureau of Applied Social Research of Columbia University. The target date for the winding up of the interviewing is next Monday, and some seven hundred League members and volunteers are out ringing doorbells right this minute.

On the evening before the polling began, we attended a briefing of interviewers at the Carnegie Endowment International Center, which is just across First Avenue from the United Nations Headquarters. In a meeting hall on the second floor were a hundred or so low-heeled, high-minded ladies, who were being addressed by Mrs. Ralph Morris, president of the L. of W. V. of the C. of N.Y. As we entered, Mrs. Morris was saying that our attitude toward foreign trade might well become the most important aspect of our foreign policy in the years immediately ahead. "This poll will undoubtedly be an education to us, as well as a source of information," she said. "A recent poll showed that only fourteen per cent of the population had ever heard of the Bricker amendment." Gasps of dismay left and right. "Remember, however, that you are out to collect information, not to spread opinion," Mrs. Morris went on. "Be careful not to indicate your personal convictions. After the interview, you may leave our booklet 'World Trade Affects You' with the respondent, but for heaven's sake don't let him get the least glimpse of it beforehand."

Mrs. Morris was followed by Mrs. George Vietheer, who bore the happy title of Techniques Chairman. "The first step in securing an interview is to get your foot in the door," said Mrs. Vietheer in a soft voice. "Be firm. Be courteously persistent. Act neighborly. If a woman says she's busy in the kitchen, offer to interview her there. If necessary, offer to help her with the dishes." Groans right and left. "For the poll to be truly scientific, all questions must be answered," Mrs. Vietheer said. "When you listen to the answers, listen actively. *Hang on every word!*"

The next speaker was Mrs. Howard Hintz, first vice-president of the local League, who went through the questionnaire question by question. "Don't change the wording of any of the questions," she warned the ladies. "A lot of brainwork went into the wording of them and every word counts. And please resist the urge to editorialize by means of emphasis in asking a question." Mrs. Hintz then gave a splendid demonstration of such editorializing by reading the question "How do you feel about working with the United Nations?" twice, the first time as if it were the most preposterous notion that had ever crossed her mind, the second time as if only a dog could be opposed to it. She explained that the lieutenant in charge of each sample location would see to it that the interviews were balanced as to sex and age, and that the answers would be evaluated for the League by gnomes at Columbia. (We think the word was "gnomes.") The meeting broke up after Mrs. Hintz had answered several questions from the floor. On our way to the elevator, we fell in with Mrs. Morris. She asked us where we lived and we told her, and when it turned out that we were not in one of the sample locations, she slipped a copy of "World Trade Affects You" into our hand and darted away.

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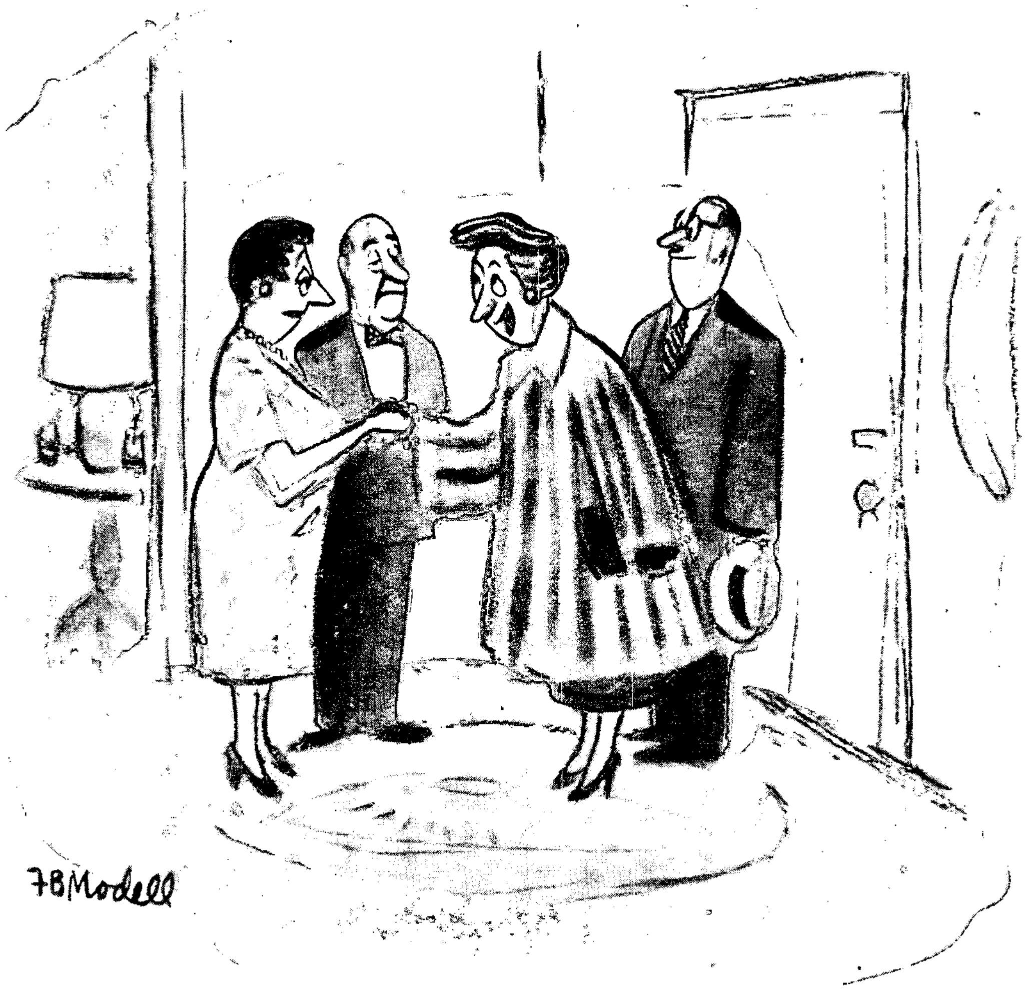
ANOTHER addendum to our notes on the odd uses of familiar equipment. A Connecticut housewife, anxious to duck cold-storage charges for her fur jacket, stuffs it into a suitcase every spring and stuffs the suitcase into her deep freeze. Late in the fall, out comes the garment, moth-free and looking like a million.

Bombay Bird Man

MR. SÁLIM ALI, the leading ornithologist of India and one of the most knowledgeable men in the world on the subject of Indian birds, is at present living in New Haven, where he is collaborating with Dr. Dillon Ripley, of the Yale faculty, on a five-volume handbook of Indian birds that will cover twelve hundred and seventy-eight species and seven or eight hundred subspecies. He occasionally comes to Manhattan to confer with local ornithologists, and during one such visit recently we joined him for a cup of coffee and a chat. "I've been connected with Indian birds for most of my fifty-seven years," he said. "My father died in my infancy, and I was brought up on my uncle's place near Bombay. He was a landed gentleman and a very great hunter. All he knew about birds was that some of them are good to eat. Well, I had an air gun, and I shot birds for food, but I am a Moslem, and we are forbidden to eat some birds, such as birds of prey. One day, when I was nine, I shot a sparrow with a little yellow patch. I knew one could eat the house sparrow, but I wondered whether it was lawful for a little Moslem boy to eat a sparrow with a little yellow patch, so I asked my uncle. He had been a founder of the Bombay Natural History Society in 1883, and he gave me a note to the curator of its museum, Sir Norman Kinnear, who later became director of the British Museum of Natural History, in London. I never found out whether I could eat the bird or not, so I didn't, but Sir Norman showed me how to skin it, and after that I went to the museum every day, read all its books about birds, and began to collect. I neglected my studies, to the distress of my mother and uncle, and thought of nothing but birds."

Sálim Ali left the University of Bombay at the age of seventeen, in order to work on the administrative side of a wolfram mine in Burma, which one of his brothers owned. "It was a chance to live in the forest and collect new birds," he said. "I stayed there three years, and then returned to the university and took up the systematic study of zoology." He became assistant curator of the Bombay Natural History Museum in 1925, and two or three years later was granted leave to study in Berlin and London. "In 1930, I was axed," he said. "Government economy. I have done private research ever since. Fortunately, I had some means, and my wife, who is now dead, was an enormous help. She had some money, she never nagged, she was economical, and she encouraged me in every way in my work, which for many years was absolutely unremunerative." Eventually, Sálim Ali began to get royalties from his books, which include "The Book of Indian Birds," "Indian Hill Birds," "The Birds of Travancore and Cochin," and "The Birds of Kutch." (Kutch is in western India, south of western Pakistan.) Besides the handbook, of which he is handling the ecological and life-history parts and Ripley the taxonomical part, he is working on "The Birds of Sikkim." (Sikkim is in the eastern Himalayas.) He has discovered ten new subspecies of Indian birds, among them *Zosterops palpebrosa salimalii*, which comes from Hyderabad and sucks nectar from flowers, like a hummingbird, and *Perdicula argoonda salimalii*, a brick-red bush quail that lives on brick-red soil in Mysore. He has helped finance a number of expeditions, to Burma, Assam, Afghanistan, pre-Red China Tibet, and the like, and he keeps his specimens at the Bombay Museum, of which he is honorary secretary. "In Afghanistan," he said with a giggle, "they think that ornithologists eat the birds they collect and record in books how they taste."

The first volume of the Ali-Ripley handbook is tentatively scheduled to be published, by the Yale and Oxford University Presses, in about eighteen months, and the others will follow in due course. "A lot of little pockets in India still have to be worked," the handbook's ecologist said. We asked him



"It's really your fault we stayed so long. You made us feel so much at home we were waiting for you to leave."

what he thought of New York, and he said, "Red lights at every corner! Traffic conditions are terrible! Why don't they make cars that can go sideways?"

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OVERHEARD on a department-store escalator: "My sister has suicidal tendencies, but not to the point of *neurosis*."

Everything Is Practical

WE attended, by invitation, a pre-opening, dry-run lunch last week at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's new first-floor, south-wing restaurant, which commenced to cater to the public on Monday, and came away full of beef Burgundy pie, chocolate layer cake, and admiration for Francis Henry Taylor, whose baby the new room is, and for Mrs. Dorothy Draper, who dressed it up with dark-blackberry walls and ceilings; black-and-white columns; black-and-coral-pink banquettes, white chairs, and blue-and-white-topped tables around a green, fountained pool; a white-nylon-draped skylight; white electric chandeliers eight feet long; and flourishing plantings of philodendron, kentia, and phoenix palms. "The place looked too big," Mrs. Draper said of this wonder, which used to be a dreary old foodless Pompeian court, full of dying plants, "so we painted the walls and ceilings the same color, put in those big lighting fixtures, and made everything in scale. The court is a hundred and twenty-seven feet long and ninety-six feet wide, but I think it looks room-size, don't you? I think it's perfectly delightful. Buffet-style, of course. You help yourself. *Not* cafeteria! Look at our *espresso* machine over the coffee bar. Did we have trouble finding it! Cables to and from Italy! Then we found one downtown—on West Third Street. Everything is practical, everything is plastic, everything is nylon. We actually went into a competition to get this job. We hardly *ever* go into competitions, but I really wanted to do this for the Museum; two of my great-grandfathers helped found it, you know—William H. Aspinwall and Lucius Tuckerman."

We hoisted a tomato juice with Mr. Taylor, the Museum's director, and he said the restaurant was geared to a seventy-five-cent-minimum à la carte and a dollar-twenty-five table d'hôte. "It's open for lunch seven days a week," he said, "and if it proves a success we'll open it for dinner in six months and put in a bar. Catering by Robert Day-Dean's. Seats three hundred. We're continuing our snack bar downstairs for students and the lunchroom for Museum personnel. The kitchen has been developed on very scientific lines. It can prepare two to three thousand meals a day."

"I'm just back from London, Paris, and Rome, and I ride to hounds in Bucks County," said another tablemate, Mr. David M. Freudenthal, who was identified for us as a director of Dorothy Draper, Inc. "I used to be in the department-store business, but then I got out of that to go into a new business, as paid director of various companies. The British system, you know."

"Twenty dollars a meeting?" we asked.

"More," said Mr. Freudenthal, looking at us severely. "*Much* more. I've been on the boards of Childs Restaurants and Schulte Cigars, and I'm on the boards of Farrar, Straus & Young, Raymond Loewy, and Lehn & Fink. You don't interfere with management—you *suggest*. The contribution you make is objectivity. You stand back and say here's the problem."

"What did you suggest about the restaurant?" we asked.

"I made some suggestions about the fee," Mr. Freudenthal said guardedly.

"No pictures!" a lady from *Look* said to us sotto-voce. "Did you notice there isn't a painting in this room? Well, I suppose people are supposed to have had their fill by the time they get in here. But suppose they come here straight from the street? Shouldn't they be exposed to a picture or two, to soften them up for the galleries?"

"The tail shouldn't wag the dog," we said, and downstairs we went, past a model of the Parthenon, to pick up our coat.

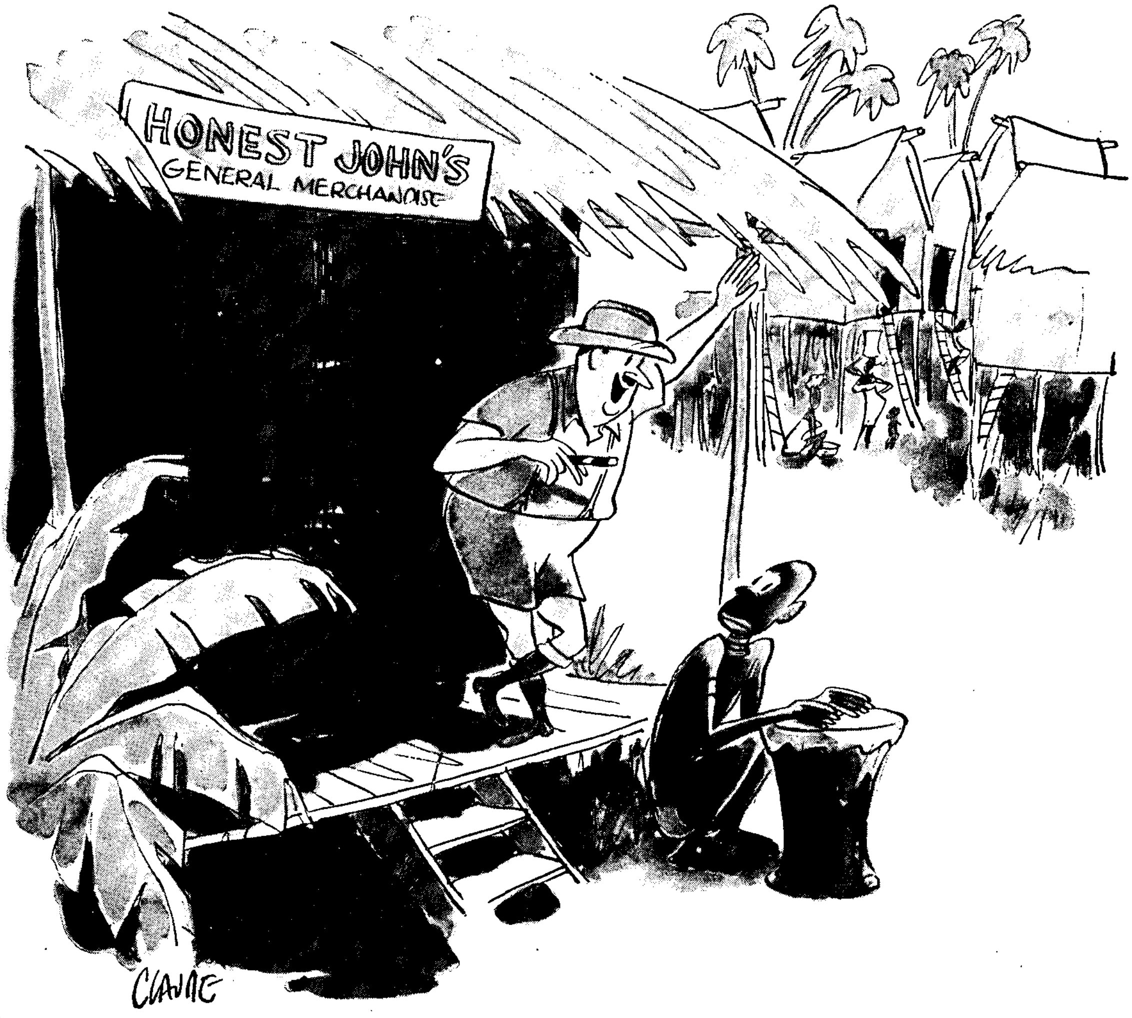
Gambit

A YOUNG lady took a young man to her married sister's for dinner. Her niece, aged four, looked him over for a while, and then, during a pause in the conversation, remarked in a social tone, "Mr. Egan, I don't think I've ever seen you without your clothes on, have I?"

The Interview

RUTH DRAPER, the monologuist, is back in town with her celebrated sketches and character studies, and we went up to see her the other morning at her apartment, on East Seventy-ninth Street. She greeted us in her living room. She was wearing a pink blouse and a dark-green wool skirt. "You take that chair there," she said, "and I'll sit here on the sofa. No, I wouldn't use that for an ashtray—that's rather a fine piece. The other little one there will do. How many performances? Eight a week. Eight a week, including Sunday evenings, but nothing on Monday evenings. I do five or six sketches an evening, and vary them throughout the week. Rehearse? Never. I practice on the audience. The sketches are never *exactly* the same. When I go to the theatre, I say to the manager, 'What am I doing tonight?' and he tells me which ones are scheduled, and I step out and do them. Sunday night, the house was terribly crowded. A huge audience, and tremendously enthusiastic. I was embarrassed to death. I was ashamed to take curtain calls. I felt I hadn't done a good job. I felt I didn't deserve the applause, but the applause was tremendous. One's own estimate, inside, is what counts, you know. Nothing else matters. You are the only one who knows, inside. I have whole new audiences these days, and children love the performances. I do what a child does, really—see things as a child does, see things fall into place as a child might. I am working quite hard now, for someone almost seventy. Never go to parties while I am working, never go out in the evenings after the show. The doctor tells me not to talk too much, but I must talk a great deal, of course, onstage. These beautiful days, I love to go into the Park and sit and read. These are such beautiful days.

"That big map on the wall? Charming, isn't it? It was done by an artist friend of mine, and it's rather an old-fashioned map of the world, with the little figures and the winds blowing. The gold dots mark every place I have visited or performed. Yes, there *are* a great many of them—Madeira Islands, Nairobi, Buenos Aires, the Fiji Islands (that performance was broadcast by wireless to all the yachts and steamers out in the harbor), Calcutta, Samoa, Bangkok, Madras. And all over Italy and France! And England! I keep an



"Just keep repeating 'Shop at Honest John's and Save,' and get some sort of catchy rhythm to it."

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extra set of curtains in England, always, and take them with me when I tour the provinces. Oh, no, nothing as heavy as a trunk. Just a large suitcase with my shawls and hats. Nothing more. Nothing more is needed. Yes, those are the John Singer Sargent portraits. That one is of me as the Scottish immigrant at Ellis Island. Sargent didn't inscribe it to me. I always wish he had. He inscribed it 'To Leslie Macgregor.' That's the name of the Scottish girl in my sketch. He spelled it wrong, you see. He spelled it 'Leslie'—the masculine. He should have spelled it 'Lesley'—the feminine. That one? That's the Dalmatian peasant in a New York hospital. On *that* one he wrote, 'To Ruth Draper.' Of course I knew him. In 1914, he painted my portrait in London, and I gave it to my mother, who loved it, and then he saw me perform at a party, and he said, 'Destroy the portrait. I want to draw you as one of your characters.' I was sailing for America the next day, but the following year, in London, he came over to me at the opera one night and we made an appointment, and he did these two, in an hour and a half. He would not take a cent for them, not a cent. There are going to be some fine Sargents and some fine Whistlers soon at the Metropolitan. They will be worth seeing.

"New York—that's right. Born in New York. The house was always filled with interesting people—artists, writers, musicians. Grandfather was a fascinating man—Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*. I have been reading his life recently. Truly a fascinating man. He was a great scholar and linguist. I am not a scholar, but I have the ear. Grandmother Dana was a Southerner. She was very dramatic and wanted to be an actress. Father was a celebrated physician—Dr. William H. Draper. Mother was musical. My brother Paul was a fine lieder singer. We travelled abroad a great deal—went all over. I suppose I imitated my teachers, like all children, but I am no mimic. Oh, my. My first sketch? I haven't thought of it in years and years. It was about a little tailor who did work for Mother and the children, a pathetic and lovely little man. I can see him now. 'Its could be fixed,' he would say. 'Its could be fixed. Little padding on the shoulders. Pearl buttons here. Velvet collar. New lining. Semi-fitting back. Box front.' A lovely little man. I used to perform at parties all over. People took advantage of me, really. Then I saw Beatrice Herford perform her monologues and realized what could be done. And I saw a Chinese play, 'The Yellow Jacket,' without scenery—small steps that one went up and down, so, when one wanted to enact climbing a mountain—and I understood the extraordinary illusion that can be created with nothing. But Paderewski played a large part. Mother had helped introduce him when he first came over. He was a great friend of the family. He saw me perform one night—oh, it must have been 1908. Perhaps 1909 or 1910. Later he had a long talk with me. 'You must do this professionally,' he said. I remember he said, 'Perhaps you should go to Paris to study. Mind you, I am not advising this. You may not need training. You must make the decision. It must come from you, from inside. And I will always help.' I didn't go to Paris to study, but I went on the stage. These are beautiful days, such beautiful days. Oh, not at all—not tired at all. I am so glad you came."

Nostalgia

THE other afternoon, expecting nothing, or at any rate nothing like this, a friend of ours stopped in at an Irish bar on Third Avenue and ran into the following situation, which may be said to have extra dimensions. A man was sitting on a stool, looking as though he had been hit by a shillelagh, and our friend asked the bartender what was the matter with him. The bartender leaned across the wood and said confidentially, back of his hand, "His phone exchange's been changed from Gedney to Ulster."

QUITE SIMPLY, AT HOME

Jane Findlay was married in the depths of winter.

At the darkening hour of the afternoon, while large white flakes dreamily drifted down over the meadows, past the drawing-room windows, to settle on the lawn and in soft rectangles on the tops of the few cars in the drive, she stood before the mantel, attended by her father and her two brothers, and dreamily allied herself for life to a stocky, fair-haired Scot she had met at a dinner party.

The wedding guests were a handful of family friends and a good many Findlay animals, their collars rendered festive with broad white satin bows.

"Just almost an amateur kind of wedding," Nora Findlay had assured her friends, complacently, in the weeks before realization came over her. "Only those of you who've known her since kindergarten and through braces on her teeth and all the strange ways she did her hair at sixteen. So don't bother to get too terribly dressy—but something pretty, of course, because it's going to be a pretty occasion, though, as I said, almost an amateur affair." But after she had said this, or something very much like this, several times to friends who had given their daughters the customary large, sweeping, exhausting nuptial treatment, or who hoped and planned to do so when their time came, she observed a bored glaze coming over the eyes of the person she was talking to, so she did not say it again. Instead, she sighed, and said, "Quite simply. But wouldn't it be much more fun if only Belle and Beau could come?" And to that everyone assented at once. Belle and Beau, the oldest friends of all, and synthetic aunt and uncle to the Findlay children, were far off in Italy, where Beau, on his sabbatical year, was scrutinizing and photographing marbles, taking notes on ancient things.

"All our favorite people are soon going to be in Europe, aren't they?" Nora Findlay said to her husband one day. Her eyes were large—apprehensive, almost.

"Hush," John Findlay murmured. "We know she's going to be terribly happy in London."

"Oh, I know," Nora said.

While the Findlays and Ian MacGregor were having midmorning coffee the day of the wedding, a cable from Rome arrived: "WISH WE WERE THERE. AFFETTUOSISSIMI AUGURI. BELLBOW."

"Very kind and thoughtful," John said.

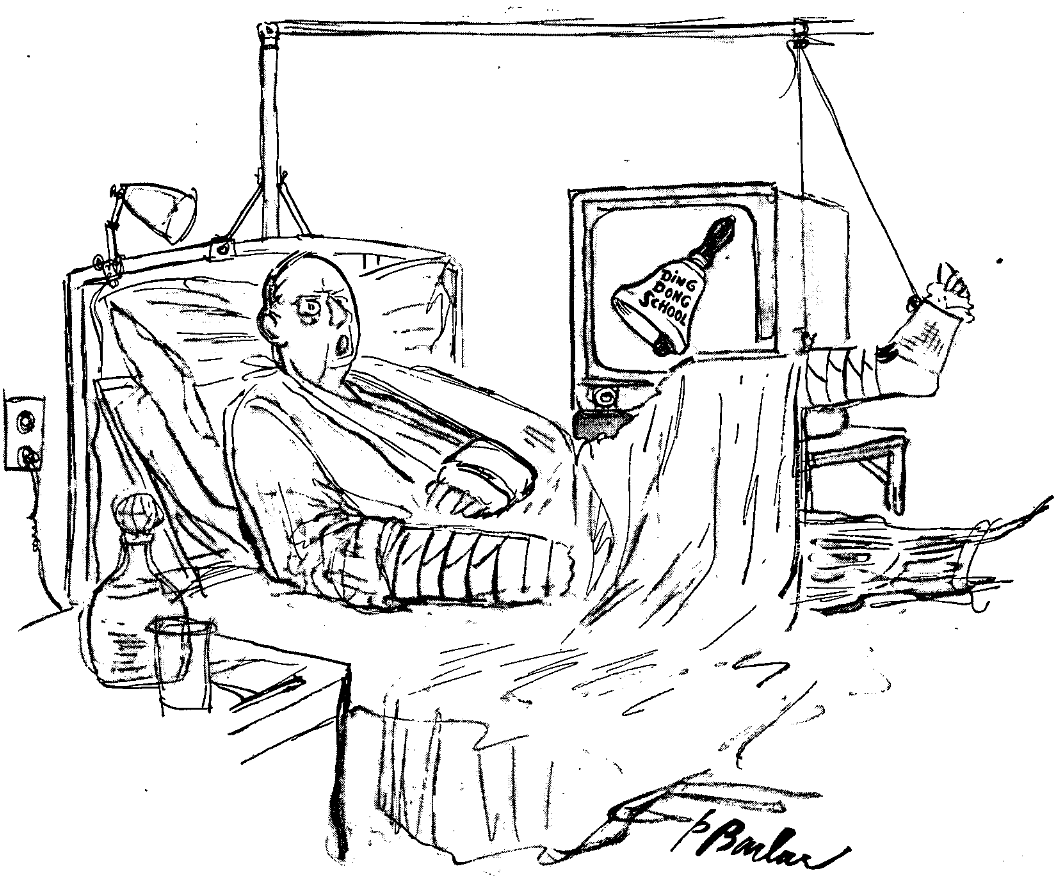
Jane, gazing at her young man, said, "You know, actually, I couldn't feel more married than I do this minute, could you? Not possibly. . . . No ceremony is going to make me feel any more so," she rambled on as she got up and passed cookies to Ian—plied him with them, in fact. He declined the cookies and then said with a brave smile that he wondered if maybe he wasn't coming down with something, because of the way he felt—a sore throat, perhaps, because he wasn't very hungry, all of a sudden. And at this Jane screamed softly, drew back, then bent forward to feel his brow, and gazed at him as though he were in some fearful danger, or a man made only of porcelain, or tissue paper.

Nora advised her son-in-law-to-be to take a nap. He agreed that maybe it was what he needed, and off he went to the guest room, but Jane, in blue jeans and an old white gym shirt she had had in the eighth grade, sprang about the house as gay as a cricket, making up jobs for herself.

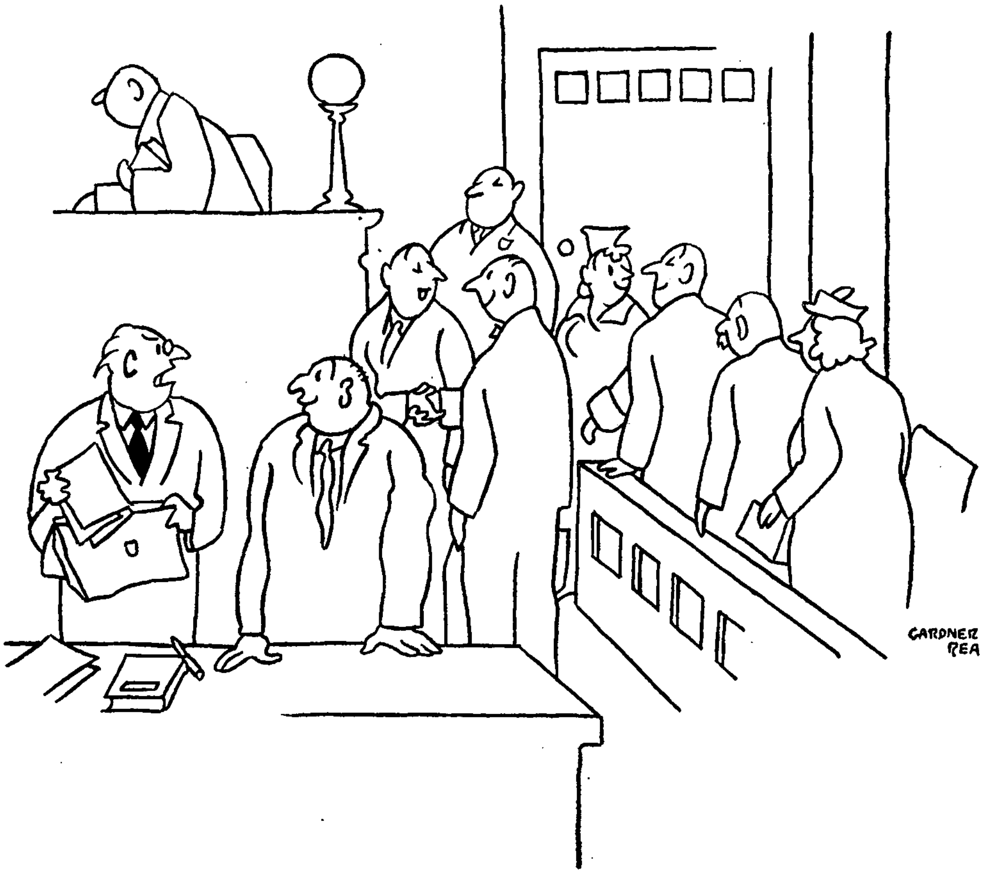
"You'll get tired out and look simply hideous," her mother prophesied, and her brothers, who after coffee had returned to their stamp collections and their Dinky toys, looked up and offered, for once in their lives, to do whatever needed doing.

"But I feel wonderful!" Jane insisted. "And there's nothing to do, really. I'm just pretending."

For days beforehand, the Findlays had solemnly promised each other there would be nothing to do the day of the wedding, and now actually there wasn't anything; a few bunches of pink-streaked carnations to set about, the champagne glasses ranged on a big tray and the cake from the caterer, left cooling in the cellar, to be brought upstairs. Early in the morning, the Swansons had come in from the kitchen to dip the crystal candelabra in hot soapsuds. There was nothing more to be done. "I guess I'll go see



"Nurse! Nurse!"



"I wouldn't kid myself about that 'Not guilty,' Spinelli. Keep on the way you're going and you'll end up in the hot seat."

• •

how he feels," Jane said, and started out of the room.

"Don't *ask* him, for heaven's sake!" Nora Findlay hissed, as though if she spoke in a normal voice Ian would wake, way off there in his room. Jane tiptoed back from the doorway, her eyebrows up, unreassured about Ian's ability, and even his willingness, to get through the ceremony that afternoon. From the midst of her own uncertainty and excitement she yet spared a sympathetic glance for her father, a glance in secret, implying she was wondering if perhaps he might have had a rather more trying married life than she had known.

JUST before four, when Dr. Mallett, the Findlay boys, and Ian—who was in the best possible health, handsome, and quite calm after his refreshing nap—were safely cornered in the library, and many candles were pulsing softly in the empty drawing room, cars began to turn in the drive. The guests came up into the snowy porch stamping their feet. All old friends, they merely pushed open the door, to find Nora Findlay, in red velvet, and John Findlay waiting there to greet them.

"Perfectly lovely, perfectly lovely," they all said, meaning either the occasion itself or the carnations and candles, or both. Presently, Nora counted twenty noses, and sent John upstairs for Jane.

It soon appeared that the guest having the best time of all was the Great Dane, who was much pleased with her big white satin bow. During the ceremony she gently insinuated herself into the wedding party at the hearth, coming up with slow, dignified steps to stand as close as possible; she beat rhythmically with her tail at Dr. Mallett's robes. The children's doctor, who, in the face of Nora's pleas, had advised against the removal of Jane's tonsils every winter since she was born, put out a hand now to restrain the big black animal, but it wasn't really necessary. She gave him a brief glance, then calmly put a huge foot down on his shoe and kept it there. She thinks she's the bridesmaid, Jane thought. Jane was enjoying herself, too. But from the moment the ribbons were tied to their belled collars the cats all hated white satin, and during "for better for worse, for richer for poorer" could be heard out in the hall, scratching. The tinkling of little bells was a pretty accompaniment to the solemn words, but every Findlay knew very well just how furious were the paws that made it.

Champagne followed, and kissing became general. The Findlay boys, in their boarding-school-Sunday dark blue, passed cake. Snow continued to fall past the windows; the candles burned silently; somebody picked out French folk songs, with one finger, on the piano.

Thus, calmly, Jane Findlay turned herself into Mrs. Ian MacGregor, a British matron, and went away to live.

"BUT this is what comes of having brought up the children Anglophiles," John Findlay gloomily pointed out the next evening as he and Nora drove back into Connecticut from the Cunard pier.

"Who read 'The Tailor of Gloucester' to her night after night during her most impressionable years?" Nora demanded. "And 'Pigling Bland,' and 'Jeremy Fisher'?" Not then, or ever, did Nora speak of a small incident that had occurred years before—though not so many years—when Jane was a little girl. The Findlays had been staying in London in June, and Jane, on Ascot Day, had had her first sight of a gray topper and been ravished. "Oh!" she had said to her mother with fervor. "When I grow up I want to marry an Englishman. What a lovely hat! *Any* Englishman," she had amiably added. Nora, who was devoted to her new son-in-law and thought Jane a fortunate young woman, had decided within herself it would be as well if she never mentioned this incident to Ian, and she never had.

"Oh, did I tell you," she went on, "I secretly wrote to Belle in Rome and asked her to be an angel and telephone Jane in London the day they arrive? Don't you think that was a wonderful idea?"

John said yes, and damned good of Belle if she did; it would cost her a pretty penny.

"Not as much as the new dress she'd have bought if she'd been able to come to the wedding," Nora told him with certainty. "And hat, too, probably."

The dark miles flowed by.

"Don't drive so fast," she said. "For

once, I don't want to get home—not too quickly. It's going to seem so— But it would be just exactly as bad if she'd married somebody from Seattle. Have you thought of that? Worse! Much worse, because what would we ever happen to be three thousand miles away from Connecticut in Seattle for, whereas we love going to England."

FIVE days to London, four days back before letters could begin to come. The house and drive were swept clear of little rice drifts; the carnations shrank up their pink-streaked petals and had to be thrown out; the boys went back to boarding school. Then, on a Saturday noon, two air-mail letters arrived—one from London, one from Rome. They showed pale blue and promising among the first-of-the-month bills.

"Which first?" Nora asked John. "This is an important decision, when you think of all the letters from her we're likely to get, for years and years to come. Do we gobble it up first, or do we save it for dessert?"

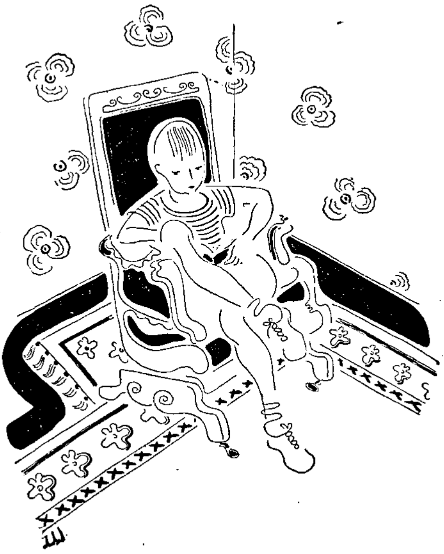
John said he would be getting two glasses of sherry while she was making that fateful decision.

"I've decided," she said when they had each taken the first sip. "The flotsam and jetsam, bills and things, we'll leave entirely till some other time, any old time, but I'll read Belle's first, out loud, and then you read Jane's to me, for a treat."

Belle wrote that Rome was as cold as an icebox and she hadn't been out of her fur coat for a month, even to sleep. Beau was working his head off as usual. " '. . . And I telephoned your lamb child and had a nice little cozy chat.' Oh, isn't she good! 'It was a perfect connection and she might have been in the next room, and she didn't sound any more grown up and married than if she were just answering the telephone in Connecticut. I simply loved talking to her and am so glad you had the idea. She reported you had a very smart new red velvet for the wedding and I must see it, so don't wear it out before we get home in the spring. I told her I was delighted you had asked me to call her the minute she—' Oh!" Nora cried, looking up from the page, "I wanted Jane to think— to think she wasn't so terribly far away from everybody and that it was perfectly natural for any of our friends to just lift the telephone any old time and give her a ring—except, of course, there's no one but that lamblike Belle who *will.* Oh dear. Well. Well, anyway." She looked back at the letter. "She goes on to say she never expects to be warm again . . . She's bought me a beautiful Italian handbag . . . Beau's working too hard as usual . . . Love to all. It *was* nice of her to telephone Jane, wasn't it? Now Jane's!"

"A little more sherry?"

John Findlay tipped the decanter twice, settled himself in the corner of the sofa, and slit open the blue envelope that had *Mrs. Ian MacGregor* in the upper left-hand corner. They drew together, and Nora read over his shoulder. Mrs. MacGregor expressed great satisfaction with the married state. They had loved the winter crossing; Ian had said it was remarkably smooth. The customs men had been monuments of kindliness and benevolence. "Even those four fine fat blue blankets," she wrote. "No duty at all! And London is too, too heavenly at this time of year. I wonder why we never spent a winter here. Ian says I might have been born here, I get around in the fog so well.



He, Ian I mean, says . . ." The Findlays drew back and glinted at each other, then bent again to the substantial, long letter. They read every word with love and attention. On the last page, Jane had written, "And what do you think, Aunt Belle telephoned me *all the way* from Rome, wasn't that a wonderful idea? I was absolutely thrilled to death. She sounded just as though she were in the next room; isn't she divine?"

Nora drew back and eyed her husband. "But she sounds as though she didn't know I'd asked Belle to."

"Yes." He nodded, still looking down at the thin blue sheets. "She does sound that way, doesn't she?"

"But she must know it was a put-up job, so to speak, because Belle writes she told her I—"

"Yes." He reached out a hand for his sherry and took a thoughtful sip. "But you see what she's doing, don't you? She's trying to make us believe she supposes it was all Belle's idea. She's pretending, for our sake, she didn't know we asked it."

"I see. She— Yes, I see." They sat silent for a while, their hands full of the precious thin blue sheets. Then Nora burst out, sadly, "Oh, how terribly grown up and devious and tactful she's become! Just in a week, how could she! She's *saving our feelings!*"

"That's it," he agreed. "And she'll go on doing it, from now on. We'll never quite know. She'll gloss things over. We're the old folks now—had you realized that?" He reached for the decanter. "Have just a drop more sherry. Don't you feel it might warm up your poor old bones?"

"Heavens, yes!" cried Nora, extending her glass. "Fill it up!"

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER

YOND CASHIER HATH A LEAN AND HUNGRY LOOK

Of yore I made a yearly payment
 On March 15th, or very near it;
I garbed my soul in Caesar's raiment
 And shared my doom with him in spirit.

But now my burdened brain must carry
 Persistently the fatal truth:
In June, September, January
 They say their systematic sooth.

So you were lucky, tragic Roman;
 Your ides were fortunately few.
They got you once in the abdomen;
 They didn't draw and quarter you!

—W. W. WATT

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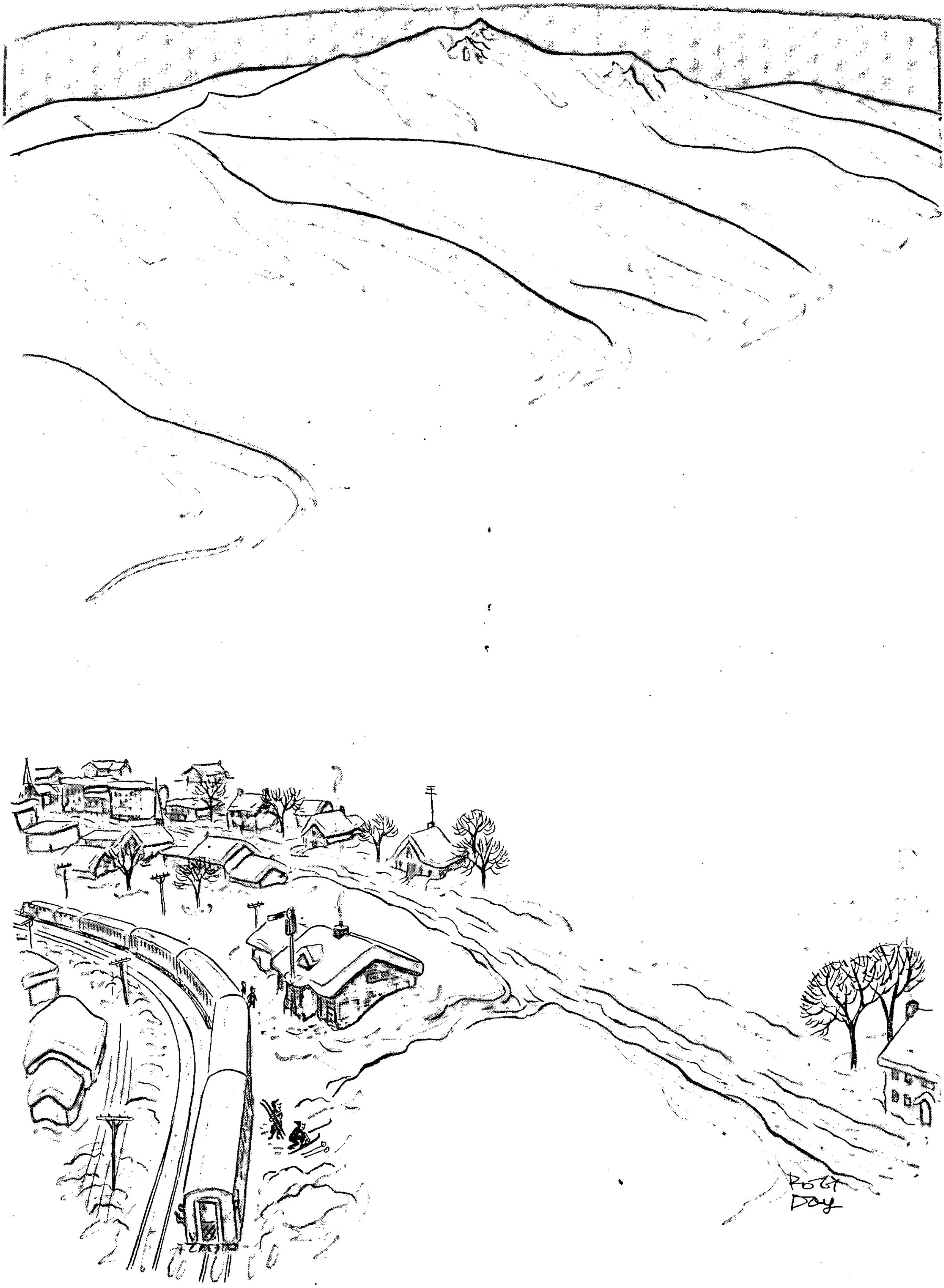


"*We sure came to the right place.*"

TIP ON A DEAD JOCKEY

Lloyd Barber was lying on his bed reading *France-Soir* when the phone rang. It was only two o'clock in the afternoon, but it was raining for the fifth consecutive day and he had no place to go anyway. He was reading about the relative standing of the teams in the Rugby leagues. He never went to Rugby games and he had no interest at all in the relative standings of Lille and Pau and Bordeaux, but he had finished everything else in the paper. It was cold in the small, dark room, because there was no heat provided between ten in the morning and six in the evening, and he lay on the lumpy double bed, his shoes off, covered with his overcoat.

He picked up the phone, and the man at the desk downstairs said, "There is a lady waiting for you here, M. Barber."

Barber squinted at himself in the mirror above the bureau across from the bed. He wished he was better-looking. "Did she give her name?" He asked.

"No, Monsieur. Should I demand it?"

"Never mind," Barber said. "I'll be right down."

He hung up the phone and put on his shoes. He always put the left one on first, for luck. He buttoned his collar and pulled his tie into place, noticing that it was frayed at the knot. He got into his jacket and patted his pockets to see if he had cigarettes. He had no cigarettes. He shrugged, and left the light on vindictively, because the manager was being unpleasant about the bill, and went downstairs.

Maureen Richardson was sitting in the little room off the lobby, in one of those age-colored plush chairs that fourth-rate Parisian hotels furnish their clientele to discourage excessive conviviality on the ground floor. None of the lamps was lit, and a dark, dead, greenish light filtered in through the dusty curtains from the rainy street outside. Maureen had been a young, pretty girl with bright, credulous blue eyes when Barber first met her, during the war, just before she married Jimmy Richardson. But she had had two children since then and Richardson hadn't done so well, and now she was wearing a worn cloth coat that was soaked, and her complexion had gone, and in the greenish lobby light she seemed bone-colored and her eyes were pale.

"Hello, Beauty," Barber said. Richardson always called her that, and while it had amused his friends in the squadron, he had loyally stuck to it, and finally everyone had picked it up.

Maureen turned around quickly, almost as though he had frightened her. "Lloyd," she said. "I'm so glad I found you in."

They shook hands, and Barber asked if she wanted to go someplace for a coffee.

"I'd rather not," Maureen said. "I left the kids with a friend for lunch and I promised I'd collect them at two-thirty and I don't have much time."

"Sure," Barber said. "How's Jimmy?"

"Oh, Lloyd . . ." Maureen pulled at her fingers, and Barber noticed that they were reddened and the nails were uneven. "Have you seen him?"

"What?" Barber peered through the gloom at her, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Have you seen him?" Maureen persisted. Her voice was thin and frightened.

"Not for a month or so," Barber said. "Why?" He asked it, but he almost knew why.

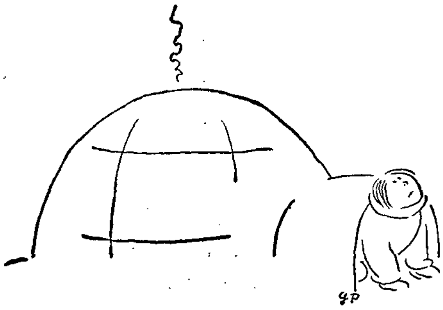
"He's gone, Lloyd," Maureen said. "He's been gone thirty-two days. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Where did he go?" Barber asked.

"I don't know." Maureen took out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. She was too distracted to offer the pack to Barber. "He didn't tell me." She smoked the cigarette avidly but absently. "I'm so worried. I thought maybe he'd said something to you—or that you'd bumped into him."

"No," Barber said carefully. "He didn't say anything."

"It's the queerest thing. We've been married nearly ten years and he never did anything like this before," Maureen said, trying to control her voice. "He just came to me one night and he said he'd got leave of absence from his job for a month and that he'd be back inside of thirty days and he'd tell me all about it when he got back, and he begged me not to ask any questions."



"And you didn't ask any questions?"

"He was acting so strangely," Maureen said. "I'd never seen him like that before. All hopped up. Excited. You might even say happy, except that he kept going in all night to look at the kids. And he's never given me anything to worry about in the— the girl department," Maureen said primly. "Not like some of the other boys we know. And if there was one thing about Jimmy, it was that you could trust him. So I helped him pack."

"What did he take?"

"Just one Valpak," Maureen said. "With light clothes. As though he was going off on a summer vacation. He even took a tennis racket."

"A tennis racket." Barber nodded, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for husbands to take tennis rackets along when disappearing. "Did you hear from him at all?"

"No," Maureen said. "He told me he wouldn't write. Did you ever hear of anything like that?" Even in her anguish, she permitted herself a tone of wifely grievance. "I knew we shouldn't have come to Europe. It's different for you. You're not married and you were always kind of wild anyway, not like Jimmy—"

"Did you call his office?" Barber asked, interrupting. He didn't want to hear how wild people thought he was, or how unmarried.

"I had a friend call," Maureen said. "It would look too fishy—his wife calling to ask where he was."

"What did they say?"

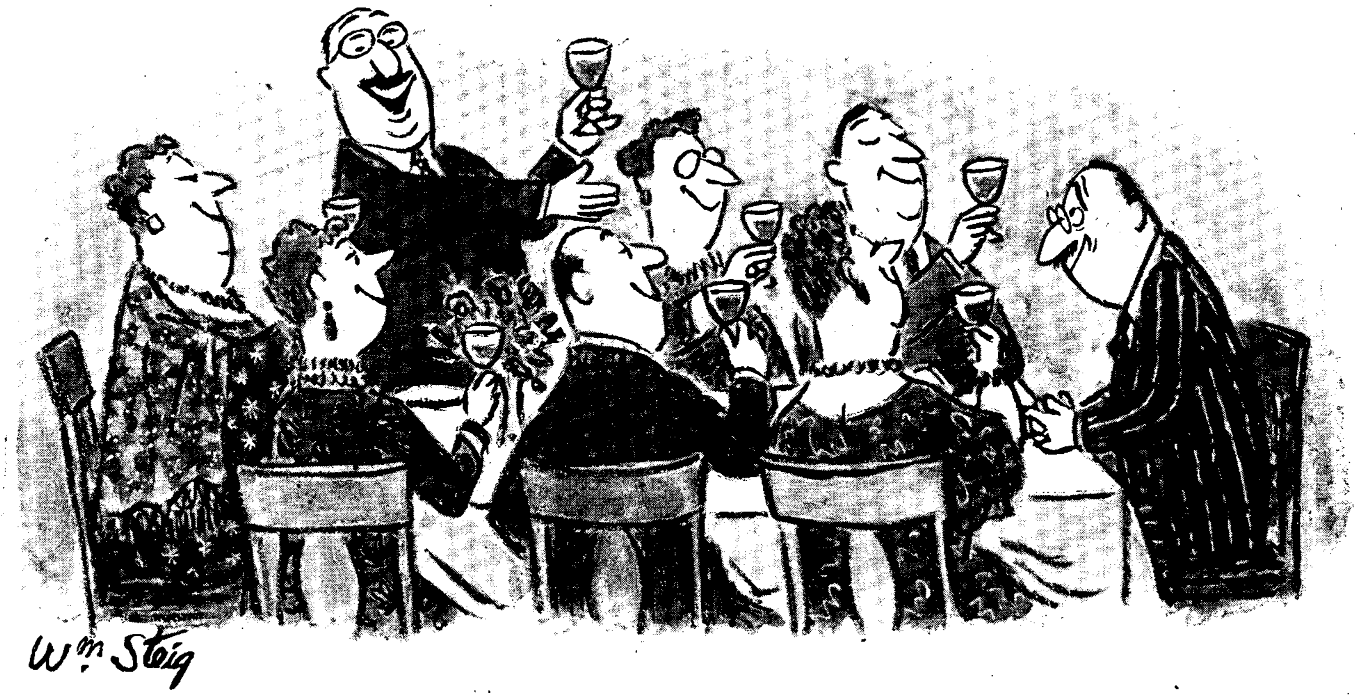
"They said that they had expected him two days ago but he hadn't come in yet."

Barber took one of Maureen's cigarettes and lit it. It was the first one in four hours and it tasted wonderful. He had a little selfish twinge of gratitude that Maureen had come to his hotel.

"Lloyd, do you know anything?" Maureen asked, worn and shabby in her damp, thin coat in the foggy green light.

Barber hesitated. "No," he said. "But I'll put in a couple of calls and I'll telephone you tomorrow."

They both stood up. Maureen pulled on gloves over her reddened hands. The gloves were worn and greenish black. Looking at them, Barber suddenly remembered how neat and shining Maureen had been when they first met, in Louisiana, so many years before, and how healthy and well-dressed he and Jimmy and the others had been in their



"To a great human being!"

lieutenants' uniforms with the new wings on their breasts.

"Listen, Beauty," Barber said. "How are you fixed for dough?"

"I didn't come over for that," Maureen said firmly.

Barber took out his wallet and peered judiciously into it. It wasn't necessary. He knew exactly what was there. He took out a five-thousand-franc note. "Here," he said, handing it to her. "Try this on for size."

Maureen made a motion as though to give it back to him. "I really don't think I should . . ." she began.

"Sh-h-h, Beauty," Barber said. "There isn't an American girl in Paris who couldn't use five *mille* on a day like this."

Maureen sighed and put the bill in her pocketbook. "I feel terrible about taking your money, Lloyd."

Barber kissed her forehead. "In memory of the wild blue yonder," he said, pocketing the wallet, with its remaining fifteen thousand francs, which, as far as he knew, would have to last him for the rest of his life. "Jimmy'll give it back to me."

"Do you think he's all right?" Maureen asked, standing close to him.

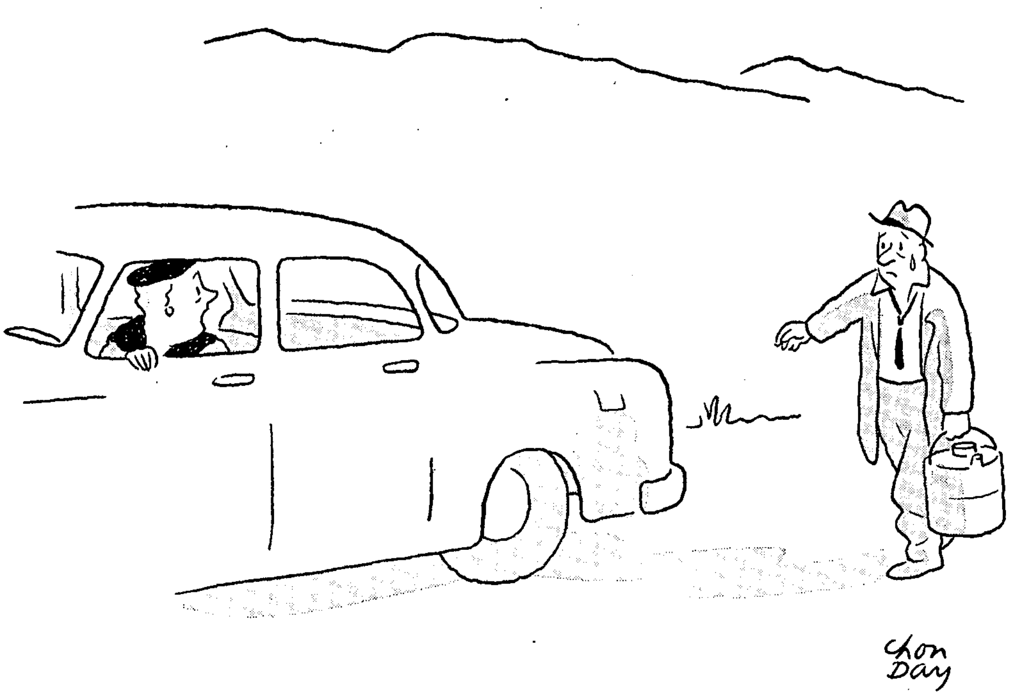
"Of course," Lloyd said lightly and falsely. "There's nothing to worry about. I'll call you tomorrow. He'll probably be there, answering the phone, getting sore at me for sucking around his wife when he's out of town."

"I bet." Maureen smiled miserably. She went through the cavelike murk of the lobby, out into the rainy street, on her way to pick up the two children, who had been sent out to lunch at the home of a friend.

BARBER went to his room and picked up the phone and waited for the old man downstairs to plug in. There were two suitcases standing open on the floor, with shirts piled in them, because there wasn't enough drawer space in the tiny bureau supplied by the hotel. On top of the bureau there were: a bill, marked overdue, from a tailor; a letter from his ex-wife, in New York, saying she had found an Army pistol of his in the bottom of a trunk and asking him what he wanted her to do with it, because she was afraid of the Sullivan Law; a letter from his mother, telling him to stop being a damn fool and come home and get a regular job; a letter from a woman in whom he was not interested, inviting him to come and stay with her in her villa near Eze, where it was beautiful and warm, she said, and where she needed a man around the house; a letter from a boy who had flown as his waist-gunner during the war and who insisted that Barber had saved his life when he was hit in the stomach over Palermo, and who, surprisingly, had written a book since then. Now he sent long, rather literary letters at least once a month to Barber. He was an odd, intense boy, who had been an excitable gunner, and he was constantly examining himself to find out whether he and the people he loved, among whom he rather embarrassingly included Barber, mostly because of the eight minutes over Palermo, were living up to their promise. "Our generation is in danger," the boy had typed in the letter on the bureau, "the danger of diminution. We have had our adventures too early. Our love has turned to affection, our hate to distaste, our despair to melancholy, our passion to preference. We have settled for the life of obedient dwarfs in a small but fatal sideshow."

The letter had depressed Barber and he hadn't answered it. You got enough of that sort of thing from the French. He wished the ex-waist-gunner would stop writing him, or at least write on different subjects. Barber hadn't answered his ex-wife, either, because he had come to Europe to try to forget her. He hadn't answered his mother, because he was afraid she was right. And he hadn't gone down to Eze, because no matter how broke he was, he wasn't selling that particular commodity yet.

Stuck into the mirror above the bureau was a photograph of himself and Jimmy Richardson, taken on the beach at Deauville the summer before. The Richardsons had taken a cottage there, and Barber had spent a couple of weekends with them. Jimmy Richardson was another one who had attached him-



"Now I'm afraid it's the battery. Toscanini ran it down."

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self to Barber during the war. Somehow, Barber was always being presented with the devotion of people whose devotion he didn't want. "People hang on to you," a girl who was angry at him once told him, "because you're an automatic hypocrite. As soon as somebody comes into the room, you become gay and confident."

Jimmy and he had been in bathing trunks when the picture was snapped, and Barber was tall and blessed with a blond, California kind of good looks next to Jimmy, who seemed like a fat, incompetent infant, standing there with the sunny sea behind him.

Barber peered at the photograph. Jimmy didn't look like the sort of man who would ever be missing from anywhere for thirty-two days. As for himself, Barber thought wryly, he looked automatically gay and confident.

He leaned over and took the picture down and threw it into a drawer. Then, holding the phone loosely, he stared around him with distaste. In the glare of the unshaded lamp, the dark woodwork looked gloomy and termite-ridden, and the bed, with its mottled velours spread, the color of spoiled pears, looked as though it had been wallowed on by countless hundreds of obscenely shaped men and women who had rented the room for an hour at a time. For a second, he was piercingly homesick for all the rooms of all the Hotel Statlers he had slept in and all the roomettes on trains between New York and Chicago, and St. Louis and Los Angeles.

There was a whistling, staticlike sound in the phone, and he shook himself and gave the number of the George V. When he got the George V, he asked for M. Smith, M. Bert Smith. After a while, the girl said M. Smith was no longer at the hotel. Barber asked hurriedly, before the girl could cut him off, whether M. Smith was expected to return shortly or if he had left a forwarding address. No, the girl said after a long wait, he was not expected to return and there was no forwarding address.

Barber hung up. He was not surprised about Bert Smith. He was a man who wandered mysteriously from hotel to hotel, and he might have used a half-dozen names besides Smith since Barber had spoken to him last.

With a conscious effort, Barber tried not to think about Jimmy Richardson or his wife, who was called, as a friendly squadron joke, Beauty, or about Jimmy Richardson's two small sons.

Scowling, Barber went over to the window. The winter rain of Paris was seeping down into the narrow street, blurring it with the unproductive malice of city rain, chipping colorlessly at the buildings opposite, making it impossible to imagine what they had looked like when they were new. A workman was unloading cases of wine from a truck, looking persecuted by the weather, the Paris sound of clinking bottles muted and made hollow and mournful by the flow of gray water from the skies and from window ledges and signs and rolled awnings. It was not a day for a husband to be missing, for a friend to be missing. It was not a day to be alone or to have only fifteen thousand francs in your pocket or to be in a narrow hotel room where the heat was off from ten in the morning till six at night. It was not a day to be without a job or cigarettes or lunch. It was not a day on which to examine yourself and realize that no matter how many excuses you gave yourself, you were going to wind up knowing that, finally, you were responsible.

Barber shook himself again. There was no sense in just staying in the room all day. If he was going to do any good, he would have to find Bert Smith. He looked at his watch. It was nearly two-thirty. He tried to remember all the places he had ever seen Bert Smith at two-thirty in the afternoon. The fancy restaurant near the Rond-Point, where the movie people and the French newspaper owners and the rich tourists ate; the bistro on the Boulevard Latour-Maubourg, on the Left Bank; the restaurants at Auteuil and Longchamp and St. Cloud. Barber looked at the newspaper. They were running at Auteuil today.

If he was not at the races and if he was still in Paris, Bert Smith was likely to be in one art gallery or another in the middle of the afternoon. Bert Smith was an art lover, or at least he bought pictures, shrewdly and knowingly. Since Smith lived in hotel rooms, which were unlikely places for a collection, it was probable that he bought paintings on speculation or as an agent or, when they were important ones that the government did not wish to have leave the country, to be smuggled out of France.

Barber had also seen Smith late in the afternoons in the steam room at Claridge's, a small, round man with surprisingly well-shaped legs, sitting in the vapor, wrapped in a sheet, growing pinker and pinker, smiling luxuriously in the steam, sweating off the fat that he had accumulated in many years of eating in the best restaurants in Europe.

He had also seen Smith several times around six o'clock in the evening in the barbershop at the George V getting shaved, and after that in the bar upstairs, and in the bar at the Relais Plaza and the English bar downstairs at the Plaza-Athénée. And late at night he had seen him at various night clubs—Carrère's, L'Eléphant Blanc, La Rose Rouge . . .

Barber thought unhappily of the last fifteen thousand francs in his wallet. It was going to be a long, wet, hard, expensive day. He put on his hat and coat and went out. It was still raining, and he hailed a taxi and gave the driver the address of the restaurant near the Rond-Point.

IT had started about two months before, in the stand at Auteuil just before the sixth race. The day was misty and there weren't many spectators, and Barber had not been doing very well, but he had got a tip on the sixth race, on an eight-to-one shot. He put five thousand down on the nose and climbed high up in the stand to get a good view of the race.

There was only one other spectator near him in the stand, a small, round man wearing an expensive-looking velours hat, and carrying a pair of binoculars and a rolled umbrella, like an Englishman. He smiled at Barber and nodded. As Barber smiled back politely, he realized that he had seen the man many times before, or his brother, or a half-dozen other men who looked like him, in restaurants and in bars and on the street, usually with tall girls who might have been lower-class mannequins or upper-class tarts.

The man with the umbrella moved over to him along the damp concrete row of seats. He had little, dapper feet and a bright necktie, and he had a well-cared-for, international kind of face, with large, pretty, dark eyes, fringed by thick black lashes. He had what Barber had come to call an import-export face. It was a face that was at the same time bland, cynical, self-assured, sensual, hopeless, and daring, and its owner might be Turkish or Hungarian or Greek or he might have been born in Basra. It was a face you might see in Paris or Rome or Brussels or Tangier, always in the best places, always doing business. It was a face, you felt somehow, that was occasionally of interest to the police.

"Good afternoon," the man said, in English, tipping his hat. "Are you having a lucky day?" He had an accent, but it was difficult to place it. It was as though as a child he had gone to school everywhere and had had ten nurses of ten different nationalities.

"Not bad," Barber said carefully.

"Which do you like in this one?" The man pointed with his umbrella at the track, where the horses were gingerly going up to the distant starting line on the muddied grass.

"Number Three," Barber said.

"Number Three." The man shrugged, as though he pitied Barber but was restrained by his good breeding from saying so. "How is the movie business these days?" the man asked.

"The movie business went home a month ago," Barber said, slightly surprised that the man knew anything about it. An American company had been making a picture about the war, and Barber had had four lucky, well-paid months as a technical expert, buckling leading men into parachutes and explaining the difference between a P-47 and a B-25 to the director.

"And the blond star?" the man asked, taking his glasses away from his eyes. "With the exquisite behind?"

"Also home."

The man moved his eyebrows and shook his head gently, indicating his regret that his new acquaintance and the city of Paris were now deprived of the exquisite behind. "Well," he said, "at least it leaves you free in the afternoon to come to the races." He peered out across the track through the glasses. "There they go."

No. 3 led all the way until the stretch. In the stretch, he was passed rapidly by four other horses.

"Every race in this country," Barber said as the horses crossed the finish line, "is a hundred metres too long." He took out his tickets and tore them once and dropped them on the wet concrete.

He watched with surprise as the man with the umbrella took out some tickets and tore them up, too. They were on No. 3, and Barber could see that they were big ones. The man with the umbrella dropped the tickets with a resigned, half-amused expression on his face, as though all his life he had been used to tearing up things that had suddenly become of no value.

"Are you staying for the last race?" the man with the umbrella asked as they started to descend through the empty stand.

"I don't think so," Barber said. "This day has been glorious enough already."

"Why don't you stay?" the man said. "I may have something."

Barber thought for a moment, listen-

Herbert Goldberg

ing to their footsteps on the concrete.

"I have a car," the man said. "I could give you a lift into town, Mr. Barber."

"Oh," Barber said, surprised, "you know my name."

"Of course," the man said, smiling. "Why don't you wait for me at the bar? I have to go and cash some tickets."

"I thought you lost," Barber said suspiciously.

"On Number Three," the man said. From another pocket he took out some more tickets and waved them gently. "But there is always the insurance. One must always think of the insurance," he said. "Will I see you at the bar?"

"O.K.," Barber said, not because he hoped for anything in the way of information on the next race from the man with the umbrella but because of the ride home. "I'll be there. Oh—by the way, what's your name?"

"Smith," the man said. "Bert Smith."

Barber went to the bar and ordered a coffee, then changed it to a brandy, because coffee wasn't enough after a race like that. He stood there, hunched over the bar, reflecting sourly that he was one of the category of people who never think of the insurance. Smith, he thought, Bert Smith. More insurance. On how many other names, Barber wondered, had the man lost before he picked that one?

Smith came to the bar softly, on his dapper feet, smiling, and laid a hand lightly on Barber's arm. "Mr. Barber," he said, "there is a rumor for the seventh race. Number Six."

"I never win on Number Six," Barber said.

"It is a lovely little rumor," Smith said. "At present, a twenty-two-to-one rumor."

Barber looked at the man doubtfully. He wondered briefly what there was in it for Smith. "What the hell," he said, moving toward the seller's window. "What have I got to lose?"

He put five thousand francs on No. 6 and superstitiously remained at the bar during the race, drinking brandy. No. 6 won, all out, by half a length, and, although the odds had dropped somewhat, paid eighteen to one.

Barber walked through the damp twilight, across the discarded newspapers and the scarred grass, with its farmlike smell, patting his inside pocket with the ninety thousand francs in a comforting bulge there, pleased with the little man trotting beside him.

Bert Smith had a Citroën, and he drove swiftly and well and objectionably, cutting in on other cars and swinging wide into the outside lane to gain advantage at lights.

"Do you bet often on the races, Mr. Barber?" he was saying as they passed a traffic policeman, forlorn in his white cape on the gleaming street.

"Too often," Barber said, enjoying the warmth of the car and the effects of the last brandy and the bulge in his pocket.

"You like to gamble?"

"Who doesn't?"

"There are many who do not like to gamble," Smith said, nearly scraping a truck. "I pity them."

"Pity them?" Barber looked over at Smith, a little surprised at the word. "Why?"

"Because," Smith said softly, smiling, "in this age there comes a time when everyone finds that he is forced to gamble—and not only for money, and not only at the seller's window. And when that time comes, and you are not in the habit, and it does not amuse you, you are most likely to lose."

They rode in silence for a while. From time to time, Barber peered across at the soft, self-assured face above the wheel, lit by the dashboard glow. I would like to get a look at his passport, Barber thought—at all the passports he's carried for the last twenty years.

"For example," Smith said, "during the war . . ."

"Yes?"

"When you were in your plane," Smith said, "on a mission. Weren't there times when you had to decide suddenly to try something, to depend on your luck for one split second, and if you hesitated, if you balked at the act of gambling—sssszt!" Smith took one hand from the wheel and made a gliding, falling motion, *with his thumb* down. He smiled across at Barber. "I suppose you are one of the young men who were nearly killed a dozen times," he said.

"I suppose so," Barber said.

"I prefer that in Americans," Smith said. "It makes them more like Europeans."

"How did you know I was in the war?" Barber said. For the first time, he began to wonder if it was only a coincidence that Smith had been near him in the stand before the sixth race.

Smith chuckled. "You have been in Paris how long?" he said. "A year and a half?"

"Sixteen months," Barber said, wondering how the man knew *that.*

"Nothing very mysterious about it," Smith said. "People talk at bars, at dinner parties. One girl tells another girl.

THOUGHTS ON A THAW

This is the third day since Thursday that the thermometer has stood
Steady at thirty. Soft snow thrust through sad skies,
Sending its thousand snowflakes thronging on thatch and sidewalk,
Supernal throwaway sifting over thresholds. See it spread on thicket,
Shining on thorn and shrub, sequestering thorp and suburb.
Though I thought the snow, so thick it stood, would stay through a set season,
Three short, if thriving, sessions seem sufficient, for someone, I think, has sensed a thaw.
Some subtle thaumaturgy has sent a thousand signs
Signalling shift from spreading snow, therapeutic of soil and smirch,
Thesaurus of softness, to thrumming water splash, threat of soaking.
I think this shift is strange, seeing no theory to solve
These seasonal subtleties, sudden thermal shifts.
Some seem thankful for this thaw. The more thoughtful,
Thinking of slush, see no thrill but suffer throes of sadness.
Sad threnody of thwarted skiers sounds, thrasonic skaters sigh—
No splendid showing off for them in thaw.

Myself, I suffer snow with sullen thought,
And sing this song for thaw.

—David Daiches

• •

"You certainly were in the groove this morning. Even had me worried for a while."

Paris is a small city. Where shall I drop you?"

Barber looked out the window to see where they were. "Not far from here," he said. "My hotel is just off the Avenue Victor Hugo. You can't get in there with a car."

"Oh, yes," Smith said, as though he knew about all hotels. "If it doesn't seem too inquisitive," he said, "do you intend to stay long in Europe?"

"It depends."

"On what?"

"On luck." Barber grinned.

"Did you have a good job in America?" Smith asked, keeping his eyes on the traffic ahead of him.

"In thirty years, working ten hours a day, I would have been the third biggest man in the company," Barber said.

Smith smiled. "Calamitous," he said. "Have you found more interesting things to do here?"

"Occasionally," Barber said, beginning to be conscious that he was being quizzed.

"After a war it is difficult to remain interested," Smith said. "While it is on, a war is absolutely boring. But then when it is over, you discover peace is even more boring. It is the worst result of wars. Do you still fly?"

"Once in a while."

Smith nodded. "Do you maintain your license?"

"Yes."

"Yes, that's wise," Smith said.

He pulled the car sharply in to the curb and stopped, and Barber got out.

"Here you are," Smith said. He put out his hand, smiling, and Barber shook it. Smith's hand was softly fleshed, but there was a feeling of stone beneath it.

"Thanks for everything," Barber said.

"Thank you, Mr. Barber, for your company," Smith said. He held Barber's hand for a moment, looking across the seat at him. "This has been very pleasant," he said. "I hope we can see each other again soon. Maybe we are lucky for each other."

"Sure," Barber said, grinning. "I'm always at home to people who can pick eighteen-to-one shots."

Smith smiled, relinquishing Barber's hand. "Maybe one of these days we'll have something even better than an eighteen-to-one shot," he said.

He waved a little and Barber closed the car door. Smith spurted out into the traffic, nearly causing two *quatre chevaux* to pile up behind him.

IT had taken two weeks for Smith to declare himself. From the beginning, Barber had known that something was coming, but he had waited patiently, curious and amused, lunching with Smith in the fine restaurants Smith patronized, going to galleries with him and listening to Smith on the subject of the Impressionists, going out to the race tracks with him and winning more often than not on the information Smith picked up from tight-lipped men around the paddocks. Barber pretended to enjoy the little, clever man more than he actually did, and Smith, on his part, Barber knew, was pretending to like *him* more than he actually did. It was a kind of veiled and cynical wooing, in which neither party had yet committed himself. Only, unlike more ordinary wooings, Barber for the first two weeks was not sure in just which direction his desirability, as far as Smith was concerned, might lie.

Then, late one night, after a large dinner and a desultory tour of the night clubs, during which Smith had seemed unusually silent and abstracted, they were standing in front of Smith's hotel and he made his move. It was a cold night, and the street was deserted except for a prostitute with a dog, who looked at them without hope as she passed them on the way to the Champs-Elysées.

"Are you going to be in your hotel tomorrow morning, Lloyd?" Smith asked.

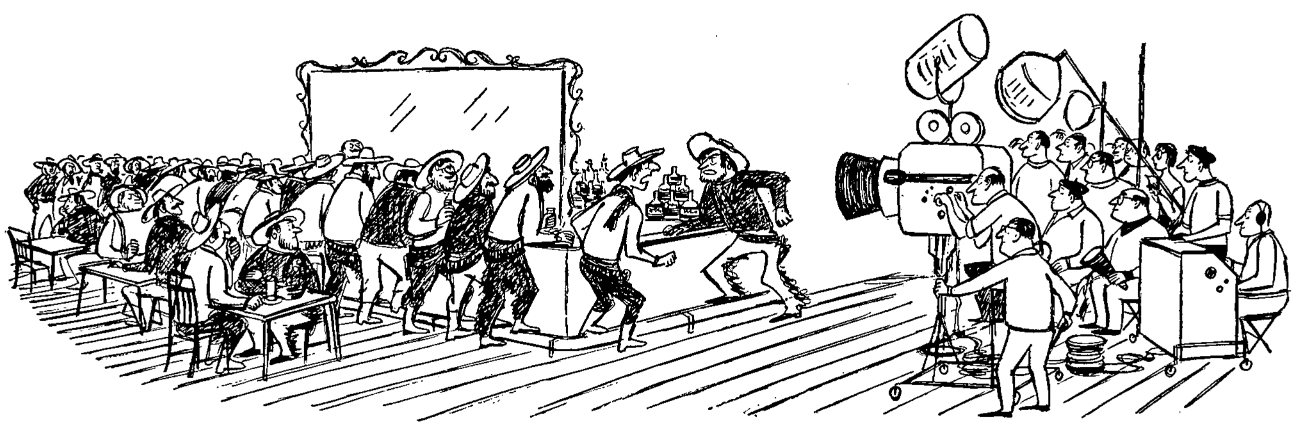
"Yes," Barber said. "Why?"

"Why?" Smith repeated absently, staring after the chilled-looking girl and her poodle walking despairingly down the empty, dark street. "Why?" He chuckled irrelevantly. "I have something I would like to show you," he said.

"I'll be in all morning," Barber said.

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said,

1.)



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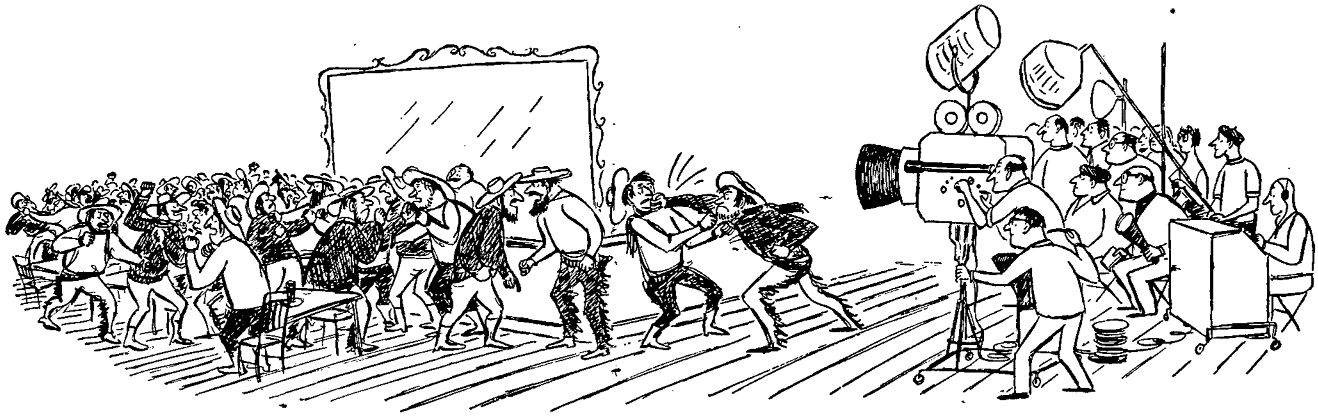


touching Barber's sleeve lightly with his gloved hand. "Do you have any idea why I have been calling you so often for the last two weeks, and buying you so many good meals and so much good whiskey?"

"Because I am charming and interesting and full of fun," Barber said, grinning. "And because you want something from me."

Smith chuckled, louder this time, and caressed Barber's sleeve. "You are not absolutely stupid, my friend, are you?"

"Not absolutely," said Barber.

"Tell me, my friend," Smith said, almost in a whisper. "How would you like to make twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"What?" Barber asked, certain that he had not heard correctly.

"Sh-h-h," Smith said. He smiled, suddenly gay. "Think about it. I'll see you in the morning. Thank you for walking me home." He dropped Barber's arm and started into the hotel.

"Smith!" Barber called.

"Sh-h-h." Smith put his finger playfully to his mouth. "Sleep well. See you in the morning."

Barber watched him go through the glass revolving doors into the huge, brightly lit, empty lobby of the hotel. Barber took a step toward the doors to follow him in, then stopped and shrugged and put his collar up, and walked slowly in the direction of his own hotel. I've waited this long, he thought, I can wait till morning.

BARBER was still in bed the next morning when the door opened and Smith came in. The room was dark, with the curtains drawn, and Barber was lying there, half asleep, thinking drowsily, Twenty-five thousand, twenty-five thousand. He opened his eyes when he heard the door open. There was a short, bulky silhouette framed in the doorway against the pallid light of the corridor.

"Who's that?" Barber asked, without sitting up.

"Lloyd. I'm so sorry," Smith said. "Go back to sleep. I'll see you later."

Barber sat up abruptly. "Smith," he said. "Come in."

"I don't want to disturb—"

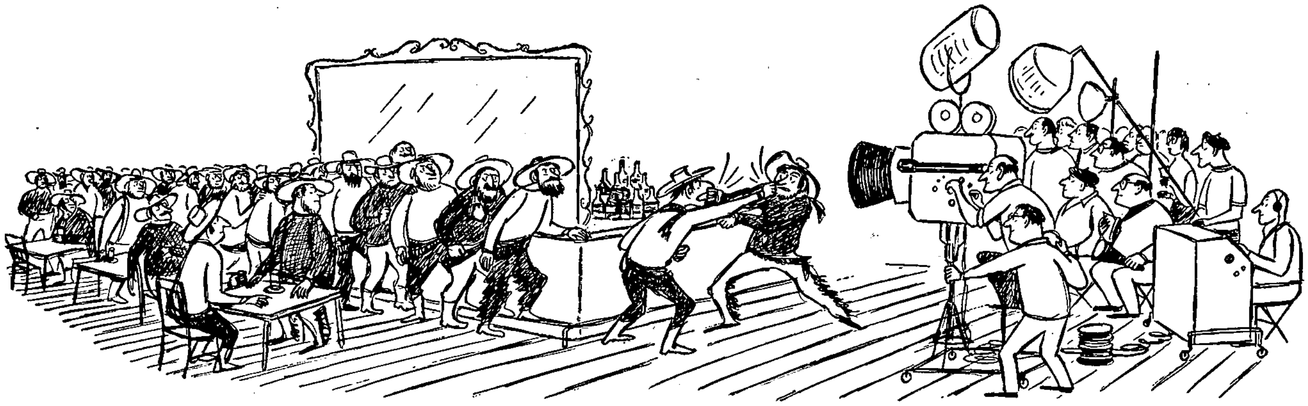
"Come in, come in." Barber got out of bed and, barefooted, went over to the window and threw back the curtains. He looked out at the street. "By God, what do you know?" he said, shivering and closing the window. "The sun is shining. Shut the door."

Smith closed the door. He was wearing a loose gray tweed overcoat, very British, and a soft Italian felt hat, and he was carrying a large manila envelope. He looked newly bathed and shaved, and wide awake.

Barber, blinking in the sudden sunshine, put on a robe and a pair of moccasins and lit a cigarette. "Excuse me," he said. "I want to wash." He went behind the screen that separated the washbasin and the bidet from the rest of the room. As he washed, scrubbing his face and soaking his hair with cold water, he heard Smith go over to the window. Smith was humming, in a soft, true, melodious tenor voice, a passage from an opera that Barber knew he had heard but could not remember. Aside from everything else, Barber thought, combing his hair roughly, I bet the son of a bitch is cultured.

Feeling fresher and less at a disadvantage with his teeth washed and his hair combed, Barber stepped out from behind the screen.

"Paris," Smith said, at the window, looking out. "What a satisfactory city. What a farce." He turned around, 2.)



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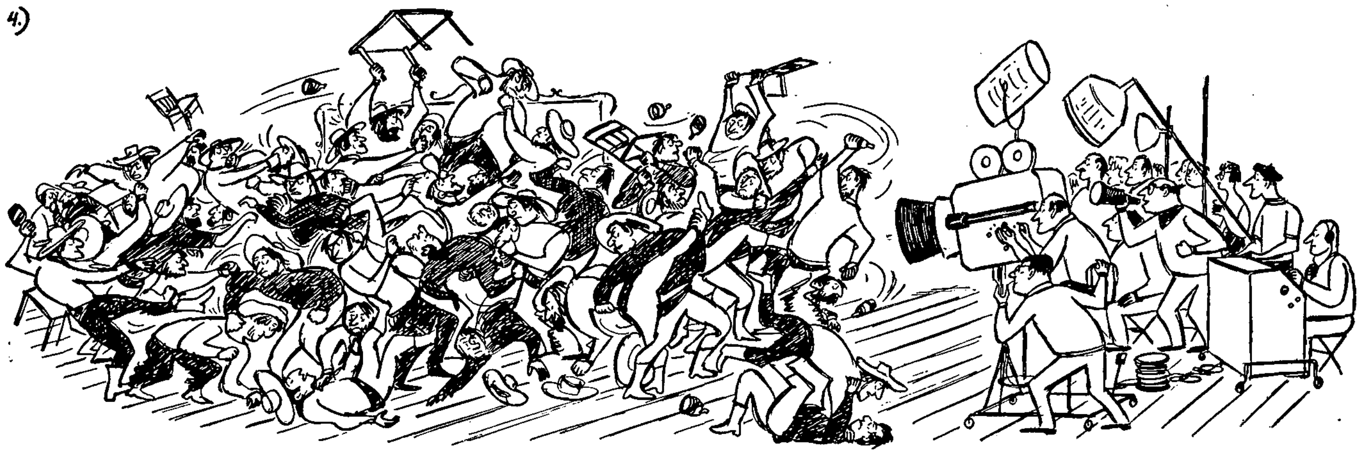

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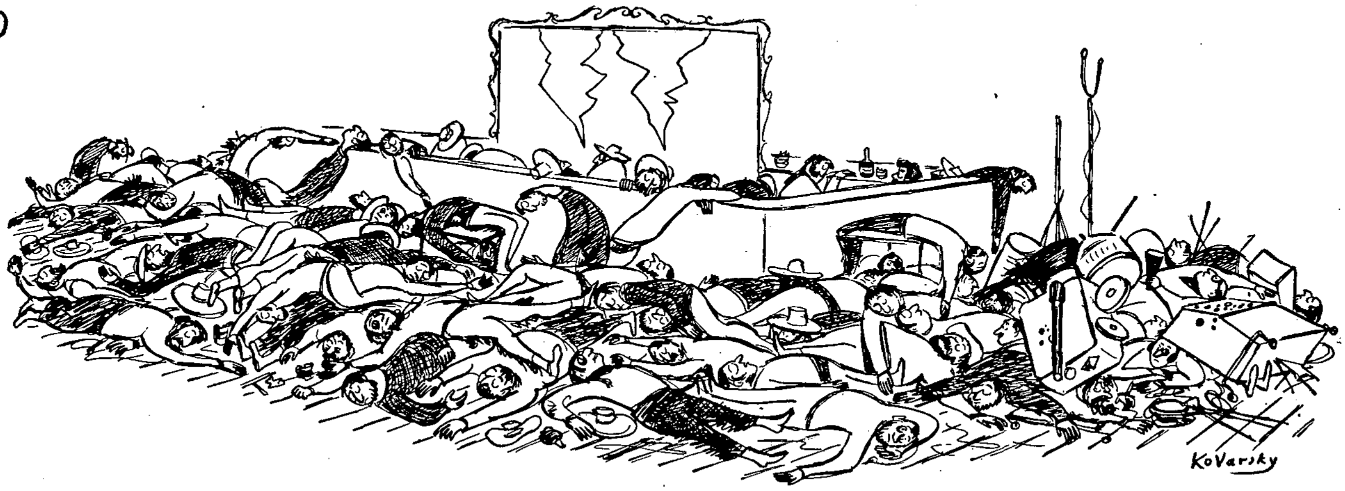

smiling. "Ah," he said, "how lucky you are. You can afford to put water on your head." He touched his thin, well-brushed hair sadly. "Every time I wash my hair, it falls like the leaves. How old did you say you are?"

"Thirty," Barber said, knowing that Smith remembered it.

"What an age." Smith sighed. "The wonderful moment of balance. Old enough to know what you want, still young enough to be ready for anything." He came back and sat down and propped the manila envelope on the floor next to the chair. "Anything." He looked up at Barber, almost coquettishly. "You recall our conversation, I trust," he said.

"I recall a man said something about twenty-five thousand dollars," Barber said.

"Ah—you do remember," Smith said gaily. "Well?"

"Well what?"

"Well, do you want to make it?"

"I'm listening," Barber said.

Smith rubbed his soft hands together gently in front of his face, his fingers rigid, making a slight, dry, sliding sound. "A little proposition has come up," he said. "An interesting little proposition."

"What do I have to do for my twenty-five thousand dollars?" Barber asked.

"What do you have to do for your twenty-five thousand dollars?" Smith repeated softly. "You have to do a little flying. You have flown for considerably less, from time to time, haven't you?" He chuckled.

"I sure have," Barber said. "What else do I have to do?"

"Nothing else," Smith said, sounding surprised. "Just fly. Are you still interested?"

"Go on," said Barber.

"A friend of mine has just bought a brand-new single-engine plane. A Navion. A perfect, pleasant, comfortable, one-hundred-per-cent dependable aircraft," Smith said, describing the perfect little plane with pleasure in its newness and its dependability. "He himself does not fly, of course. He needs a private pilot, who will be on tap at all times."

"For how long?" Barber asked, watching Smith closely.

"For thirty days. Not more." Smith smiled up at him. "The pay is not bad, is it?"

"I can't tell yet," Barber said. "Go on. Where does he want to fly to?"

"He happens to be an Egyptian," Smith said, a little deprecatingly, as though being an Egyptian were a slight private misfortune, which one did not mention except among friends, and then in lowered tones. "He is a wealthy Egyptian who likes to travel. Especially back and forth to France. To the South of France. He is in love with the South of France. He goes there at every opportunity."

"Yes?"

"He would like to make two round trips from Egypt to the vicinity of Cannes within the next month," Smith said, peering steadily at Barber, "in his private new plane. Then, on the third trip, he will find that he is in a hurry and he will take the commercial plane and his pilot will follow two days later, alone."

"Alone?" Barber asked, trying to keep all the facts straight.

"Alone, that is," Smith said, "except for a small box."

"Ah," Barber said, grinning. "Finally the small box."

"Finally." Smith smiled up at him delightedly. "It has already been calculated. The small box will weigh two hundred and fifty pounds. A comfortable margin of safety for this particular aircraft for each leg of the journey."

"And what will there be in the small two-hundred-and-fifty-pound box?" Barber asked, cool and relieved now that he saw what was being offered to him.

"Is it absolutely necessary to know?"

"What do I tell the customs people when they ask me what's in the box?" Barber said. " 'Go ask Bert Smith'?"

"You have nothing to do with customs people," Smith said. "I assure you. When you take off from the airport in Cairo, the box is not on board. And when you land at the airport at Cannes, the box is not on board. Isn't that enough?"

Barber took a last pull at his cigarette and doused it. He peered thoughtfully at Smith, sitting easily on the straight-backed chair in the rumpled room, looking too neat and too well dressed for such a place at such an hour. Drugs, Barber thought, and he can stuff them . . .

"No, Bertie boy," Barber said roughly. "It is not enough. Come on. Tell."

Smith sighed. "Are you interested up to now?"

"I am interested up to now," Barber said.

"All right," Smith said regretfully. "This is how it will be done. You will have established a pattern. You will have been in and out of the Cairo airport several times. Your papers always impeccable. They will know you. You will have become a part of the legitimate routine of the field. Then, on the trip when you will be taking off alone, everything will still be perfectly legitimate. You will have only a small bag with you of your personal effects. Your flight plan will show that your destination is Cannes and that you will come down at Malta and Rome for refuelling only. You will take off from Cairo. You will go off course by only a few miles. Some distance from the coast, you will be over the desert. You will come down on an old R.A.F. landing strip that hasn't been used since 1943. There will be several men there. . . . Are you listening?"

"I'm listening." Barber had walked to the window and was standing there, looking out at the sunny street below, his back to Smith.

"They will put the box on

"It's getting late, gentlemen. You must start eliminating."

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board. The whole thing will not take more than ten minutes," Smith said. "At Malta, nobody will ask you anything, because you will be in transit and you will not leave the plane and you will stay only long enough to refuel. The same thing at Rome. You will arrive over the south coast of France in the evening, before the moon is up. Once more," Smith said, speaking as though he was savoring his words, "you will be just a little off course. You will fly low over the hills between Cannes and Grasse. At a certain point, you will see an arrangement of lights. You will throttle down, open the door, and push the box out, from a height of a hundred feet. Then you will close the door and turn toward the sea and land at the Cannes airport. Your papers will be perfectly in order. There will have been no deviations from your flight plan. You will have nothing to declare. You will walk away from the airplane once and for all, and we will pay you the twenty-five thousand dollars I have spoken of. Isn't it lovely?"

"Lovely," Barber said. "It's just a delicious little old plan, Bertie boy." He turned away from the window. "Now tell me what will be in the box."

Smith chuckled delightedly, as though what he was going to say was too funny to keep to himself. "Money," he said. "Just money."

"How much money?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of money," Smith said, his eyes crinkled with amusement. "Two hundred and fifty pounds of tightly packed English notes in a nice, strong, lightweight metal box. Five-pound notes."

At that moment, it occurred to Barber that he was speaking to a lunatic. But Smith was sitting there, matter-of-fact and healthy, obviously a man who had never for a minute in all his life had a single doubt about his sanity.

"When would I get paid?" Barber asked.

"When the box was delivered," Smith said.

"Bertie boy . . ." Barber shook his head reprovingly.

Smith chuckled. "I have warned myself that you were not stupid," he said. "All right. We will deposit twelve thousand five hundred dollars in your name in a Swiss bank before you start for the first time to Egypt."

"You'll trust me for that?"

Fleetingly the smile left Smith's face. "We'll trust you for that," he said. Then the smile reappeared. "And immediately after the delivery is made, we will deposit the rest. A lovely deal. Hard

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currency. No income tax. You will be a rich man. Semi-rich." He chuckled at his joke. "Just for a little plane ride. Just to help an Egyptian who is fond of the South of France and who is naturally a little disturbed by the insecurity of his own country."

"When will I meet this Egyptian?" Barber asked.

"When you go to the airfield to take off for your first flight," Smith said. "He'll be there. Don't you worry. He'll be there. Do you hesitate?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm thinking," Barber said.

"It's not as though you were involved in your own country," Smith said piously. "I wouldn't ask a man to do that, a man who had fought for his country in the war. It isn't even as though it had anything to do with the English, for whom it is possible you have a certain affection. But the Egyptians . . ." He shrugged and bent over and picked up the manila envelope and opened it. "I have all the maps here," he said, "if you would like to study them. The route is all marked out, but, of course, it would be finally in your hands, since it would be you who was doing the flying."

Barber took the thick packet of maps. He opened one at random. All it showed was the sea approaches to Malta and the location of the landing strips there. Barber thought of twenty-five thousand dollars and the map shook a little in his hands.

"It is ridiculously easy," Smith said, watching Barber intently. "Foolproof."

Barber put the map down. "If it's so easy, what are you paying twenty-five thousand bucks for?" he said.

Smith laughed. "I admit," he said, "there may be certain little risks. It is improbable, but one never knows. We pay you for the improbability, if you want to put it that way." He shrugged. "After all, after a whole war you must be somewhat hardened to risks."

"When do you have to know?" Barber asked.

"Tonight," Smith said. "If you say no, naturally we have to make other plans. And my Egyptian friend is impatient."

"Who is we?" Barber asked.

"Naturally," Smith said, "I have certain colleagues."

"Who are they?"

Smith made a small regretful gesture. "I am terribly sorry," he said, "but I cannot tell you."

"I'll call you tonight," said Barber.

"Good." Smith stood up and buttoned his coat and carefully put the soft Italian felt hat on his head, at a con-

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servative angle. He played gently and appreciatively with the brim. "This afternoon, I will be at the track. Maybe you would like to join me there."

"Where're they running today?"

"Auteuil," Smith said. "Jumping today."

"Have you heard anything?"

"Perhaps," Smith said. "There is a mare who is doing the jumps for the first time. I have spoken to the jockey and I have been told the mare has responded in training, but I'll hear more at three o'clock."

"I'll be there."

"Good," Smith said enthusiastically. "Although it is against my interests, of course, to make you too rich in advance." He chuckled. "However, for the sake of friendship . . . Should I leave the maps?"

"Yes," said Barber.

"Until three o'clock," Smith said as Barber opened the door. They shook hands, and Smith went out into the corridor, a rich, tweedy, perfumed figure in the impoverished light of the pallid hotel lamps.

Barber locked the door behind him and picked up the packet of maps and spread them on the bed, over the rumpled sheets and blankets. He hadn't looked at aerial maps for a long time. Northern Egypt. The Mediterranean. The island of Malta. Sicily and the Italian coast. The Gulf of Genoa. The Alpes-Maritimes. He stared at the maps. The Mediterranean looked very wide. He didn't like to fly over open water in a single-engined plane. In fact, he didn't like to fly. Since the war, he had flown as little as possible. He hadn't made any explanations to himself, but when he had had to travel, he had gone by car or train or boat whenever he could.

Twenty-five thousand dollars, he thought.

He folded the maps neatly and put them back into the envelope. At this point, the maps weren't going to help.

He lay down on the bed again, propped against the pillows, with his hands clasped behind his head. Open water, he thought. Five times. Even that wouldn't be too bad. But what about the Egyptians? He had been in Cairo briefly during the war. He remembered that at night the policemen walked in pairs, carrying carbines. He didn't like places where the policemen carried carbines. And Egyptian prisons . . .

He moved uneasily on the bed.

Who knew how many people were in on a scheme like this? And it would

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only take one to cook you. One dissatisfied servant or accomplice, one greedy or timid partner . . . He closed his eyes and almost saw the fat, dark uniformed men with their carbines walking up to the shiny, new little plane.

Or suppose you blew a tire or crumpled a wheel on the landing strip? Who knew what the strip was like, abandoned in the desert since 1943?

Twenty-five thousand dollars.

Or you would think you were making it. The box would be on the seat beside you and the coast of Egypt would be falling off behind you and the sea stretching blue below and ahead and the engine running like a watch—and then the first sign of the patrol. The shimmering dot growing into . . . What did the Egyptian Air Force fly? Spitfires, left over from the war, he supposed. Coming up swiftly, going twice as fast as you, signalling you to turn around . . . He lit a cigarette. Two hundred and fifty pounds. Say the box alone—it would have to be plenty tough—weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. How much did a five-pound note weigh? Would there be a thousand to a pound? Five thousand multiplied by a hundred, with the pound at two-eighty. Close to a million and a half dollars.

His mouth felt dry, and he got up and drank two glasses of water. Then he made himself sit down on the chair, keeping his hands still. If there was an accident, if for any reason you failed to come through with it . . . If the money was lost, but you were saved. Smith didn't look like a murderer, although who knew what murderers looked like these days? And who knew what other people he was involved with? My colleagues, as Smith called them, who would then be your colleagues. The wealthy Egyptian, the several men at the old R.A.F. landing strip in the desert, the people who were to set out the lights in the certain arrangement in the hills behind Cannes— How many others, sliding across frontiers, going secretly and illegally from one country to another with guns and gold in their suitcases, the survivors of war, prison, denunciation— How many others whom you didn't know, whom you would see briefly in the glare of the African sun, as a running figure on a dark French hillside, whom you couldn't judge or assess and on whom your life depended, who were risking prison, deportation, police bullets for their share of a box full of money . . .

He jumped up and put on his clothes

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How to Analyze a

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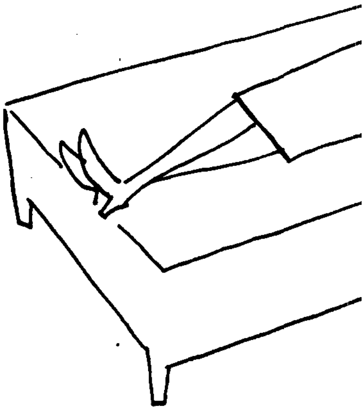
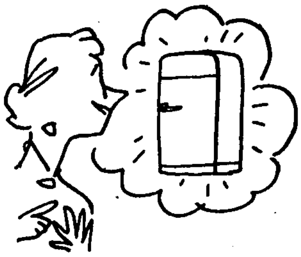


1. *Interpretation of Dreams.* When she tells you she dreamed she was locked in a dungeon for 10 years, fetch out your dinner jacket—you're going dancing next week-end.



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3. *Defense Mechanism.* A woman bristles when a man asks her why she doesn't try the charcoal-singed quail he saw in *his* magazine. But she yields happily to the many imaginative and workable food suggestions in *her* Ladies' Home Journal.

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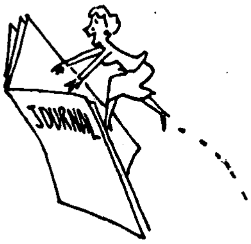

5. *Identification.* Remember that every woman has the un canny ability to leap mentally *inside* a situation—identify her self with it. Because *all* the Journal is edited with this in mind, women respond electri cally to the ideas in its pages

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Woman

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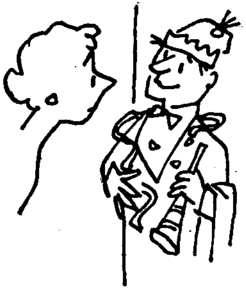

7. *Ambivalence.* When you come home after the annual office revel, and she can't decide whether you're an idiot or an ogre—don't explain, *kiss* her!

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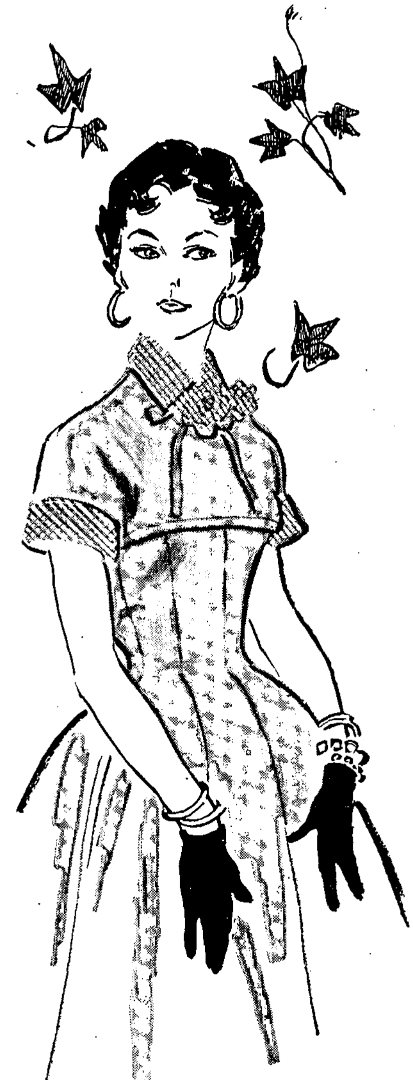

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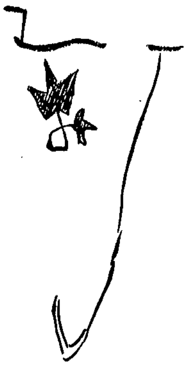

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and went out, locking the door. He didn't want to sit in the cold, disordered room, staring at the maps.

He walked around the city aimlessly for the rest of the morning, looking blindly into shopwindows and thinking of the things he would buy if he had money. Turning away from a window, he saw a policeman watching him incuriously. Barber looked speculatively at the policeman, who was small, with a mean face and a thin mustache. Looking at the policeman, Barber remembered some of the stories about what they did to suspects when they questioned them in the back rooms of the local prefectures. An American passport wouldn't do much good if they picked you up with five hundred thousand English pounds under your arm.

This is the first time in my life, Barber thought curiously, walking slowly on the crowded street, that I have contemplated moving over to the other side of the law. He was surprised that he was considering it so calmly. He wondered why that was. Perhaps the movies and the newspapers, he thought. You get so familiar with crime it becomes humanized and accessible. You don't think about it, but then, suddenly, when it enters your life, you realize that subconsciously you have been accepting the idea of crime as an almost normal accompaniment of everyday life. Policemen must know that, he thought, all at once seeing things from the other side. They must look at all the shut, ordinary faces going past them and they must know how close to theft, murder, and defaulting everyone is, and it must drive them crazy. They must want to arrest everybody.

WHILE Barber was watching the horses move in their stiff-legged, trembling walk around the paddock before the sixth race, he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

"Bertie boy," he said, without turning around.

"I'm sorry I'm late," Smith said, coming up to the paddock rail beside Barber. "Were you afraid I wouldn't come?"

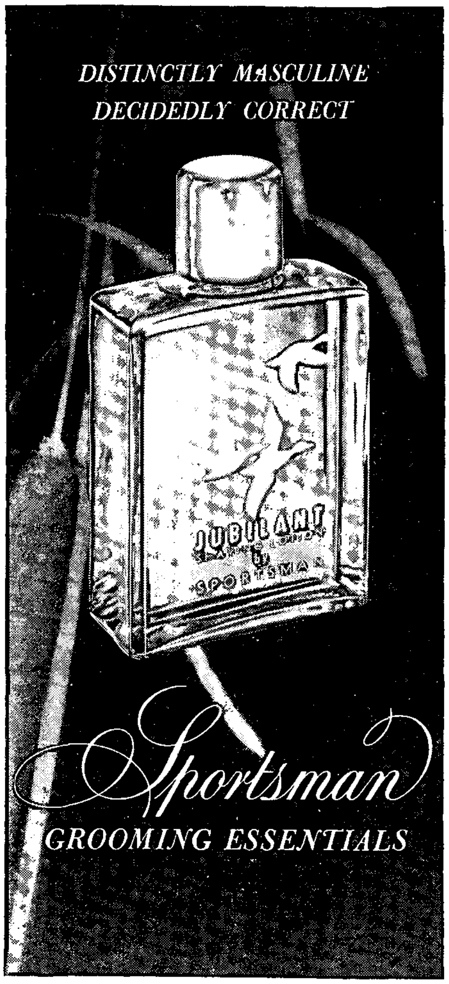
"What's the word from the jock?" Barber asked.

Smith looked around him suspiciously. Then he smiled. "The jockey is confident," Smith said. "He is betting himself."

"Which one is it?"

"Number Five."

Barber looked at No. 5. It was a light-boned chestnut mare with a deli-



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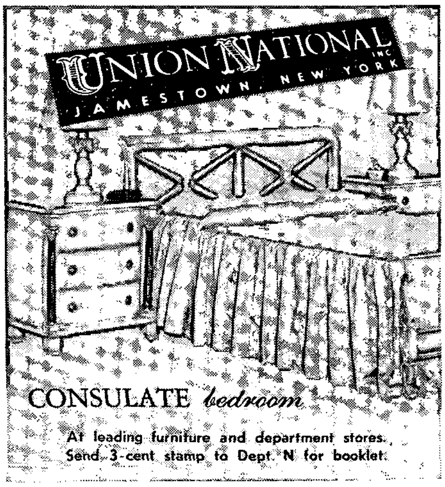

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cate, gentle head. Her tail and mane were braided, and she walked alertly but not too nervously, well-mannered and with a glistening coat. Her jockey was a man of about forty, with a long, scooped French nose. He was an ugly man, and when he opened his mouth, you saw that most of his front teeth were missing. He wore a maroon cap, with his ears tucked in, and a white silk shirt dotted with maroon stars.

Barber, looking at him, thought, It's too bad such ugly men get to ride such beautiful animals.

"O.K., Bertie boy," he said. "Lead me to the window."

Barber bet ten thousand francs on the nose. The odds were a comfortable seven to one. Smith bet twenty-five thousand francs. They walked side by side to the stands and climbed up together as the horses came out on the track. The crowd was small and there were only a few other spectators that high up.

"Well, Lloyd?" Smith said. "Did you look at the maps?"

"I looked at the maps," Barber said.

"What did you think?"

"They're very nice maps."

Smith looked at him sharply. Then he decided to chuckle. "You want to make me fish, eh?" he said. "You know what I mean. Did you decide?"

"I . . ." Barber began, staring down at the cantering horses. He took a deep breath. "I'll tell you after the race," he said.

"Lloyd!" The voice came from below, to the right, and Barber turned in that direction. Toiling up the steps was Jimmy Richardson. He had always been rather round and baby-plump, and Parisian food had done nothing to slim him down, and he was panting, his coat flapping open, disclosing a checkered vest, as he hurried toward Barber.

"How are you?" he said breathlessly as he reached their level. He clapped Barber on the back. "I saw you up here and I thought maybe you had something for this race. I can't figure this one and they've been murdering me all day. I'm lousy on the jumps."

"Hello, Jimmy," Barber said. "Mr. Richardson. Mr. Smith."

"Pleased to meet you," Richardson said. "How do you spell it?" He laughed loudly at his joke. "Say, really, Lloyd, do you know anything? Maureen'll murder me if I go home and tell her I went into the hole for the afternoon."

Barber looked across at Smith, who

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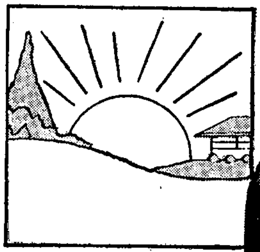

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was watching Richardson benignly. "Well," he said, "Bertie boy, here, thinks he heard something."

"Bertie boy," Richardson said, "please . . ."

Smith smiled thinly. "Number Five looks very good," he said. "But you'd better hurry. They're going to start in a minute."

"Number Five," Richardson said. "Roger. I'll be right back." He went galloping down the steps, his coat flying behind him.

"He's a trusting soul, isn't he?" Smith said.

"He was an only child," Barber said, "and he never got over it."

Smith smiled politely. "Where do you know him from?"

"He was in my squadron."

"In your squadron." Smith nodded, looking after Richardson's hurrying, diminishing figure on the way to the seller's window. "Pilot?"

"Uh-huh."

"Good?"

Barber shrugged. "Better ones got killed and worse ones won every medal in the collection."

"What is he doing in Paris?"

"He works for a drug company," Barber said.

The bell rang and the horses raced toward the first jump.

"Your friend was too late, I'm afraid," Smith said, putting his binoculars to his eyes.

"Yep," Barber said, watching the bunched horses.

No. 5 fell on the fourth jump. She went over with two other horses, and suddenly she was down and rolling. The pack passed around her. The fourth jump was far off down the track, and it was hard to see what, exactly, was happening until, a moment later, the mare struggled to her feet and cantered after the pack, her reins broken and trailing. Then Barber saw that the jockey was lying there motionless, crumpled up clumsily on his face, with his head turned in under his shoulder.

"We've lost our money," Smith said calmly. He took his binoculars from his eyes and pulled out his tickets and tore them and dropped them.

"May I have those, please?" Barber reached over for the binoculars. Smith lifted the strap over his head, and Barber trained the glasses on the distant jump where the jockey was lying. Two men were running out to him and turning him over.

Barber adjusted the binoculars, and the figures of the two men working on

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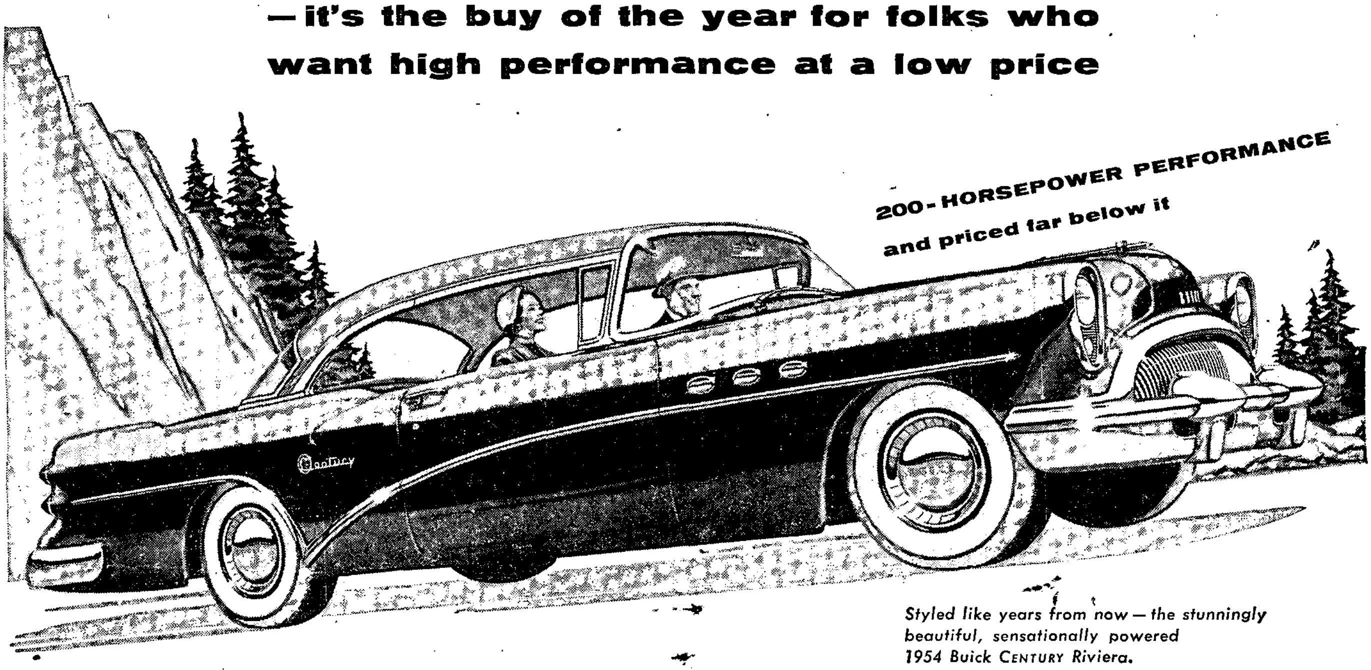

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the motionless figure in the maroon-starred shirt came out of the blur into focus. Even in the glasses, there was something terribly urgent and despairing in the movements of the distant men. They picked the jockey up between them and started running clumsily off with him.

"Damn it!" It was Richardson, who had climbed up beside them again. "The window closed just as I—"

"Do not complain, Mr. Richardson," Smith said. "We fell at the fourth jump."

Richardson grinned. "That's the first bit of luck I had all day."

Down below, in front of the stands, the riderless mare was swerving and trotting off down the track to avoid a groom who was trying to grab the torn reins.

Barber kept the glasses on the two men who were carrying the jockey. Suddenly, they put him down on the grass, and one of the men bent down and put his ear against the white silk racing shirt. After a while, he stood up. Then the two men started to carry the jockey again, only now they walked slowly, as though there was no sense in hurrying.

Barber gave the glasses back to Smith. "I'm going home," he said. "I've had enough of the sport for one day."

Smith glanced at him sharply. He put the glasses to his eyes and stared at the men carrying the jockey. Then he put the glasses into their case and hung the case by its strap over his shoulder. "They kill at least one a year," he said in a low voice. "It is to be expected in a sport like this. I'll take you home."

"Say," Richardson said. "Is that fellow dead?"

"He was getting too old," Smith said. "He kept at it too long."

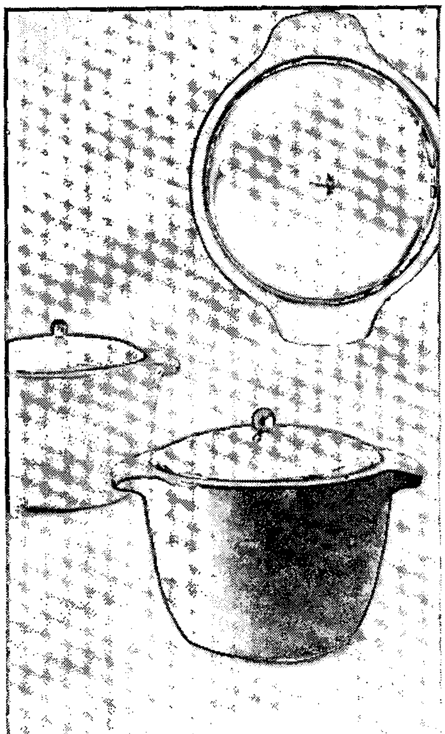
"Holy man!" Richardson said, staring down the track. "And I was sore because I came too late to bet on him. That was some tip." He made a babyish grimace. "A tip on a dead jock."

Barber started down toward the exit.

"I'll come with you," Richardson said. "This isn't my lucky day."

The three men went down under the stands without speaking. People were standing in little groups, and there was a queer rising, hissing sound of whispering all over the place, now that the news was spreading.

When they reached the car, Barber got into the back, allowing Richardson to sit next to Smith, on the front seat.



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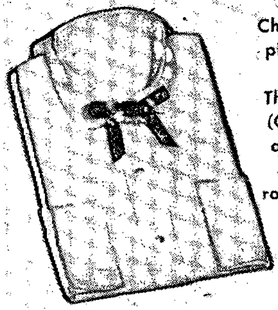


He wanted to be at least that much alone for the time being.

Smith drove slowly and in silence. Even Richardson spoke only once. "What a way to get it," he said as they drove between the bare, high trees. "In a lousy, three-hundred-thousand-franc claiming race."

Barber sat in the corner, his eyes half closed, not looking out. He kept remembering the second time the two men had picked up the jockey. Smith's selection for the afternoon, Barber thought. He closed his eyes altogether and saw the maps spread out on the bed in his room. The Mediterranean. The wide reaches of open water. He remembered the smell of burning. The worst smell. The smell of your dreams during the war. The smell of hot metal, smoldering rubber. Smith's tip.

"Here we are," Smith was saying.

Barber opened his eyes. They were stopped at the corner of the dead-end street down which was the entrance to his hotel. He got out.

"Wait a minute, Bertie boy," Barber said. "I have something I want to give you."

Smith looked at him inquiringly. "Can't it wait, Lloyd?" he asked.

"No. I'll just be a minute." Barber went into his hotel and up to his room. The maps were folded in a pile on the bureau, except for one, which was lying open beside the others. The approaches to Malta. He folded it quickly and put all the maps into the manila envelope and went back to the car. Smith was standing beside the car, smoking, nervously holding on to his hat, because a wind had come up and dead leaves were skittering along the pavement.

"Here you are, Bertie boy," Barber said, holding out the envelope.

Smith didn't take it. "You're sure you know what you're doing?" he said.

"I'm sure."

Smith still didn't take the maps. "I'm in no hurry," he said softly. "Why don't you hold on to them another day?"

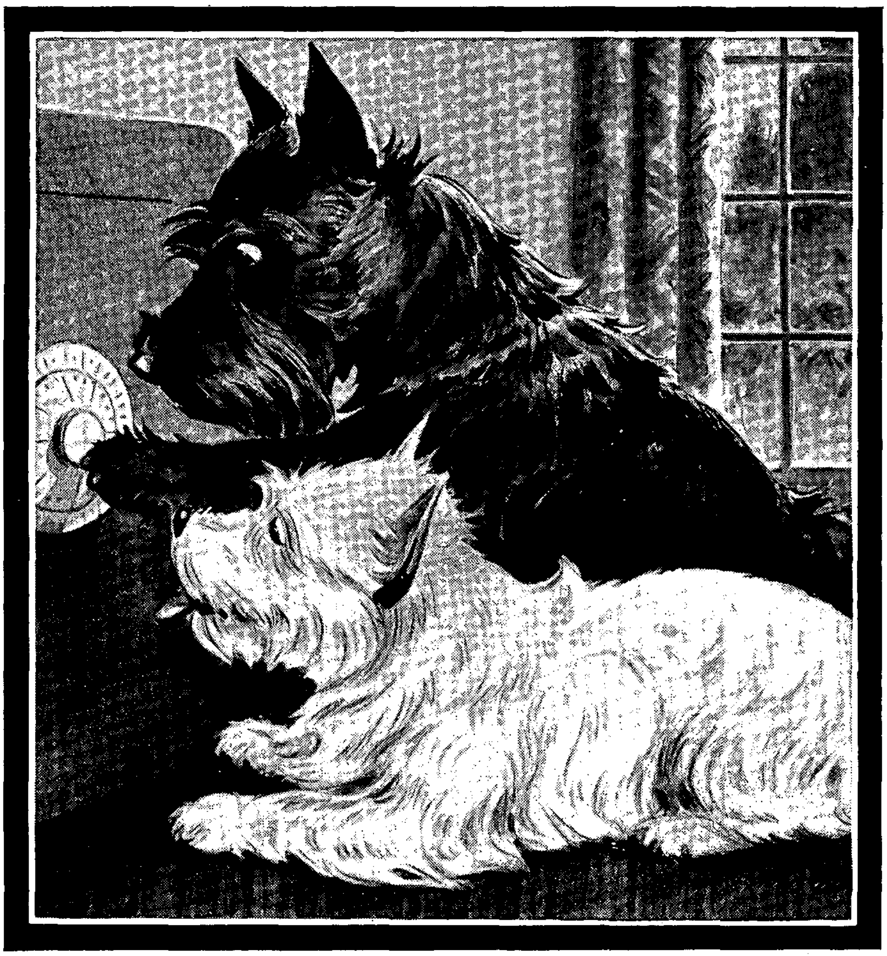
"Thanks, no."

Smith looked at him silently for a moment. The fluorescent street lamps had just gone on, hard white-blue light, and Smith's smooth face looked powdery in the shadows under his expensive hat, and his pretty eyes were dark and flat under the curled lashes.

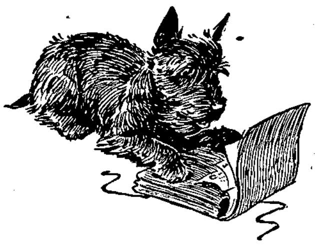
"Just because a jockey falls at a jump—" Smith began.

"Take them," Barber said, "or I'll throw them in the gutter."

Smith shrugged. He put out his hand and took the envelope. "You'll never



Right Combination



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have a chance like this again," he said, running his finger caressingly over the envelope edge.

"Good night, Jimmy." Barber leaned over the car and spoke to Richardson, who was sitting there watching them, puzzled. "Give my love to Maureen."

"Say, Lloyd," Richardson said, starting to get out. "I thought maybe we could have a couple of drinks. Maureen doesn't expect me home for another hour yet and I thought maybe we could cut up some old touches and—"

"Sorry," Barber said, because he wanted, more than anything else, to be alone. "I have a date. Some other time."

Smith turned and looked thoughtfully at Richardson. "He always has a date, your friend," Smith said. "He's a very popular boy. I feel like a drink myself, Mr. Richardson. I would be honored if you'd join me."

"Well," Richardson said uncertainly, "I live way down near the Hôtel de Ville and—"

"It's on my way," Smith said, smiling warmly.

Richardson settled back in his seat, and Smith started to get into the car. He stopped and looked up at Barber. "I made a mistake about you, didn't I, Lloyd?" he said contemptuously.

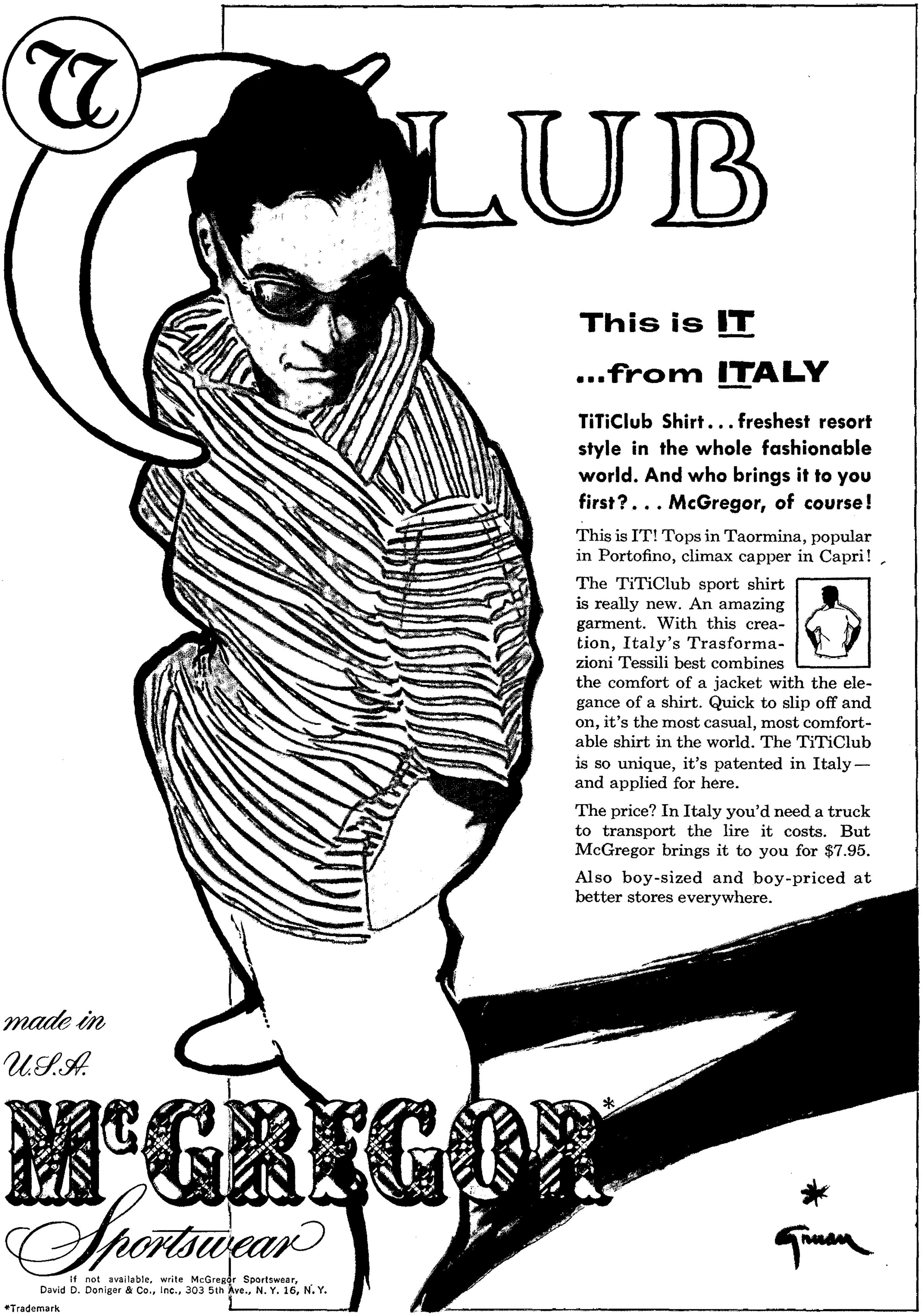
"Yes," Barber said. "I'm getting too old. I don't want to keep at it too long."

Smith chuckled and got into the car. They didn't shake hands. He slammed the door, and Barber watched him pull sharply away from the curb, making a taxi-driver behind him jam on his brakes to avoid hitting him.

Barber watched the big black car weave swiftly down the street, under the hard white-blue lights. Then he went back to the hotel and up to his room and lay down, because an afternoon at the races always exhausted him.

An hour later, he got up. He splashed cold water on his face to wake himself, but even so he felt listless and empty. He wasn't hungry and he wasn't thirsty and he kept thinking about the dead jockey in his soiled silks. There was no one he wanted to see. He put on his coat and went out, hating the room as he closed the door behind him.

He walked slowly toward the Etoile. It was a raw night and a fog was moving in from the river, and the streets were almost empty, because everybody was inside eating dinner. He didn't look at any of the lighted windows, because he wasn't going to buy anything for a long time. He passed several



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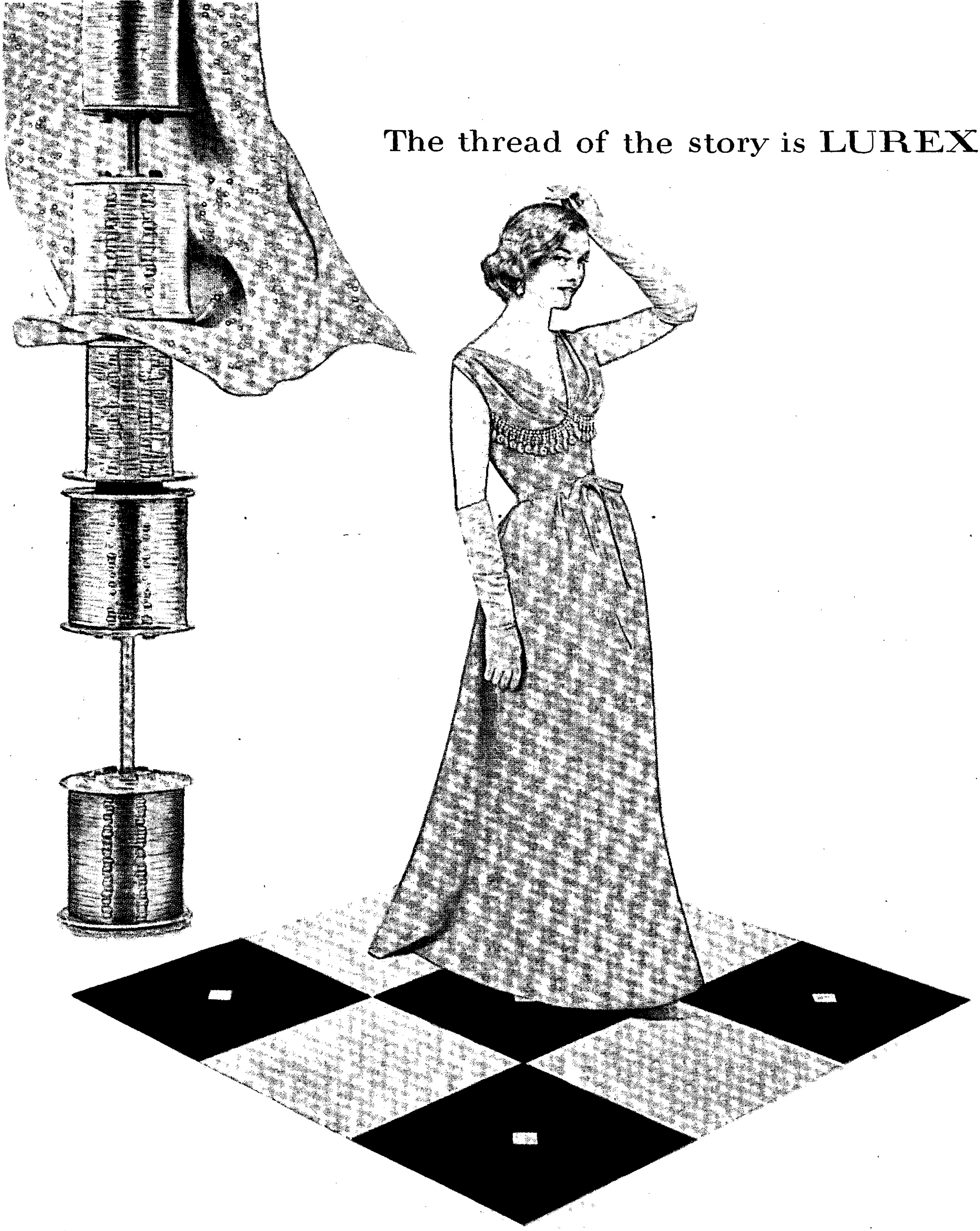
The thread of the story is LUREX



GLOW OF PORCELAIN in new Lurex Porcelain Colors, giving fabrics an utterly new quality in color. Seen here in Catoir's new silk and Lurex weave, the dress by Maurice Rentner, currently shown at Bonwit Teller, all stores. Lurex,® non-tarnishing metallic yarn, made only by *The Dobeckmun Company, Cleveland 1, Ohio . . . New York: 250 West 57th Street* movie houses, neon in the drifting fog. In the movies, he thought, the hero would have been on his way to Africa by now. He would nearly be caught several times in Egypt, and he would fight his way out of a trap on the desert, killing several dark men just in time on the airstrip. And he would develop engine trouble over the Mediterranean and just pull out, with the water lapping at the wing tips, and he would undoubtedly crash, without doing too much damage to himself, probably just a photogenic cut on the forehead, and would drag the box out just in time. And he would turn out to be a Treasury agent or a member of British Intelligence and he would never doubt his luck and his nerve would never fail him and he would not end the picture with only a few thousand francs in his pocket. Or, if it was an artistic picture, there would be a heavy ground mist over the hills and the plane would drone on and on, desperate and lost, and then, finally, with the fuel tanks empty, the hero would crash in flames. Battered and staggering as he was, he would try to get the box out, but he wouldn't be able to move it, and finally the flames would drive him back and he would stand against a tree, laughing crazily, his face blackened with smoke, watching the plane and the money burn, to show the vanity of human aspiration and greed.

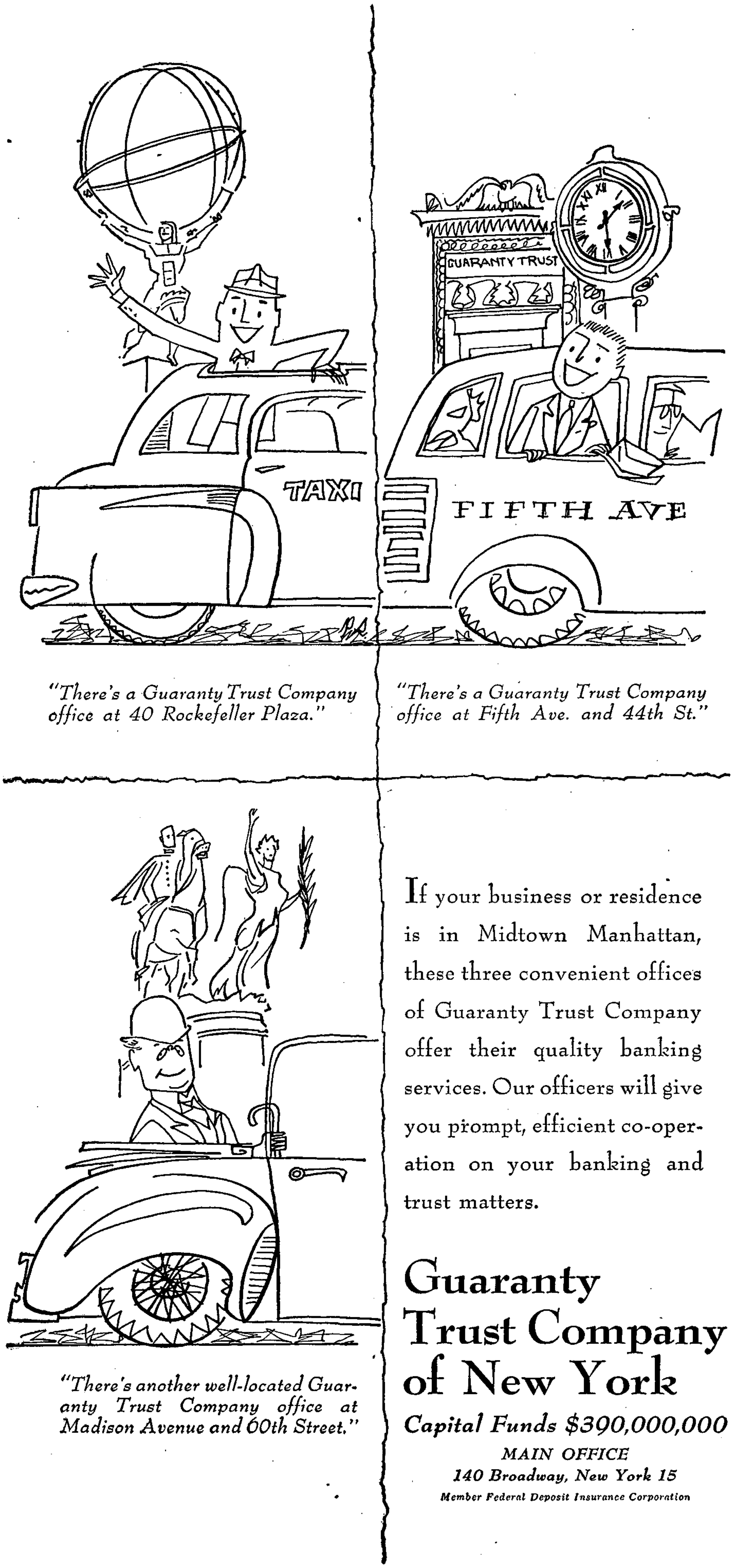
Barber grinned bleakly, rehearsing the scenarios in front of the giant posters outside the theatres. The movies do it better, he thought. They have their adventures happen to adventurers. He turned off the Champs-Elysées, walking slowly and aimlessly, trying to decide whether to eat now or have a drink first. Almost automatically, he walked toward the Plaza-Athénée. In the two weeks that he had been wooed by Smith, they had met in the English bar of the Plaza-Athénée almost every evening.

He went into the hotel and downstairs to the English bar. As he came into the room, he saw, in the corner, Smith and Jimmy Richardson.

Barber smiled. Bertie boy, he thought, are you whatever wasting your time. He stood at the bar and ordered a whiskey.

"... fifty missions," he heard Richardson say. Richardson had a loud, empty voice that carried anywhere. "Africa, Sicily, Italy, Yugo—"

Then Smith saw him. He nodded coolly, with no hint of invitation. Richardson swivelled in his chair then, too. He smiled uncomfortably at Barber,



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getting red in the face, like a man who has been caught by a friend with his friend's girl.

Barber waved to them. For a moment, he wondered if he ought to go over and sit down and try to get Richardson out of there. He watched the two men, trying to figure out what they thought of each other. Or, more accurately, what Smith thought of Richardson. You didn't have to speculate about Jimmy. If you bought Jimmy a drink, he was your friend for life. For all that he had been through—war and marriage and being a father and living in a foreign country—it had still never occurred to Jimmy that people might not like him or might try to do him harm. When you were enjoying Jimmy, you called it trustfulness. When he was boring you, you called it stupidity.

Barber watched Smith's face carefully. By now, he knew Smith well enough to be able to tell a great deal of what was going on behind the pretty eyes and the pale, powdered face. Right now, Barber could tell that Smith was bored and that he wanted to get away from Jimmy Richardson.

Barber turned back to his drink, smiling to himself. It took Bertie boy just about an hour, he thought, an hour of looking at that good-natured empty face, an hour of listening to that booming, vacant voice, to decide that this was no man to fly a small box of five-pound notes from Cairo to Cannes.

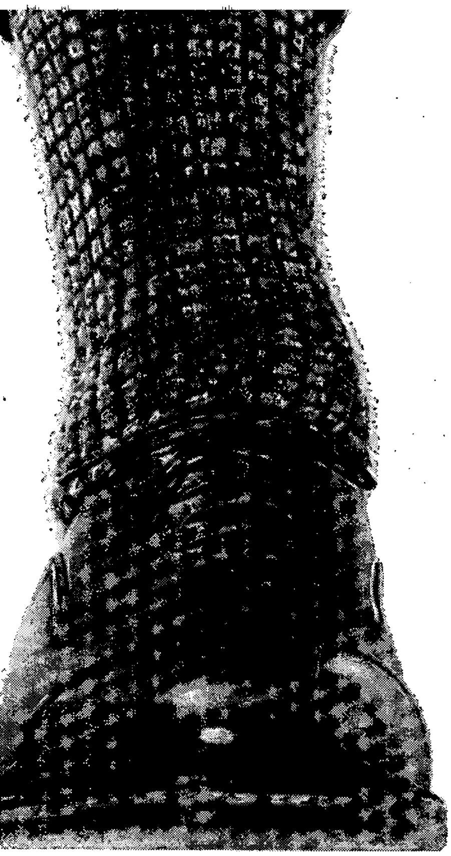
Barber finished his drink quickly and went out of the bar before Smith and Richardson got up from the table. He had nothing to do for the evening, but he didn't want to get stuck with Jimmy and Maureen Richardson for dinner.

AND now it was almost two months later and nobody had heard from Jimmy Richardson for thirty-two days.

In the whole afternoon of searching, Barber had not come upon any trace of Bert Smith. He had not been at the restaurants or the track or the art galleries, the barbershop, the steam bath, the bars. And no one had seen him for weeks.

It was nearly eight o'clock when Barber arrived at the English bar of the Plaza-Athénée. He was wet from walking in the day's rain, and tired, and his shoes were soggy, and he felt a cold coming on. He looked around the room, but it was almost empty. Indulging himself, thinking unhappily of all the taxi fares he had paid that day, he ordered a whiskey.

Barber sipped his whiskey in the quiet room, thinking circularly, I should have



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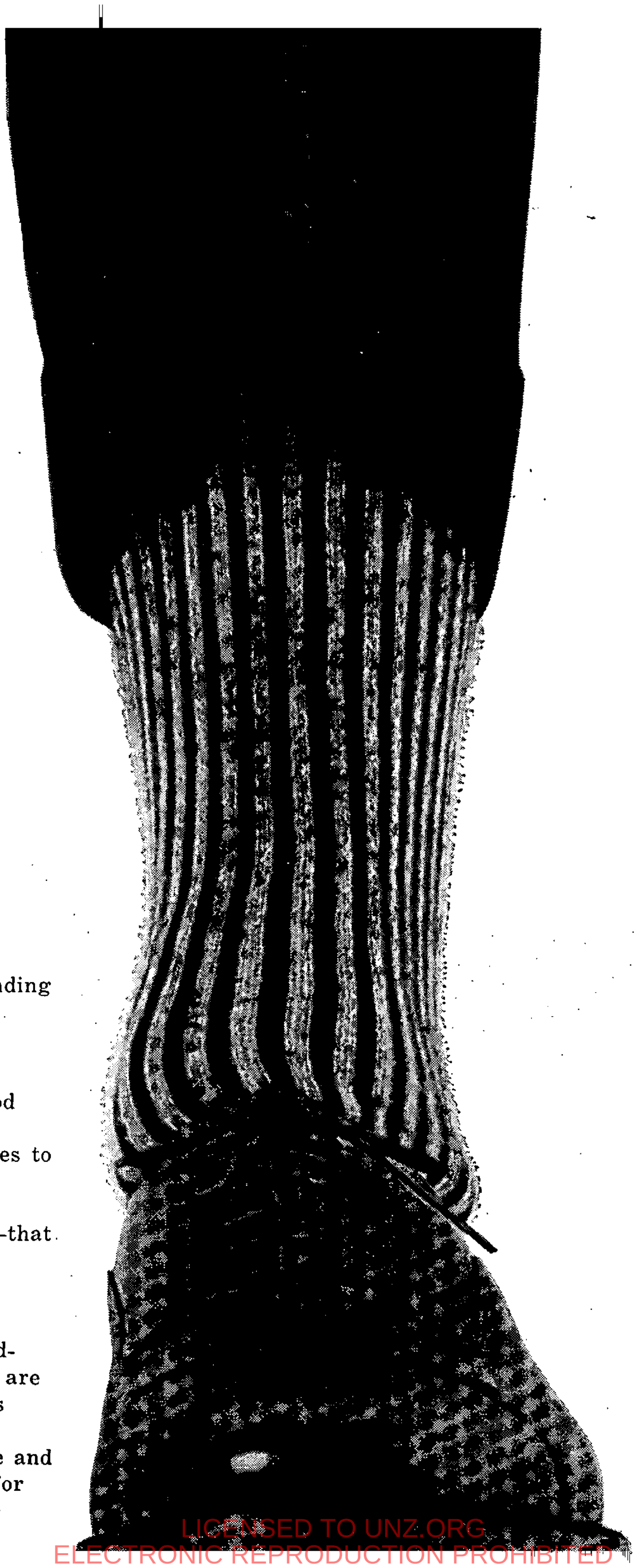

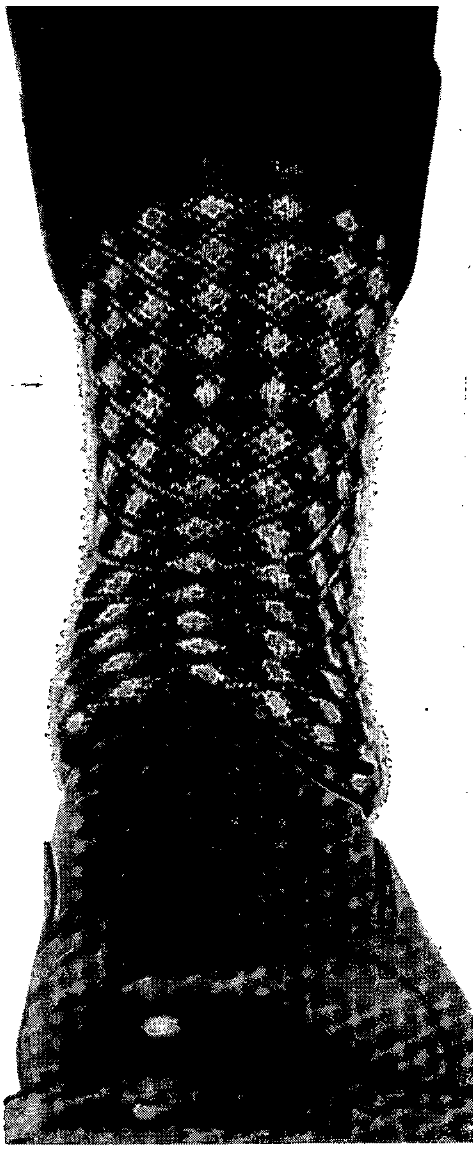

Illustrated at
left: Crown, about $4;
center: Windsor, about $4;
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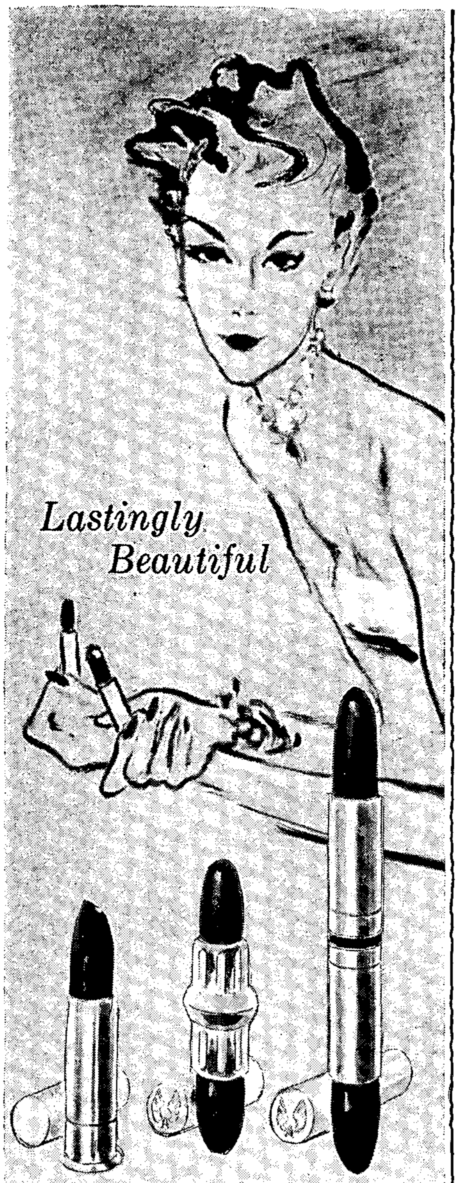

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said something. But what could I have said? And Jimmy wouldn't have listened. But I should have said something. *The omens are bad, Jimmy, go on home. . . . I saw a plane crashing at the fourth jump, I saw a corpse being carried across dead grass by Egyptians, Jimmy, I saw silks and maps stained by blood.*

I had to be so damned superior, Barber thought bitterly. I had to be so damned sure that Jimmy Richardson was too stupid to be offered that much money. I had to be so damned sure that Bert Smith was too clever to hire him.

He hadn't said any of the things he should have said, and it had all wound up with a frantic, husbandless, penniless girl pleading for help that could only be too late now. Penniless. Jimmy Richardson had been too stupid even to get any of the money in advance.

He remembered what Jimmy and Maureen had looked like, smiling and embarrassed and youthfully important, standing next to Colonel Sumners, the Group Commander, at their wedding in Shreveport. He remembered Jimmy's plane just off his wing over Sicily; he remembered Jimmy's face when he landed at Foggia with an engine on fire; he remembered Jimmy's voice singing drunkenly in a bar in Naples; he remembered Jimmy the day after he arrived in Paris, saying, "Kid, this is the town for me, I got Europe in my blood."

He finished his drink and paid and went upstairs slowly. He went into a phone booth and called his hotel to see if there were any messages for him.

"Mme. Richardson has been calling you all day," the old man at the switchboard said. "Ever since four o'clock. She wanted you to call her back."

"All right," Barber said. "Thank you." He started to hang up.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," the old man said irritably. "She called an hour ago to say she was going out. She said that if you came in before nine o'clock, she would like you to join her at the bar of the Hotel Bellman."

"Thanks, Henri," Barber said. "If she happens to call again, tell her I'm on my way." He went out of the hotel. The Bellman was nearby, and he walked toward it slowly, even though it was still raining. He was in no hurry to see Maureen Richardson.

When he reached the Bellman, he hesitated before going in, feeling too tired for this, wishing Maureen could be put off at least until the next day. He sighed, and pushed the door open.

The bar was a small one, but it was

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crowded with large, well-dressed men who were taking their time over drinks before going out to dinner. Then he saw Maureen. She was sitting in a corner, half turned away from the room, her shabby, thin coat thrown back over her chair. She was sitting alone and there was a bottle of champagne in a bucket in a stand beside her.

Barber went over to her, irritated by the sight of the champagne. Is that what she's doing with my five thousand francs, he thought, annoyed. Women are going crazy, too, these days.

He leaned over and kissed the top of her head. She jumped nervously, then smiled when she saw who it was. "Oh, Lloyd," she said, in a funny kind of whisper. She jumped up and kissed him, holding him hard against her. There was a big smell of champagne on her breath and he wondered if she was drunk. "Lloyd, Lloyd . . ." she said. She pushed him away a little, holding on to both his hands. Her eyes were smeary with tears and her mouth kept trembling.

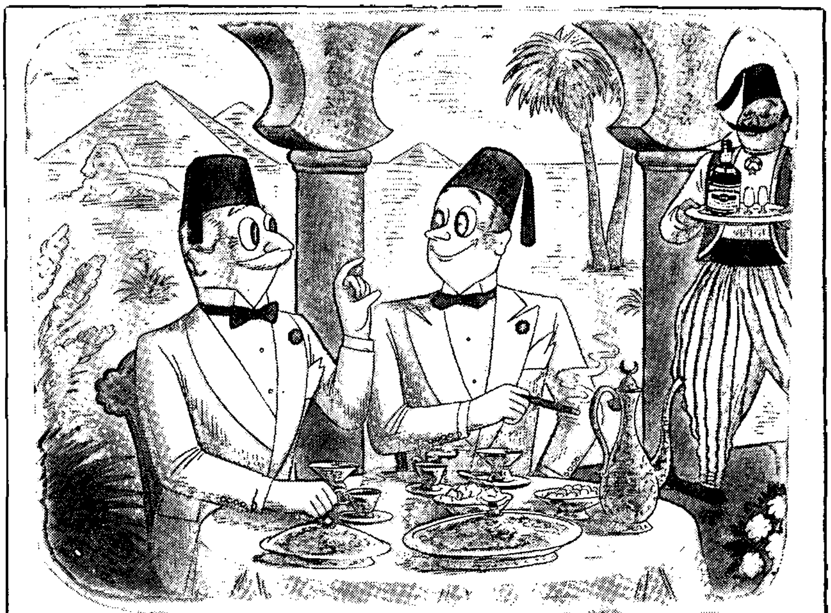
"I came as soon as I got your message," Lloyd said, trying to sound practical, afraid Maureen was going to break down in front of all the people in the bar. She kept standing there, her mouth working, her hands gripping his avidly. He looked down, embarrassed, at her hands. They were still reddened and the nails were still uneven, but there was an enormous ring glittering, white and blue, on her finger. It hadn't been there when she came to his hotel, and he knew he had never seen her with a ring like that before. He looked up, almost frightened, thinking, What the hell has she started? What has she got herself into?

Then he saw Jimmy. Jimmy was making his way among the tables toward him. He was smiling broadly and he had lost some weight and he was dark brown and he looked as though he had just come from a month's vacation on a southern beach.

"Hi, kid," Jimmy said, his voice booming across the tables, across the barroom murmur of conversation. "I *was* just calling you again."

"He came home," Maureen said. "He came home at four o'clock this afternoon, Lloyd." She sank suddenly into her chair. Whatever else had happened that afternoon, it was plain that she had had access to a bottle. She sat in her chair, still holding on to one of Barber's hands, looking up, with a shimmering, half-dazed expression on her face, at her husband.

Jimmy clapped Barber on the back



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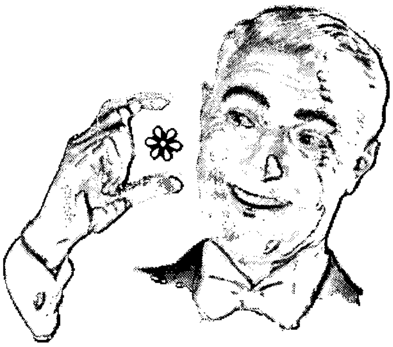

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and shook his hand fiercely. "Lloyd," he said. "Good old Lloyd. *Garçon!*" he shouted, his voice reverberating through the whole room. "Another glass. Take your coat off. Sit down. Sit down."

Lloyd took his coat off and sat down slowly.

"Welcome home," he said quietly. He blew his nose. The cold had arrived.

"First," Jimmy said, "I have something for you." Ceremoniously he dug his hand into his pocket and brought out a roll of ten-thousand-franc notes. The roll was three inches thick. He took off one of the notes. "Maureen told me," he said seriously. "You were a damn good friend, Lloyd. Have you got change of ten?"

"I don't think so," Barber said. "No."

"*Garçon*," Jimmy said to the waiter, who was putting down a third glass, "get me two fives for this, please." When he spoke French, Jimmy had an accent that made even Americans wince.

Jimmy filled the three glasses carefully. He lifted his glass and clinked it first against Barber's and then against Maureen's. Maureen kept looking at him as though she had just seen him for the first time and never hoped to see anything as wonderful again in her whole life.

"To crime," Jimmy said. He winked. He made a complicated face when he winked, like a baby who has trouble with a movement of such subtlety and has to use the whole side of its face and its forehead to effect it.

Maureen giggled.

They drank. It was very good champagne.

"You're having dinner with us," Jimmy said. "Just the three of us. The victory dinner. Just Beauty and me and you, because if it hadn't been for you . . ." Suddenly solemn, he put his hand on Barber's shoulder.

"Yes," said Barber. His feet were icy and his trousers hung soddenly around his wet socks and he had to blow his nose again.

"Did Beauty show you her ring?" Jimmy asked.

"Yes," Barber said.

"She's only had it since six o'clock," Jimmy said.

Maureen held her hand up and stared at her ring. She giggled again.

"I know a place," Jimmy said, "where you can get pheasant and the best bottle of wine in Paris and . . ."

The waiter came back and gave Jim-

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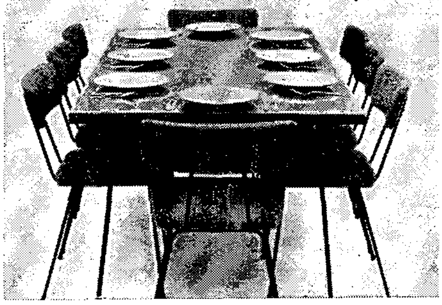

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my the two five-thousand-franc notes. Dimly, Barber wondered how much they weighed.

"If ever you're in a hole," Jimmy said, giving him one of the notes, "you know where to come, don't you?"

"Yes," Barber said. He put the note in his pocket.

He started to sneeze then, and ten minutes later he said he was sorry but he didn't think he could last the evening with a cold like that. Both Jimmy and Maureen tried to get him to stay, but he could tell that they were going to be happier without him.

He finished a second glass of champagne, and said he'd keep in touch, and went out of the bar, feeling his toes squish in his wet shoes. He was hungry and he was very fond of pheasant and actually the cold wasn't so bad, even if his nose kept running all the time. But he knew he couldn't bear to sit between Maureen and Jimmy Richardson all night and watch the way they kept looking at each other.

He walked back to his hotel, because he was through with taxis, and went up and sat on the edge of his bed in his room, in the dark, without taking his coat off. I better get out of here, he thought, rubbing the wet off the end of his nose with the back of his hand. This continent is not for me.

—Irwin Shaw

•

Wave Riding of Dolphins

Previous discussions of the wave riding of dolphins have been based on the assumption that it was necessary for a dolphin to have a weight greater than that of the displaced water in order to be able to ride a wave while totally immersed. It is the purpose of this communication to clarify this point and to show that it is the total weight of the dolphin which is significant rather than the excess weight. . . .

The opinions contained in this communication are the private ones of the writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of the United States Navy.

W. D. Hayes
Office of Naval Research,
U.S. Embassy, London

—*Letter in Nature.*

You don't catch our Navy out on a limb!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the catalogue of the "Historical Pictorial Review" exhibition, at the New York City Visitors' Information Bureau*]

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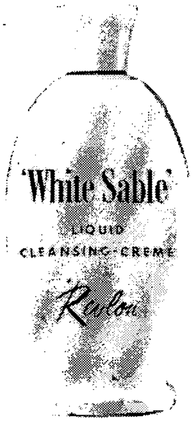

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HOW TO MAKE YOUR BUSINESS TICK

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Every business, seems to me, moves at a tempo all its own. See if you agree?

Some run like the little stop-watch that goes "QUICK - QUICK - QUICK - QUICK." These businesses depend on split-timing—to beat a competitor to the punch, meet tight production schedules, or hold down costs.

Other businesses, like my own, are like the old grandfather clock that says "NOT-SOoo-fast...NOT-SOoo-fast...NOT-SOoo-fast."

I've noticed too that most businesses, and most business men, get into trouble when they try to switch their *natural* time pieces.

We've stuck to the grandfather clock because our pace is purposely slow. *Haste* would only *waste* the very character of the product we are trying to produce.

The reason is, from beginning to end, the mashing, fermenting and aging of our genuine original sour mash bourbon is a *natural* process, and *Mother Nature is not one to be hurried.*

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If we were "stop-watch" distillers, we might cut that time in half. Instead, we let the nut-like flavor of our bourbon grow and develop slowly, naturally, unhurried. We think good bourbon, like our full-flavored Kentucky country ham, needs to set around quite a while to taste just right.

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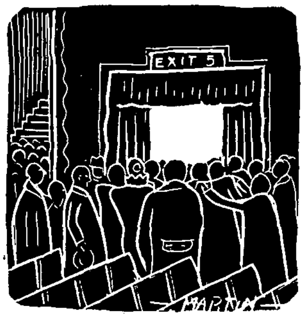
THE CURRENT CINEMA

As They Were

"NEW FACES" and "Top Banana," which were playing on Broadway a couple of years ago, may now be seen on film, and except for the loss of a dimension, neither has changed very much as a consequence of Hollywood's ministrations. "New Faces," in CinemaScope, has been boiled down to an hour and a half, and "Top Banana," in ghastly color, has been scrubbed clean of some of the tattletale blue of Minsky, but otherwise both are pretty straight photographic reproductions of the stage shows. Since television often does this literal sort of thing, it may appear that the West Coast thinkers have come to the conclusion that if they can't lick the TV boys, they might as well join them. Let us not despair, however. The current divertissements are probably in the nature of sports, and in the case of "New Faces," at any rate, the restrictions placed on the camera aren't unduly troublesome. In this one, the galvanic Eartha Kitt is on hand to sing such songs as "C'Est Si Bon," "Monotonous," and "Santa Baby," and when she isn't busy hotting up the proceedings, the screen is occupied by such pleasant people as Ronny Graham, who had a part in the writing of the revue; Robert Clary, the demonic Frenchman; Alice Ghostley, who brings the house down with "Boston Beguine;" and Paul Lynde, who is fine as a lecturer describing an unnerving trip to Africa. Perhaps the most incisively funny scene is a burlesque of "Death of a Salesman," in the course of which Mr. Graham and Miss Ghostley tear Arthur Miller's passion to tatters.



I'd like to be similarly enthusiastic about "Top Banana," since Phil Silvers, who has the leading role, as he did on the stage, is an estimable comedian, but the only bit that seemed amusing to me is one in which Mr. Silvers and a parade of other veterans of burlesque parody the nonsense that used to be popular in the grind houses. The wisp of a plot that holds "Top Banana" together has to do with the efforts of a television comic, whose popularity is flagging, to hold onto his place in the nation's living rooms. I guess making fun of a television comic would strain the resources of anybody less gifted than W. C. Fields. Mr. Silvers tries hard, though.

"RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11" is a tough, believable account of what happens when convicts are pushed around too much. Employing an all-male cast, Walter Wanger, the producer, and his director, Don Siegel, have made a movie of almost unrelenting violence, but the uproar finds its justification in their purpose: the correction of abuses in penal establishments. Neville Brand does a superb job as the grim prisoner who sets off the riot; there are other good performances by Leo Gordon, Emile Meyer, and Frank Faylen; and, since the picture was filmed at Folsom State Prison, in California, some real prisoners are visible in the mob scenes.

IN "The Long, Long Trailer," Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, who are husband and wife and play husband and wife on television, pretend they are newlyweds on their honeymoon. As you might guess, they travel by trailer. Their mode of transportation is the source of many jokes, all of them terrible.
—JOHN MCCARTEN

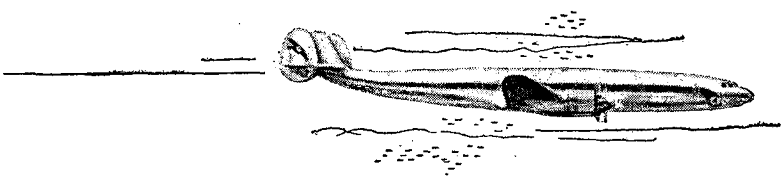
•

TWO MEN IN TWO PUBS

The barmaid of the Devon Arms
Hath charms;
The men from the surrounding farms
Come to seek joy in her embrace,
For there is kindness in her face;
Her largeness is a resting place
From life's alarms.

The barmaid of the Gate Hangs High
Is wry;
Love, like old Time, has passed her by.
She had a good dream in her breast;
The wind blew, and the dream went west,
And now (the truth must be confessed)
She is gone dry.

Old George is grave and gray of pate,
Sedate,
And does not like to stay up late.
Tom is a feckless twenty-seven.
Then tell me, in the name of Heaven,
Why George is always at the Devon,
Tom at the Gate?
—R. P. LISTER



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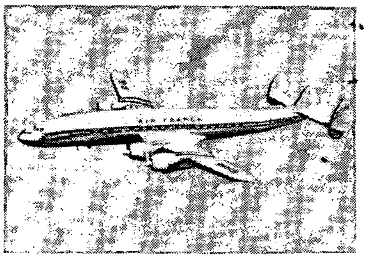

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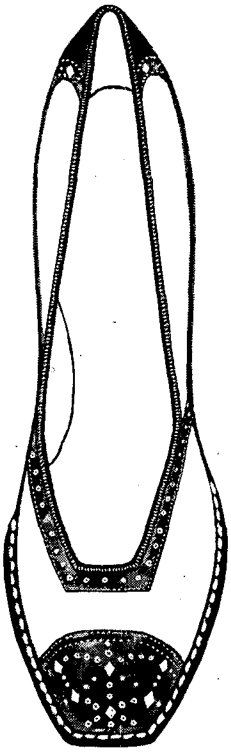

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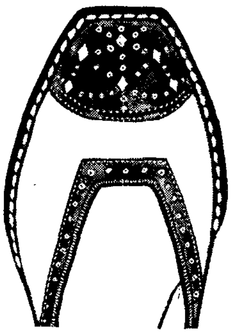

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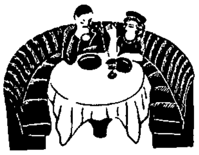
TABLES FOR TWO

Miss Traubel, with Mike



HAVING startled myself several times in a row by repeating the simple but somehow preposterous sentence "Helen Traubel is at the Copacabana" to myself, I now find myself able to confront this situation squarely. Miss Traubel, then, having forsaken the Wagner crowd at the Met—for this season, at least—in favor of night-club audiences, can presently be discovered singing and discreetly unbending in the midst of the rigid palms and undulating young ladies of the—yes, the Copacabana. She is nothing short of wonderful. I confess that before she came on, at the end of a long and fairly pleasant show that included the services of a reasonably able comedian named Joey Bishop, I had misgivings about the whole business, but they proved groundless. Gracefully sweeping onto the floor in a simple black velvet gown, this delightful woman proceeded to captivate everyone in the room. Singing with a beauty of tone and artistry not often encountered in opera houses, let alone night clubs, Miss Traubel—she used a microphone, by the way—gave the customers an enormously varied program. She started things off with jaunty renditions of two rathskeller waltzes—"Vienna, City of My Dreams" and "I'm in Love with Vienna." Then, with a dubious song hit of last year called "I Believe," she used her voice with such easy versatility and sang with such simple sincerity that the piece seemed almost enchanting. A little later, she offered snatches from four operatic arias—"Ritorna vincitor," "Un bel dì vedremo," "Chanson du Toréador," and "Vesti la giubba"—and, later still, a rousing performance of "St. Louis Blues" (she introduced it as a folk song sung by the peasants of her home town), in which she alternated deep, throaty passages with full, high ones. She ended her program by crooning Brahms' "Lullaby" from the top of the stairs leading to her dressing room. It was a winning recital, and she, as well as her audience, appeared to enjoy every minute of it.

YOU remember Nelson Eddy—big, blond chap, sly smile, strong voice, devil of a man with Jeanette Mac-

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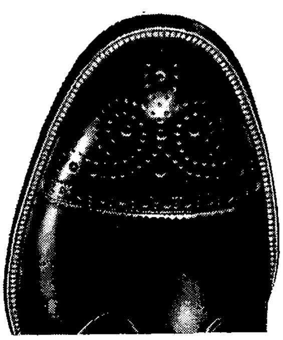

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Donald and the rest of the girls back in the thirties? Well, he's come out of retirement this past year to have a go at the supper clubs, and right now, with a song in his heart and the familiar smile on his lips, he is exercising his considerable charm in the Cotillion Room, at the Pierre, where it is nicely complemented by a pert, blond, shapely, and extremely attractive soprano named Gale Sherwood, who sings a few wholesome duets with him. Eddy, an engaging performer in the pink of middle age, puts on a superior show, enhanced by excellent orchestral arrangements. He has a casual approach to most of the pieces in his repertoire. For example, he embarks upon "The Donkey Serenade" robustly, and then cuts it short in the middle and begs off with the observation that the work is, in all fairness, associated with another singer and that it is out of his own range; in "Short'nin' Bread," Eddy is in a good-naturedly carping mood as he questions the logic of the words. On the other hand, he sings straightforwardly such pieces as "Symphony," "Rosalie," "Sweethearts," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Along the Highway," as well as an expansive duet with Miss Sherwood of "In the Still of the Night."

IN the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, a young lady named Connie Russell, a trim and tiny being with an exceedingly well-turned ankle, overdoes things a bit as she tries to inject all the animal passion of her years into a jumble of popular songs that just won't bear the load. At least, that's the way things seemed the night I sat nervously in her presence as, wearing an orange gown, she marched around the floor, holding a hand mike nestled in little white flowers. The Bob Hamilton Trio, consisting of a boy and two girls, came on before Miss Russell and danced their legs off in a few elaborate routines, the best of which, I thought, was a so-called bop number that could just as easily have been a parody of the Flapper Age. . . . Down in the Maisonette of the St. Regis, a slender and very pretty young woman named Marti Stevens is on view and audible these nights. Personally, I would be more than satisfied merely to gaze upon her and hear her boyish voice raised in ballads on the order of "It's Only a Paper Moon," which, on the night I stopped by, she sang appealingly, but Miss Stevens, like many another young lady of her calling, aspires to a loftier art, and when she lighted a cigarette, took a deep drag, slouched up to the

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JOSEF SCHNEIDER LOVES BABIES

Front cover of Ladies' Home Journal, (January 1954) has a picture by Schneider. If you're looking for an unforgettable baby picture, call Josef Schneider, foremost children's photographer. 119 W. 57th Street, New York, CO 5-1223.

microphone, and tried to make "One for My Baby" sound like a chapter out of a hardboiled novel, she gave me the impression of a little girl who had slipped into her mother's pumps. . . . At the Blue Angel, Burl Ives, who seems at first to have little to offer other than a guitar he barely plays on and a voice he barely sings with, gradually wins you over with his effortless presentation of a number of songs of the folk variety, some of them quite funny. Also on tap here are a dramatic and talented songstress named Felicia Sanders; the comedian Orson Bean, whose vague behavior is probably familiar to most by now; and a tall, suave, and mercifully silent young magician named Channing Pollack, who is assisted in his work by the traditional helpful young lady. It's good work, too. —D. W.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN AND WHAT'S MORE THERE ALWAYS HAS BEEN AN AD MAN

[*From an adv. in Punch, January 5, 1895*]

THE FIVE SENSES

The Combined use in a Practical Form means Common Sense; or, in other words,
THE ACME OF THIS LIFE.

No Power is of any Value, Save to him who can put it to a Good Use.

"WAR IN A CHRISTIAN LAND IS A LIVING LIE." —*Times.*

WAR.

"O World!
O Men! What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."
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HAS bridged over difficulties between
TWO Great Asiatic Powers, while
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She kills, and kills, and is never tired
Of killing till she has taught man
The terrible lesson he is slow to learn—
That Nature is only conquered
By obeying her . . . Nature is fierce
When she is offended, as she is
Bounteous and kind when she is obeyed.
Oh! would to God that some man
Had the pictorial eloquence
To put before the mothers of England
The mass of preventable suffering
Which exists in England
Year after year! (Kingsley.)
How much longer must the causes
Of the startling array of
Preventable deaths continue unchecked?
WHAT higher aim can man attain
THAN conquest over human pain?
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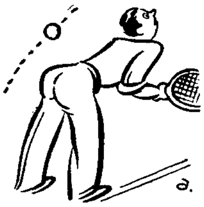
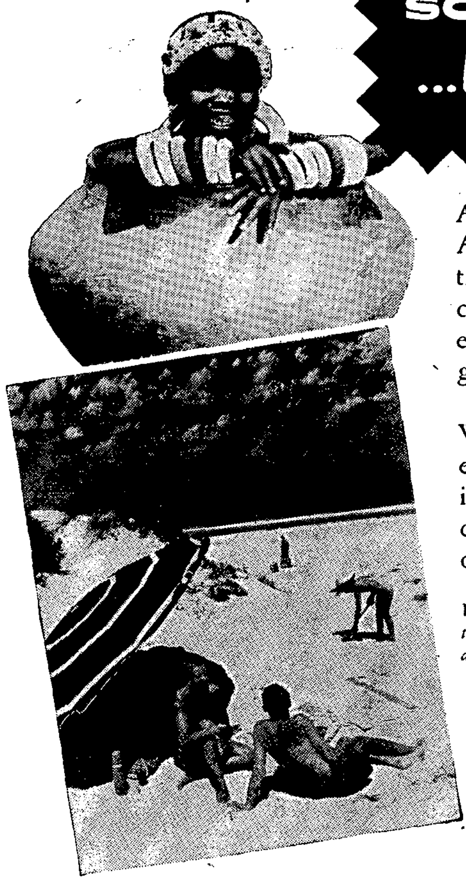


IF the United States Lawn Tennis Association is still interested in regaining the Davis Cup from Australia, a proposition that some sardonic sideliners claim is open to debate, it might do worse than establish a Washington lobby dedicated to the conferring of immediate statehood upon the Scandinavian countries. Anyhow, that's the way things looked last week after the playing of the fifty-first National Indoor Tennis Championships, which were held, as usual, on the boards of the Seventh Regiment Armory. Our two-man Cup team of Tony Trabert and Victor Seixas, who, it should be recalled, almost succeeded in their designs upon the Cup last December, was unable to advance beyond the quarter-finals. For the first time since 1927, two foreigners—Sven Davidson, of Sweden, and Kurt Nielsen, of Denmark—faced each other in the final. In the semifinals, Nielsen had disposed of the defending champion, Arthur Larsen, in an even, well-played four-setter, while Davidson had whipped a former champion, William Talbert, in straight sets in less than forty minutes.

There were a number of reasons for this apparent near collapse of our top players. Trabert is, in my opinion, the best amateur player in the world today on grass, clay, or dirt, but he has had relatively little experience at wooden-court play, in which the fast, high bounce of the ball emphasizes the volley in particular and the overhead game in general, a state of affairs that one must learn to compensate for. Furthermore, he has been concentrating on basketball since his return from Australia in January. Talbert, who beat him, 9–7, 2–6, 6–3, in one of the closer matches of the tournament, knows the indoor game at least as well as anyone now playing and, as captain of our Cup team, is also familiar with Trabert's weaknesses. Seixas, in losing to Davidson, 6–2, 4–6, 14–12, in what was surely the tournament's best match, didn't seem quite up to the form that won for him at Wimbledon last summer, but he hasn't played the indoor game much, either, and, as Davidson pointed out after their match, the indoor game is played almost eight months of the year



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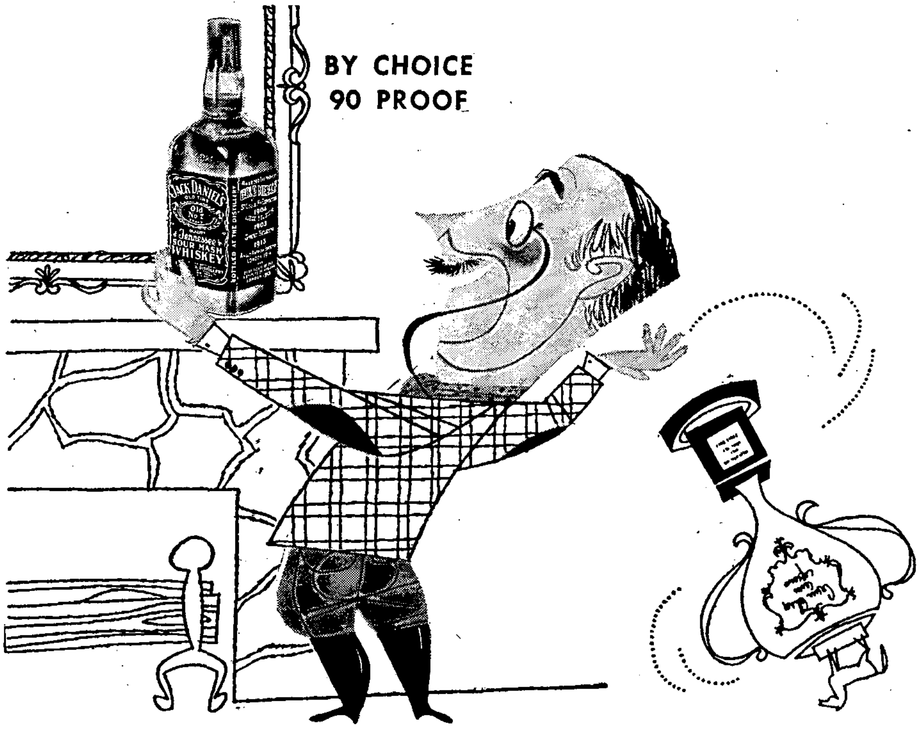

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in Sweden. During the latter part of the twenty-six-game final set, Seixas had the gallery as near to hysteria as tennis fans ever permit themselves to get. With the score at 11–12 and 15–40 on his service, he saved three match points to win the twenty-fourth game, all on magnificent passing shots. He made an equally fine save in the last game, in which he was again behind at 15–40, and then, anticlimactically, netted an easy volley to give Davidson the match.

FOR one who has watched and admired Talbert's play through the years, his loss to Davidson after his superior showing against Trabert was a sad spectacle. He's thirty-five, and he's also one tennis player who takes his family life and his gainful employment with a banknote firm seriously, an attitude that is no help to a man confronted with the training program necessary for playing topflight tennis consistently. Obviously exhausted after the Trabert match, he got less than a day's rest before going on to the semifinal, and that just wasn't enough to enable him to give Davidson any competition. Also, although he would never mention it himself, he had developed an angry-looking blister on the index finger of his racket hand.

Larsen played well in his defeat by Nielsen. Right up to the deciding point, it looked as if the match might go either way. Both players were volleying at every opportunity, which made for such short rallies that although the match went four sets, it was over in less than an hour. Incidentally, Larsen's court manners have improved enormously. He didn't once question a linesman's decision, and only once did he admonish a ball boy. A couple of years ago, that would have been news.

Davidson's win over Nielsen in the final was certainly not unexpected—he'd beaten him in all three of their previous meetings indoors—but I thought the way it came about was odd. Nielsen took the first set easily, at 6–3, and looked to be the better player, at least for that afternoon. Then, inexplicably, his game deserted him, and he seemed to lose all interest in the proceedings. Possibly he suddenly recalled their earlier matches. At any rate, Davidson took the next three sets, 6–1, 6–1, 6–4, in as lackadaisical a National final as I've ever watched. —P. W. W., JR.

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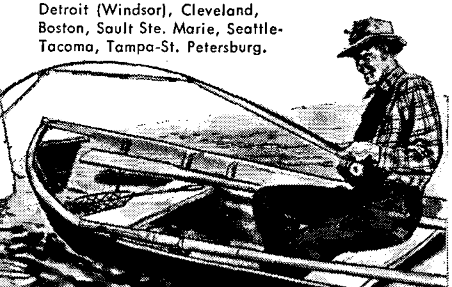

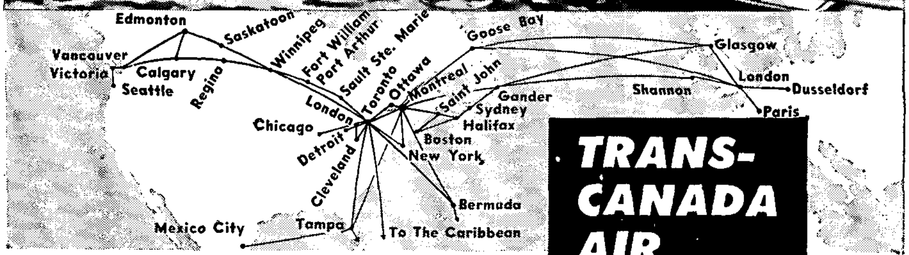
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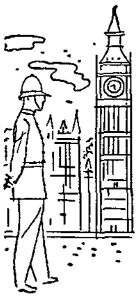

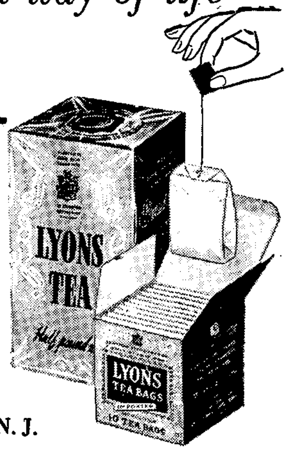
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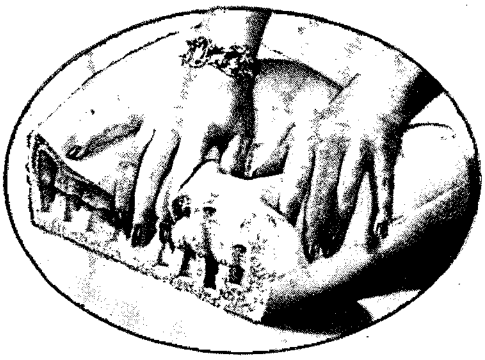

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LETTER FROM BANGKOK

FEBRUARY 26

PRACTICALLY the only way of getting in or out of Siam (or Thailand) these days is by air or by sea. The one narrow road that led to Burma and the west was closed four years ago, when Burma was having internal difficulties; nearly all the normal outlets to the south and east have been severed by the interminable struggle against the Communists in Malaya and Indo-China; and very few people except opium smugglers care to try to make their way north to China. Siam sits in the midst of this turmoil like the area of calm at the center of a whirlwind. With minor variations, this is a situation that seems to have prevailed since before the days of Anna and the King, and the only certain thing you can say about it is that to all outward appearances the Siamese are perfectly cheerful and contented. Evidently they thrive in a climate of permanent crisis; one feels that if the political situation in Southeast Asia took a turn for the better, the Siamese would be plunged into uneasiness, or even despair. There may be several explanations of this phenomenon—among them the abundance of food; the high price that rice, the country's major crop, commands in the export market; the quietism of the Buddhist religion; and the strange euphoria that is supposed to overtake garrisons in time of war—but whatever the cause, Siam continues to be a gay and uninhibited country. Apart from the heat, which is outrageous, it is a pleasure to be here.

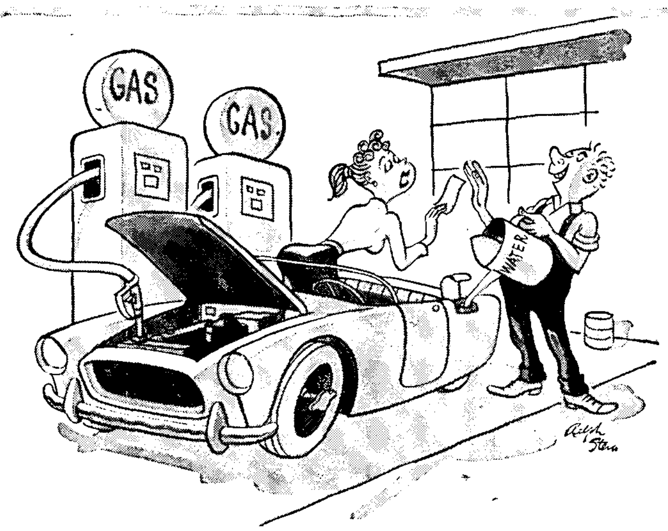
In Bangkok, there is a phrase that has been constantly on people's lips during the most critical moments of the recent months. "*Mai pen rai*," people say, which is roughly equivalent to the Spanish "*Es igual*," the Italian "*Non importa*," the French "*Tant pis*," the German "*Wurst*," and the American "So what?" A Siamese Army officer in a burst of unusual frankness confessed to me that if the Communists ever *did* come down from China, or cut across from the battlefields in French Indo-China, there would be nothing much to stop them. In a few years, he said, when the American mission now at work here training and supplying the Siamese Army has completed its program, it might be a different story, but right now, *mai pen rai.* "There is a tradition that the Siamese, like a field of wheat, will bend with the wind but never break," he told me. "In the end, the invaders always go away."

One of the minor but interesting results of the present state of affairs in Southeast Asia is the reaction it has caused among the international tourist traffic. There seems to be a casehardened group of people who, despite wars, passport difficulties, and everything else, will go anywhere for the simple pleasure of seeing something new. Like a stream of ants, if they are blocked from their chosen destination, they will always find a way to keep going, even if it means doubling back on their tracks and ending up somewhere else. For the last decade or so, these people have been denied China and their other obvious targets in this region, so they have turned, as though by instinct, to Siam. Hopping over the periphery of trouble, they flock into the country by every plane. In Bangkok, even though prices are fantastically high, there is hardly a hotel room to be had.

The attractions Siam has to offer are an odd collection. There are the Buddhist temples and the *klongs*, or canals, of Bangkok itself. There are the ruins of the lost city of Angkor, just across the eastern border, in Cambodia. And to the north, up near the Shan States, there is the elephant country. Since none of these things are very closely related to one another in either space or time, no theme develops, and one is apt to end a sightseeing journey triumphant, perhaps, but rather confused. No one has yet produced a satisfactory guidebook for Siam, so most people proceed haphazardly and erratically from place to place in the true antlike manner, simply grabbing at whatever transport and hotel accommodations they can get.

PERSONALLY, I found Bangkok a little disappointing at first. You come down onto an airport that is about the most up-to-date establishment of its kind in Southeast Asia, but the city itself is far from inspired or inspiring. Flat and sprawling, it is in the grip of a building boom, and things have reached the stage where nothing seems to be in the right place; tall concrete buildings spring out of the slums, and traffic is hopelessly congested on roads that are uniformly bumpy. Much the best part of the city lies along the river, the Chao Phraya, but to get a hotel room on the river you need almost ambassadorial status and a friend at court. It is much more likely that you will find yourself in some bathless nook in one of the hotter back streets.

Once you begin to get around the town, however, you discover some charming things. To a Western eye, the temples appear quite wantonly gay. Indeed, there is a toylike quality about them as they rise up like apricot-colored Noah's arks in the brilliant sunshine, their every wall and twisted pillar sparkling with gold and patterned glass. Outside the temples, you quite often encounter a man with dozens of birds in little wicker cages. It is a sad thing, he will explain, for the birds to be cooped up in this way, so why not acquire merit by buying a couple and letting them go? One knows, of course, that as soon as his birds have been sold,



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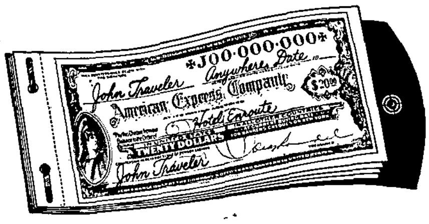

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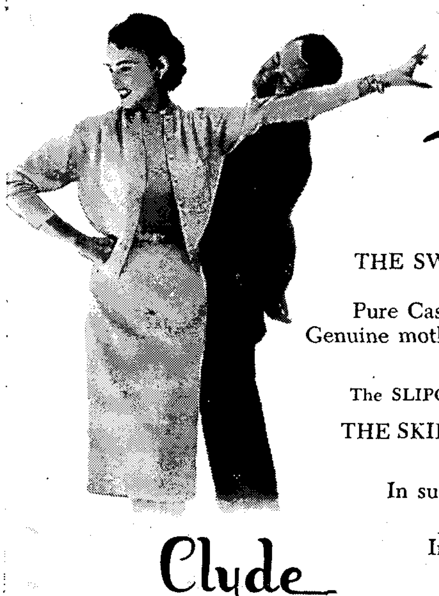

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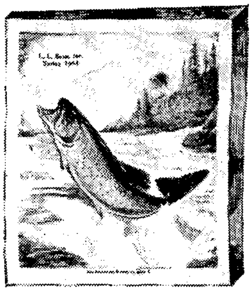

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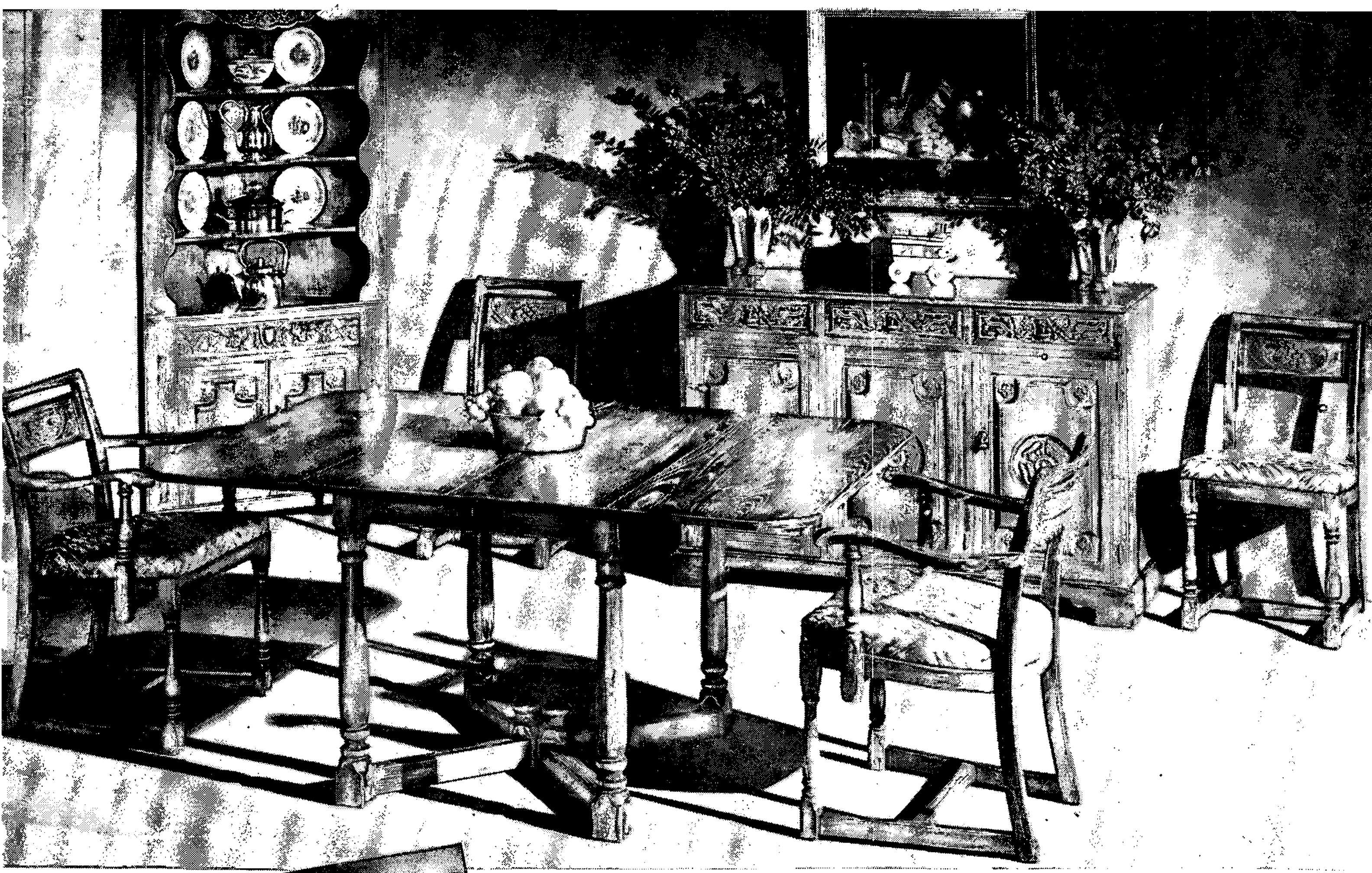
the man will go out with nets and trap some more. Even so, it's quite an agreeable sensation to pay your five or ten ticals or whatever it is and open the wicker door of one of the cages. The bird takes off with a quick, ecstatic flutter of wings, and you walk on to the temple door in a glow of virtue.

One is told that interest in Buddhism, the state religion, has declined in recent years, but there is certainly a great deal of interest still in evidence. In every temple, some kind of ceremony is nearly always going on. These ceremonies are cheerful things to see. The sunshine streams in through the open door; the priests, with their orange robes and shaved cannon-ball heads, sit up in front facing the Buddha; and the congregation spreads itself at ease on the floor behind them. As a rule, the services last for hours, but the time does not drag, for whenever the priests are not bowing to the ground or chanting with the tips of their fingers pressed together, little bowls of tea and syrup are passed around, and there are always people in the congregation holding up freshly cut flowers to the Buddha or lighting joss sticks that give the air a pleasant tang. Occasionally, a man will step forward and shake some small numbered sticks in a bamboo container. Presently, he selects one and hands it to a priest, who gives him in exchange a slip of paper with a corresponding number and his fortune written on it. The members of the congregation do not at all mind your coming in. They smile and offer you a comfortable place on a mat, and the chances are that you will be given a cup of tea.

Most tourists follow a regular beat around the town; if the party from Little Neck or Kansas City that you saw at breakfast doesn't cross your path in the temples, you are bound to pick it up again at the snake farm (feeding on Mondays, extraction of the venom on Thursdays), at the Royal Boathouse (where the hundred-and-fifty-foot throne barges are kept), or at the floating markets in the *klongs*. The *klongs* are the biggest attraction. Every house on the canals spills out its domestic life onto the banks, enabling you to see exactly how the people live as you pass along. On the water itself, there is never a moment when a dozen or more sampans or other small craft are not in view. They come gliding through the lotus and the hibiscus blossoms laden to the gunwales with such things as coconuts, melons, straw baskets, fish, and flowers. From time to time, one sees a lama in an improbably fragile canoe, paddling



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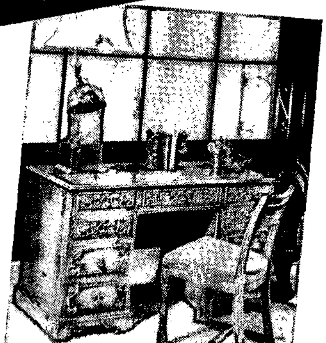

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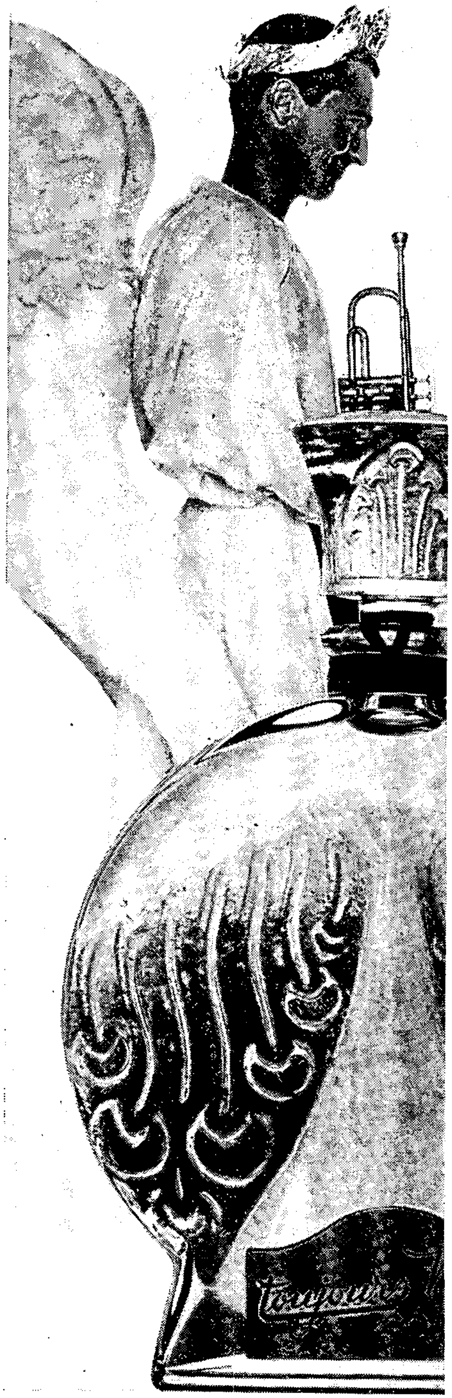

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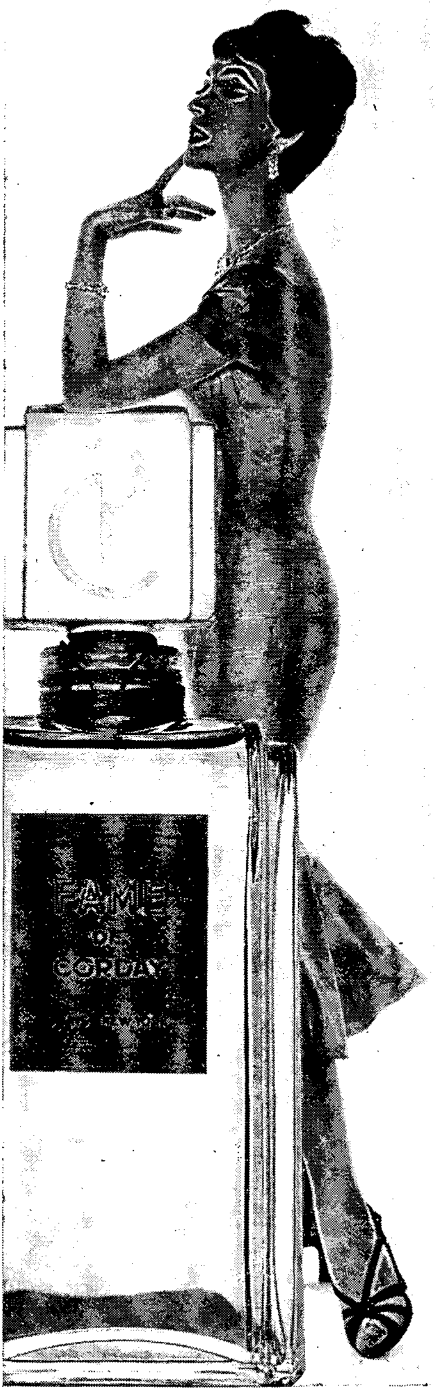
softly from house to house with his begging bowl. The people never fail to give him a little rice or fish or whatever they are cooking at the moment. One very old ceremony, the Loi Kratong, is part of the city's aquatic life. This takes place during the November floods that accompany a full moon, a time when the moon goddess is believed to descend to earth and join the river god. In honor of this occasion, the people of Bangkok light thousands of tapers and send them down the river in thousands of tiny boats made of banana leaves, and young men and women who are in love bathe in the river together.

The natives of Bangkok like to keep the radio on all day and half the night, and Chinese opera, or a Siamese version of it, is the dominant noise emerging from the houses. Now and then, the radios are overwhelmed by the cries of boatmen, the squawk of ducks, and the shouts of countless amphibious small boys who apparently spend their lives swimming naked from one side of a canal to the other. For some reason, the smells that you expect (and get) in Venice and other canal cities aren't quite as pungent here, and, possibly because of this, the people look remarkably healthy. Bangkok is all so crowded, so vivacious, and so intent upon itself that one feels there may be something to Dr. Johnson's remark that men's happiness is not much affected by what sort of government they are obliged to live under. Over thousands of years, Siam has had experience with almost every kind of politics, but the life on and along the *klongs* has never altered very much.

Outside the city, the mud in the huge expanse of flooded rice fields is still tilled by buffaloes, in the immemorial way. Every few minutes, the plowmen stop and splash mud and water over their animals to cool them off, and then go slowly on, while snow-white egrets sedately plod along behind to feed on the water life turned up by the plow. In the evening, it is a charming thing to see a herd—a squelch would be a better term—of water buffaloes wallowing up to the tips of their noses in a muddy pool. As they sink down into the water, they sigh loudly, and a look of inexpressible satisfaction spreads over their faces. A few yards away, the motor traffic courses by, and the lights of a new night club shine across the fields.

The cats in Siam are a letdown. Since my arrival, I have counted in my hotel five tabbies, two gingers, and four



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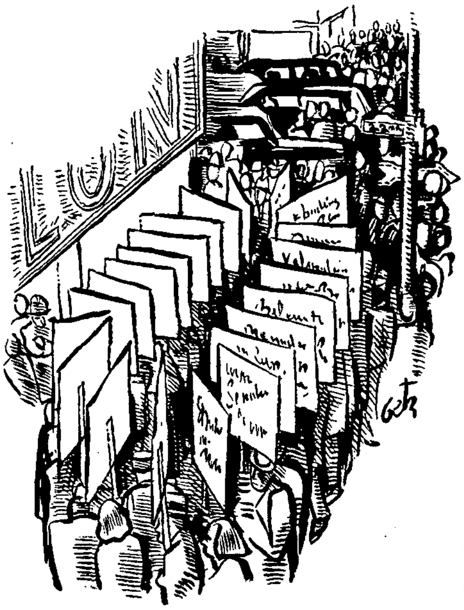
cats of indeterminate, though definitely Western, strain. But never has a Siamese cat crossed my path. I have seen Siamese fighting fish, though. It is considered amusing here to place two of them in a jar and watch while they change color in their fury and tear pieces off each other's fins and tail—and this in a country that has a pronounced Buddhist abhorrence of killing animals. Similar contradictions keep bobbing up wherever you go in Bangkok. Perhaps nowhere else in the world have the old feudal habits been so confusingly carried over into the century of the common man. The young King, Phumiphon Aduldet, is not an absolute monarch—there is a prime minister and a People's Assembly—but it would be quite unthinkable for any Siamese to come into his presence on an official occasion without prostrating himself at full length on the floor, nor would any servant attend the King at dinner without crawling up to the table on his knees. (Almost the same honors are accorded the many princes and princesses of the blood royal who surround the court. These people are a select and cultivated group, and they know Europe and America very well. Many of them have been educated in English public schools and universities, and they are still, by and large, quite a power in the land.) The Siamese take an old-fashioned, deprecating attitude toward trade, too, leaving it pretty much to the Chinese, a minority group of three million in a total population of seventeen million. What would be the sense, the Siamese ask, of going into business and manufacturing when the Chinese handle these things so much better? At every Chinese holiday (and over the New Year, the celebrations go



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on for days on end), all serious commerce in Siam stops dead. The Siamese endure this very patiently. Tolerance, they argue, is the cardinal virtue.

MOST Europeans and Americans who live here will tell you at once that they love the place. Their reaction is rather like that of guests at a particularly good party. Many of them have stayed on much longer than they intended to, but *mai pen rai;* the food is good, the company is amusing, and it is difficult to break the spell. Those who are most firmly entrenched here have a disarming way—possibly it comes from a need for self-justification—of emphasizing all the disadvantages of life in Siam. “The snakes are frightful,” one English lady told me. “Especially if you've got children. We have to keep geese. They cackle whenever anything sinister comes into the garden. And the difficulties of running a house! The tradesmen charge you just what they think you can afford. The wife of a third secretary, for instance, has to pay about sixteen ticals for a chicken, but the ambassador's wife is charged fifty for the identical, selfsame bird. And there is nothing whatever you can do about it.” There are also complaints about the heat (“It's impossible to sleep at night”), the mosquitoes (“We have nets for the beds, of course, but they always come and get you before the night is over”), the sense of isolation (“This is just a backwater—we never meet anyone interesting”), and the hopelessness of ever doing anything in a straightforward way (“It's all in knowing just who to bribe”).

These things are not perhaps very grave, and most people are able to laugh them off fairly well. And yet behind it all there is an underlying note of genuine uneasiness, a vague, recurring fear that the party will suddenly end in something wild and reckless one day. Though the Siamese may be full of enthusiasm for belligerent fish and for cockfighting, no one would accuse them of being a violent people. But there is a kind of violence in the tropical heat itself, and occasionally it bursts out—in a *coup d'état,* or in a riot or some other manifestation of mass hysteria. Such occurrences aren't frequent, and they pass very quickly, but the possibility of them is always lurking in the air. Despite the easygoing life, with its pleasant façade, one begins to suspect that Siam has not quite escaped the vast reshuffle of Asia. The basic fact seems to be that for several centuries this country was used as a convenient neutral

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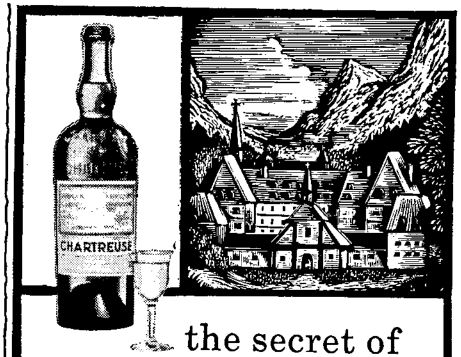

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buffer between the French in Indo-China and the British in Burma. Switzerland was perhaps a comparable case in Europe. But now the British are out of Burma and the Communists are running loose in Indo-China. Siam begins to look more like a buffet than a buffer, and a very tempting one at that.

In this awkward predicament, Siam's time-honored principles of tolerance and good will toward all comers are not being applied in quite the old, careless way. Until a few years ago, when a new constitution was adopted and the first stirrings of nationalism were felt, the country was managed for the most part by an international team of experts. The Danes ran the gendarmerie, the Italians the railways and the Navy, the British the finances and the forests, and so on. At the same time, foreign churches—notably the Seventh-Day Adventists, the Baptists, and the Presbyterians—were permitted to win such converts as they could from Buddha and the household spirits. This system, which gave Siam the air of a large and friendly clubhouse with an indulgent board of directors, worked pretty well. The country coasted gently down through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, adroitly keeping out of wars and remaining spectacularly independent. Now, however, most of the foreign experts have been sacked and the churches are not having quite so easy a time of it as before. Travellers, to say nothing of people who want to come and live here, often find it difficult to obtain visas, and, once in the country, they are closely watched. They must report to the police when they move from one place to another, and an exit permit is required before they can leave the country. There is no official censorship of the press, but any newspaper editor would think twice before he criticized the government.

ONE of the most revealing signs of the times is the recent experience of the timber industry. The foreign firms that are working the teak forests in the north have been informed that their present concessions will not be renewed when they expire. Pending their expiration, something like ten thousand logs vanish every year on their three-year voyage down the Chao Phraya to the coast. The Siamese government, of course, has nothing to do with this; no one knows exactly what happens to the logs. They simply disappear on their sluggish way to the sea, and since each log is worth around seventy-five dollars, the timber managers are quite keen to get them back. But, alas, like the am-

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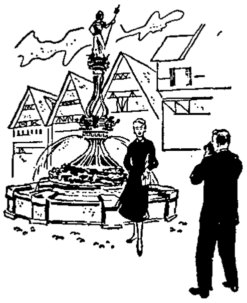

bassador's wife and the fifty-tical chicken, they find there is nothing to be done.

The timber business, with its fanciful accoutrement of elephants, is, in its way, one of the showpieces of Siam, and it is well worth while making the journey up to the forests around Chiang Mai to see how it is conducted. On the day I set out for Chiang Mai, the train for some reason was more crowded than usual, and the clerk at the Bangkok station could give me only second-class accommodations. Remembering the dust, the beggars, and the utter confusion of second class in nearly every train I'd ever ridden on in the East, I balked a little at this. The clerk was much concerned. "Come," he said. "I'll show you how comfortable it is." With an air that indicated that the reputation of the Royal State Railways was at stake, he locked up the booking office and led the way to the second-class coaches, and they were indeed cleaner and more comfortable-looking than anything I had previously seen in this part of the world. "Observe the springing!" the clerk cried, and leaped upon the seats. The rest of the passengers rose, bowed, and finally broke into delighted smiles when I said that I would buy a ticket.

I shall probably remember that pleasant journey long after I have forgotten most of the other things that have happened to me in Siam. The train leaves Bangkok just at sunset, and arrives at Chiang Mai, not far from the Burma border, twenty-four hours later. At the wayside stations, girls come along the platform offering delicacies that are incomparably better than any platform fare in Europe or America—bowls of rice and chicken, discs of sugar cane, jellies encased in banana leaves, fresh pastry, and segments of bamboo filled with mountain water. All these—and tangerines, bananas, and spiced pancakes as well—are placed in specially made baskets of straw and leaves, and each basket has the sort of stylish elegance that one associates with Fifth Avenue shops and with Paris in the spring. You eat nothing you have bought without first passing it around to the other passengers, who will as a rule accept one tidbit (and no more), just to show you how pleased they are that you should be sharing the journey with them. The train meanwhile mounts up through steaming mists into the foothills along the Burmese border.

At Chiang Mai, the second city of Siam, with a population of some fifty thousand, a man in uniform gathered up my bags and drove me to a hotel.

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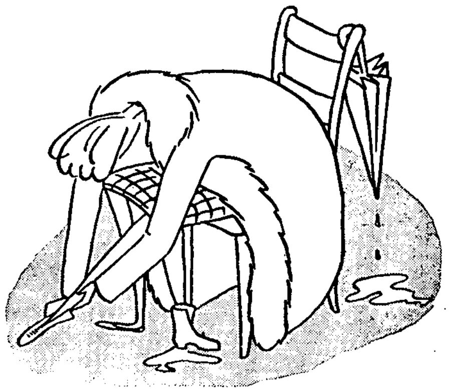
He would accept no money. "You looked like a stranger," he said. "It was a pleasure to help." I was introduced to him later, at dinner. He was the local director of education.

THE first sight of the elephants working in the forest is rather astonishing, and no amount of circusgoing can quite prepare you for it. Even as you stand there and watch, the whole scene seems wildly unlikely. On the day I arrived, the elephants were doing a relatively simple job of dragging teak logs about a quarter of a mile down to the riverbank and tossing them into the water. Each log, I imagine, must have weighed a couple of tons. A mahout sits on the elephant's neck, gently waggling the beast's huge ears with his knees and uttering little cries from time to time, but generally the animal knows perfectly well what to do, and the whole business proceeds silently and gracefully, like a grotesque and antediluvian ballet. At the riverbank, each elephant knelt and nudged his log with his curled trunk until it was poised at the top of a chute that led down to the water. Then, with a nonchalant flick of his trunk, he sent it crashing down the slope, and watched to see what sort of splash he had achieved.

Nothing was done in a hurry. Each animal went at his own pace and handled each log in his own way. I got the impression that the mahouts were not in control, but that, rather, the elephants themselves had elected to go through these grave and sedate maneuvers and that any interference would have been an impertinence. They padded along with an inevitable, rolling gait, putting down heel and toe very softly on the earth, and every time one came to a wooden bridge, his mahout was obliged to wait patiently until he had first reached out his trunk and assured himself that the planks would stand his weight.

Two of the female elephants had calves with them, just a couple of years



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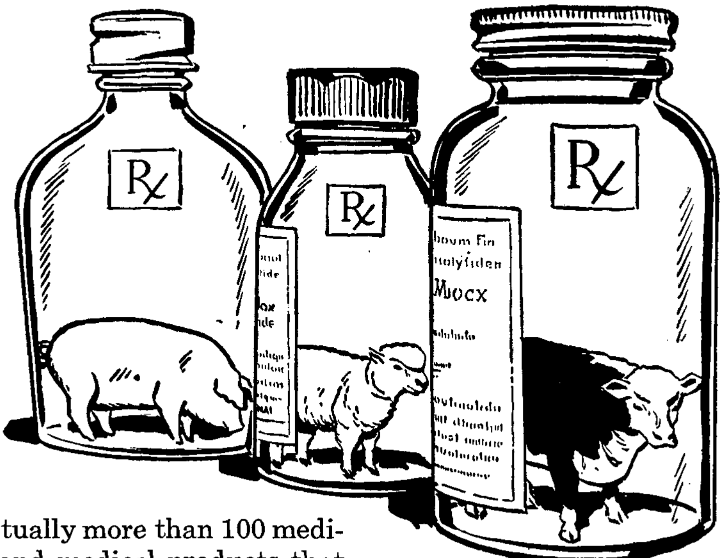

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old and about as big as Shetland ponies. They trudged along soberly, always keeping out of the sun by walking in the shade created by their mothers' bulk. I offered them some bananas and they came up to me eagerly enough, but they had not yet learned to control their trunks very well. One of them kept trying to convey a banana to his mouth, but somehow the trunk always uncurled itself at the wrong moment. Finally, with an air that suggested he was sick and tired of trying to get the hang of the damn thing, he simply opened his tricorne mouth and waited for the banana to be shoved inside. The mother watched these proceedings with, I thought, some slight embarrassment, and as I turned away, I suspected she was about to say something quite sharp to the child. All the grown elephants, whether parents or not, treated these babies with immense indulgence, and although the babies were constantly walking under them and planting themselves between their legs, they were never stepped on.

I made a point of watching one old tusker I had been advised to keep well away from because he had already killed several men in sudden gusts of fury. He moved much faster than the other elephants, nudged the logs into the river in a quick, defiant way, and was accompanied by an extra mahout, who walked beside him with a spear. When the morning's work was done, this tusker went off with the other animals to get the bucket of grain that is provided as a sort of hors d'oeuvre for each elephant before the main meal at the end of the day. He seemed to be very hungry, and I was a little appalled when one of the babies marched up and, rudely pushing the big elephant's trunk aside, began to feed out of the same bucket. The old man made just one attempt to get back to his food, but the baby fetched him a sharp blow on the tip of his trunk. After that, the tusker stood meekly by until the child had finished.

The elephants on these big timber concessions have a life cycle much resembling that of man, except for the prenatal stage. (The gestation period for an elephant is around twenty-one months.) For the first four or five years, the baby elephants are entirely dependent on their mothers and the protection of the herd. From five to fifteen, the youngsters are frisky, and go, unwillingly, to school in one of the timber company's training camps. After fifteen, they start doing light work, and in their thirties and forties they are in their prime. Then they do lighter and

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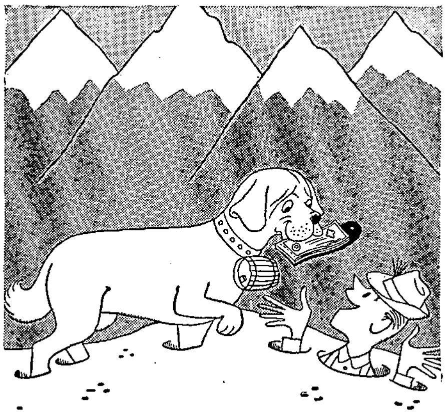

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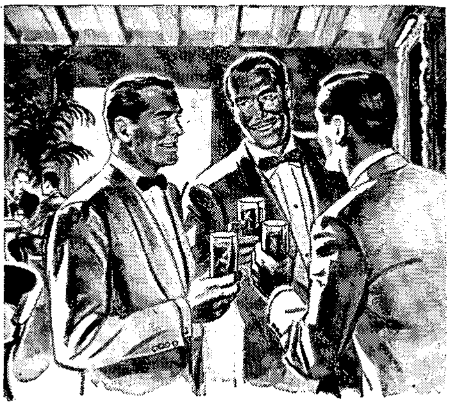

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lighter work until they reach the age of sixty-five or so and die. (Only white elephants—which are not white but a sort of dirty pink—are exempt from the hard routine. By royal prerogative, they go to the King, to be used in ceremonial parades. Recently, there has been a dearth of white elephants, and the King is now looking for a new one.) Often a mahout will grow up with an elephant; the two play together as babies, go to the same school, work together through their middle age, and finally reach retirement and death at about the same time. Even their language is the same. Burmese is the lingua franca of the elephant world, and within the limits of a small vocabulary the animals understand it just as well as the men. Elephants take to work with about the same degree of resignation as human beings, and an elephant born in captivity has to be trained just as long as an elephant caught in the wilds. I noticed that one of the babies kept imitating his mother by kneeling clumsily and attempting to push the logs with his puny head, but this, I was told, did not necessarily mean that he would prove to be an exceptionally bright pupil when he reached school age.

Perhaps, in the end, what is really endearing about elephants is their human weaknesses and the sort of crotchety pride that goes with these. Working elephants *must* have a bath and a rubdown every evening or they feel out of sorts. They will work only a certain number of days a week and a certain number of hours a day, and no means has yet been discovered of making them break their union rules. An annual holiday is imperative. Even the strongest elephants are quite apt to catch a chill, get sunstroke, or become afflicted by any number of other human ills—from sore feet to earache—and when they do, they at once take sick leave and demand attention.

OF the Europeans who came out to Siam toward the end of the last century to set up the timber industry in the wilderness around Chiang Mai, there are just a few left. Most of them are British, and they represent a type that has been made familiar by Somerset Maugham—who, incidentally, is remembered as a spruce figure with a mustache that passed through Chiang Mai some thirty years ago. The type has carried on since Mr. Maugham's day, and has acquired, on the whole, a good deal of dignity with the years. For the older men, a meal is still "tiffin," the women are the "mems," to stay

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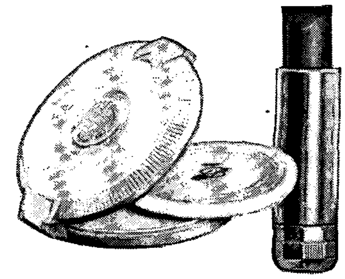

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by RICHARD HUDNUT

anywhere is to "camp," and distances are judged not by miles but by elephant stages (about nine miles a day). Years ago, as young apprentices, these men took sixty days to come up the river from Bangkok, and they disappeared alone into the forests for months at a time. Their memories of London are of sprightly tea dances at the Berkeley Hotel while they were on leave; they still take the English papers; they rise at six and dine at seven (almost but not quite changing into a black tie and a dinner jacket); and they can do very well without the ice, the electric fans, and all the other decadent gadgets that the younger generation now finds so necessary to existence in the tropics. Scattered around their bungalows are the tiger skins, the pieces of jade, the Chinese scrolls, and the carved wooden figures they have picked up during the last fifty years, and perhaps a silver polo cup stands on a desk in the corner. They affect to know nothing whatever about the local Siamese customs, and because they have been on their own so much and have so often put up with discomfort, they have a way (the stiff upper lip doesn't quite describe it) of giving a little chuckle when misfortune overtakes them now. Nearly all the original timbermen were interned by the Japanese during the war, and those few who did not die or lose heart and go away when the armistice was signed have returned to these teak forests, the only world that is really their own. They do not admire Mr. Maugham enormously.

At Chiang Mai, I greatly enjoyed talking with one of these old-timers—an Englishman who, though still very erect, must have reached seventy some years ago. He contended strongly that nothing had yet been invented in the way of a tractor or bulldozer that could supplant the elephant in getting the teak out of the forests and delivering it to the river. He was ready to concede that the age of the European and the sahib in Siam was drawing quietly to a close, but otherwise he could not see that the country had changed very much; kings and cabinets, *coups d'état* and invasions—all went by with a rhythm that was almost as predictable as the seasons. Last time, it was the Japanese who pushed their way in. Next time, no doubt, it would be the Chinese.

We were talking on the Englishman's veranda after dinner one evening when an uproar of brass gongs sounded suddenly from a temple across the river. The old man had strenuously denied

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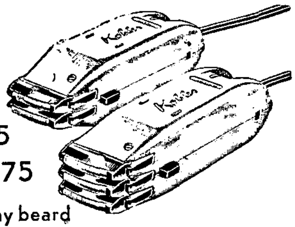

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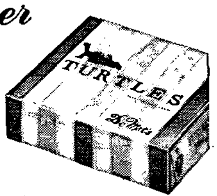

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that he knew anything about native customs, but now, caught off guard, he explained that the gongs were always beaten in just this way to mark the eighth day of the rising moon.

I asked if he knew why.

"Perhaps because it's good luck, perhaps bad luck," he replied. "It all cancels out in the end."

He turned his attention to a row of pineapples he had recently planted in his garden. Every year, he said, he planted pineapples, and every year they were stolen before he could pick them. Still, they were pretty things and it was nice to watch the young plants growing.

"If the Chinese do come, will you leave Siam?" I asked.

"Leave? Good God, no."

"Not even if they should intern you, as the Japanese did last time?"

"No," he said. "I won't leave Siam whatever happens."

Mai pen rai. —ALAN MOOREHEAD

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THE FULL, BRIGHT SCHOLAR

WHILE doing a Double-Crostic recently, I happened upon the astonishing fact that Heaviside was a man—that, in the words of the puzzle, he was the "British physicist (1850-1925) who first identified the ionosphere." This information came as a considerable blow, with an impact that extended to the farthest edges of my peripheral knowledge. It was a bit like the shock I'd felt when I learned, at an early age, the true pronunciation and derivation of the word "misled;" I had thought it was the past tense of the verb "to misle," which rhymed with "reprisal."

Though not a science-fiction fan, I had at least a nodding acquaintance with the Heaviside Layer: I could nod when it was mentioned at a dinner table. I even knew that it was the thing from which radio waves bounced; it obviously had a certain solidity. And though nobody had ever mentioned it, I had been quite sure that there was also, probably just underneath, a Lightside Layer. Now I was no longer sure. Heaviside was not a description, after all, but a man's name. Like Gresham, of Gresham's Law.

Or was it like Gresham's Law? Was there ever a Mr. Gresham? I could no longer bet on it. How did I know that greshams were not a variety of spurious coin that had once driven honest dollars from the market? A gresham saved is a gresham earned? A gresham for your thoughts? What, when you came right down to it, did I really know about economics? The Law of Supply and—Oh, no! There couldn't be two economists named *that*, I told myself reassuringly. But a shadow of doubt remained.

It was late at night—my family always go to bed as soon as they see me curled up with a Double-Crostic—and I paced the lonely floor in misery as I watched my feeble knowledge of economics slip over into the abyss of complete ignorance.

No, I finally decided, Supply and Demand were *not* two men, like Mason and Dixon. Hmm. I wished I hadn't mentioned Mason and Dixon. They *could* be two check points on a map. Mount Mason and Lake Dixon? Or they could be a railroad line, like the Baltimore & Ohio, which I knew was named after a city and a state—or was it after an English lord and a river? From the B. & O., my mind wandered to the steam engine? I thought I knew that it was invented by a fellow named Watt, but suddenly I wasn't so sure. Was Watt a man's name? If so, were Volt, Ampere, Heterodyne, Ohm, and Kilocycle also men's names? After Heaviside what *could* I be sure of in physics?

Pretty soon I was back at those laws again. I was fairly certain about the Law of Diminishing Returns, the Taft-Hartley Law, and the Law of Gravity (a serious law?), but I was on spongy ground with the Mendelian Law. Was it named for a geneticist or for a theory of heredity formulated after a study of a kind of fruit fly called "mendels"?

"No!" I said aloud. "Pull yourself together."

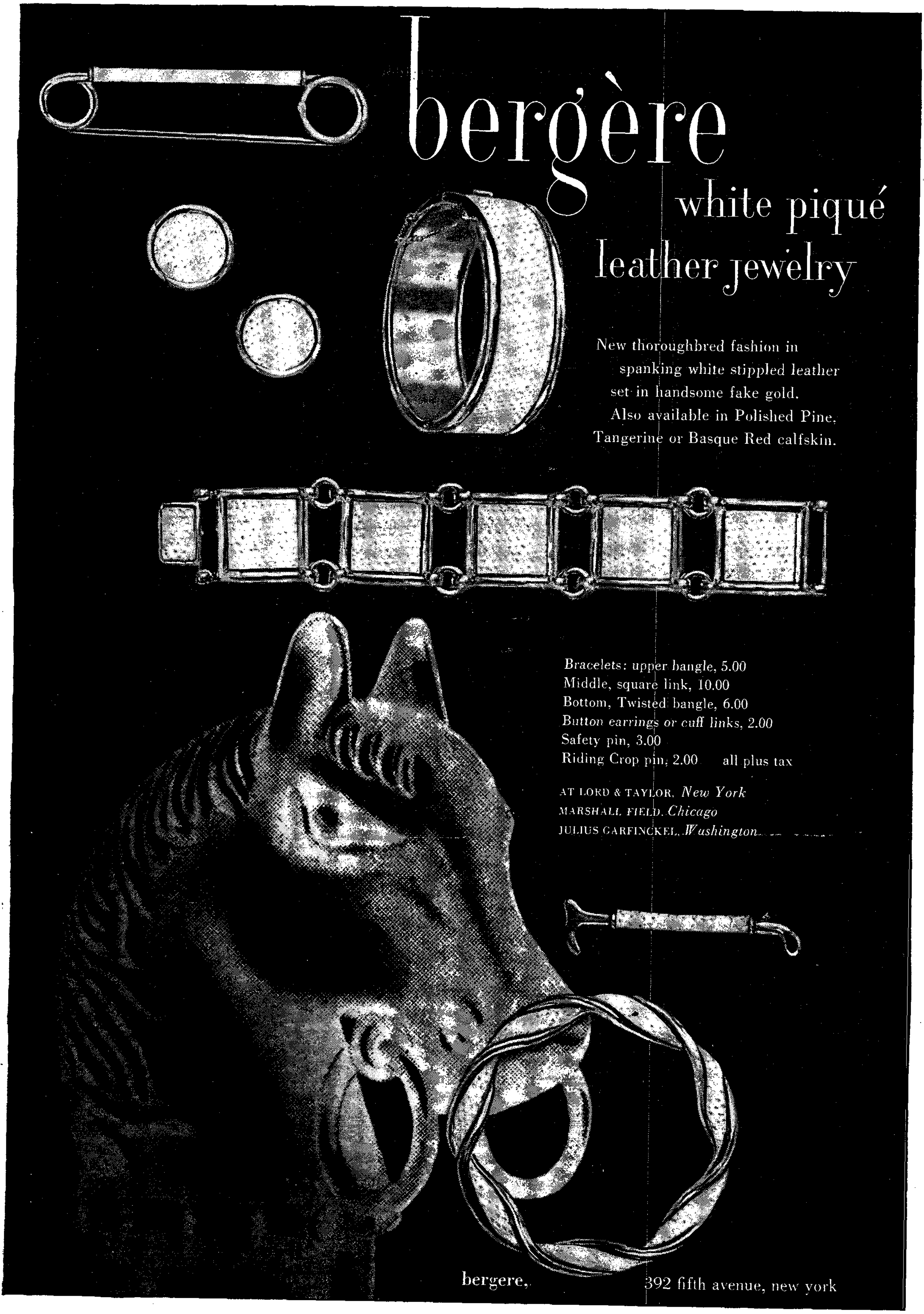
I went to the kitchen and poured myself a steadying drink. Bottled in Bond. Good old Bond. They bottle a heap of bourbon down there. Mighty pretty country in that part of Kentucky. Raise fine horses, too.

TREMBLING, I tossed off the drink and went to bed. But not to sleep. Names, phrases, and doubts kept trickling through my brain, eroding away large areas of once solid knowledge. Was Davenport, Iowa, named for the piece of furniture, or vice versa? Was each, perhaps, named for a separate Davenport? And though I'd learned about the bowie knife at the movies, what about the barlow knife, the case knife, and the frisket knife? Was a Klang reaction similar to "Boin-ng!" in the movies? Pasteurize, synthesize, traumatize, bowdlerize, anglicize—which stemmed from a person or place and which from a process? And what did I *really* know about such things as fuller's earth, the Sandwich Islands, potter's field, the Bunsen burner, the Geiger counter, Muscle Shoals, the graham cracker, the Rorschach test, rose madder, riboflavin, Zsa Zsa Gabor?

In the small hours of insomnia, my faith in man went over the edge with my other previous convictions—my faith in Man the Symbolic Animal, together with my meagre information on Semantic Man, Economic Man, Peking Man, Java Man, Piltdown Man—

Aha! Solid ground at last! I no longer have to worry about *him*, I told myself as I slipped gratefully off to sleep. There *is* no Piltdown Man. He's the one the scientists have been misling us about all these years.

—PAUL H. ROHMANN



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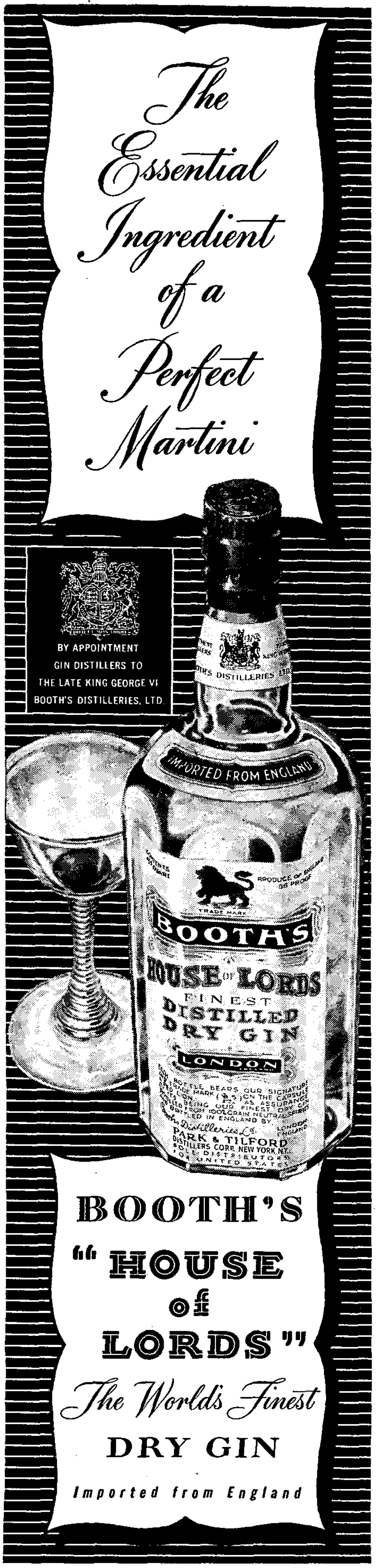

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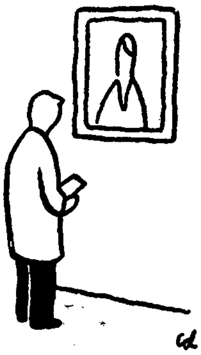

MAYBE I was misled by the advance notices about the opening of the new Medieval and Renaissance Galleries at the Metropolitan Museum, but I had expected more sweeping changes than I found when I went up there. Not that there aren't a good many changes, if one looks for them. The whole ground floor back of the great central staircase—an area that was formerly a catchall for everything from old plaster casts and miscellaneous bits of armor to models of European cathedrals—has at last been cleaned and refurbished, and both the installation and the lighting of the new exhibits are generally excellent. What I looked for, however, was something more adventurous in the arrangement. Forgetting that the Metropolitan has a different and possibly more durable tradition, I looked for highlights and shadows here and there, to dramatize the collection in the manner of, say, the Museum of Modern Art, and, not finding them, I was a bit disappointed.

As it is, one is likely to be a little while discovering that alterations have been made. The two long corridors flanking the staircase are still given over on one side to early Christian and Frankish jewelry, silverware, and such items, and on the other to examples from the Museum's huge and superlative collection of early medieval weapons and armor. These are wonderful and fascinating objects—particularly the armor, which, because of its curious mixture of savagery and functionalism, brutal purpose and simple clarity of design, has always seemed to me the almost perfect embodiment of the era. But the pieces are still, for the most part, in the rather unselective, case-after-case array that obtained in the old days, and it's not till one comes to the two halls at the back that one sees signs of an active imagination at work in the arrangement.

The first of these halls—once, as I recall it, the home of medieval tapestries and carvings—has been subjected to a thorough housecleaning. The tapestries and the carvings remain, but all have been more effectively disposed, and the

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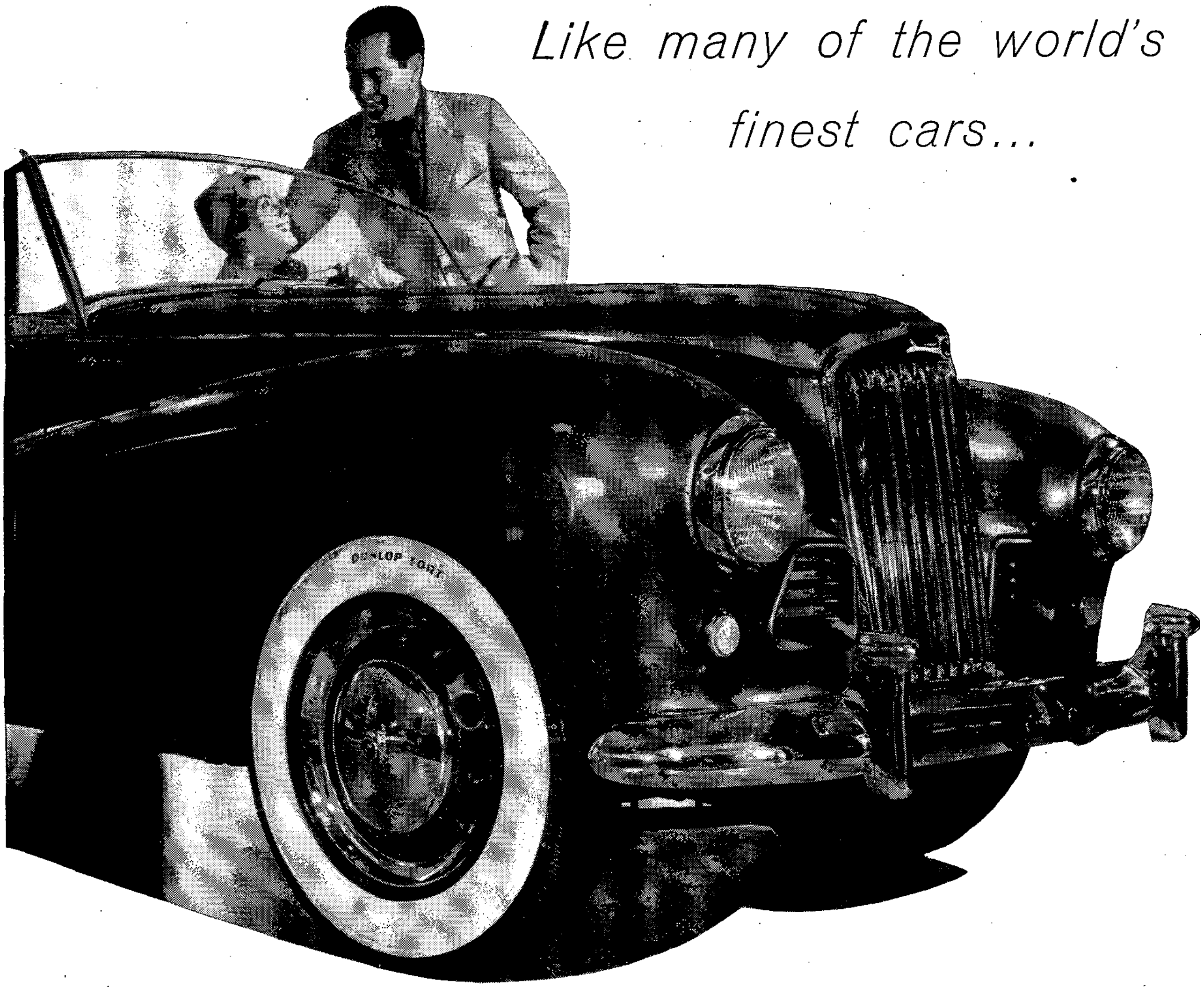

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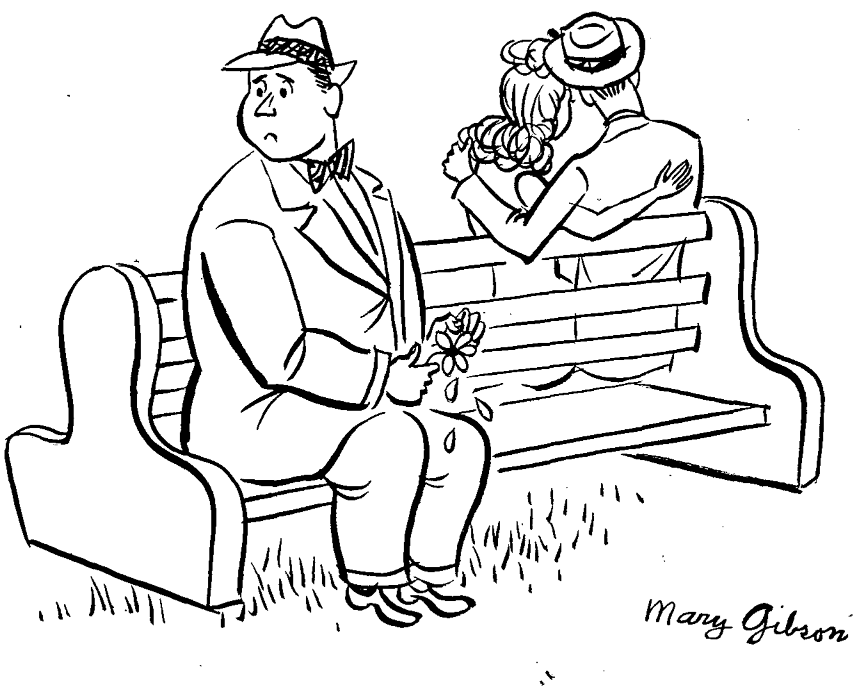
whole room, large as it is, serves mainly now as a big, airy antechamber to the even larger hall beyond it. This, you may remember, was the armorial hall, filled with everything from mannequin knights on horseback to cases of arquebuses. But these have all been cleared away, and the room is now devoted to religious sculpture; in the process, its really fine proportions—so churchlike, too, with a series of Romanesque pillars and arches along the sides and a high clerestory—have been adroitly made use of. The sculptures have mostly been grouped along the walls or about the pillars, and, with the light pouring down from the white walls and high windows, the room is a good deal like a cathedral, making it not only the most striking room in the section but also the one most truly evocative of the medieval spirit, in its devotional side, at any rate.

I HAVE spoken so far only of the arrangement and not of the pieces worth noting in these galleries and the ones farther on. The early efforts at ornament are, in general, too much of a piece to make it worth while singling out items. As is true of the weapons and armor; to a certain extent, their effect is cumulative, an indication of the mass expression of the times, rather than individual. But there are some grand, almost barbarous Frankish brooches, neck rings, and other objects, all of heavy gold and dating from the sixth century or earlier, to suggest how far back into antiquity the impulse to elaborate and adorn extended, while among the early armor there is a huge German jousting helmet of the fifteenth century, almost spherical and oddly cagelike in design, and the burnished steel helmet of Sir Giles Capel (1485-1556), very simple yet handsome. It must have been trustworthy, too, for Sir Giles was famous for having held



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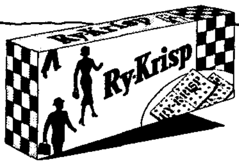

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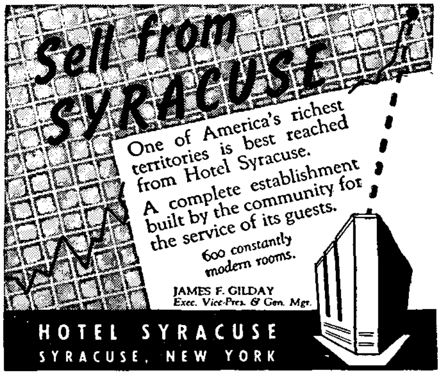

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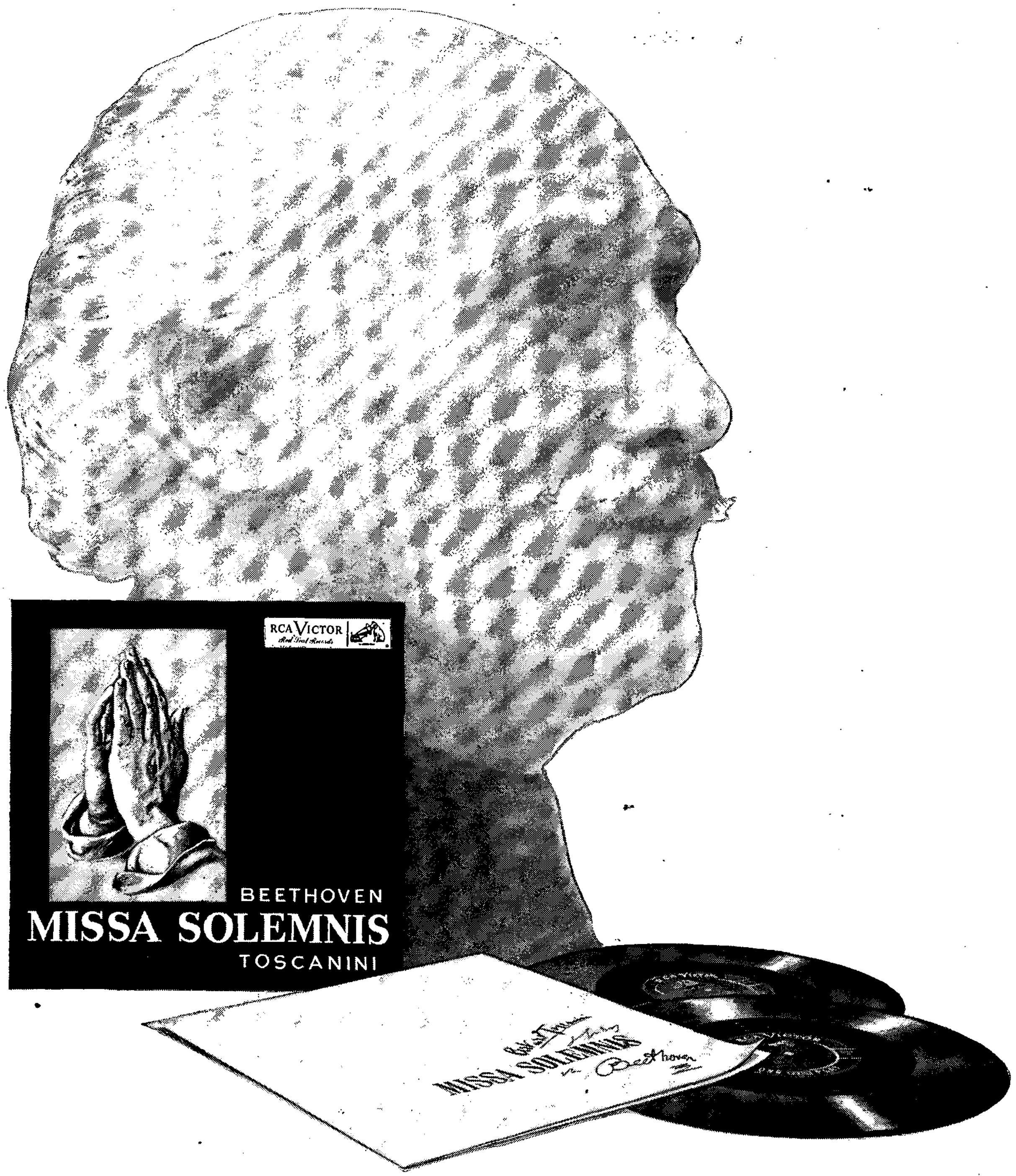

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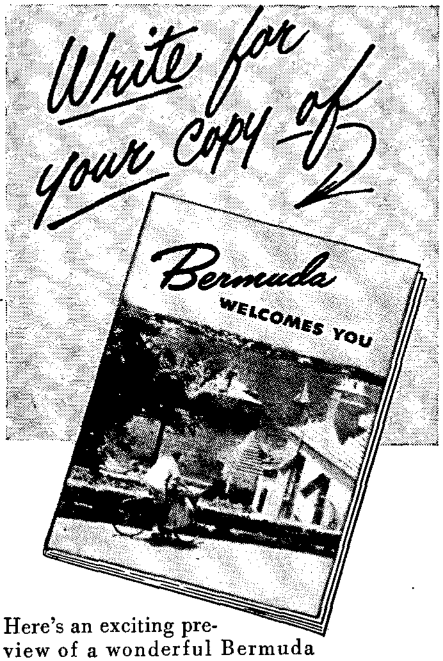

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the lists, in a tourney at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, for thirty consecutive days without being unhorsed. My interest in the religious sculpture was limited by the fact that many of the pieces are late, of the time when styles had become a little mannered; my preference is for the earlier, more truly Gothic periods. But there are some fine pieces, particularly a charming French Burgundian "Virgin and Child" and an unusually florid but powerful "Saint John the Baptist," both of the fifteenth century, as well as a later and extraordinarily well-preserved "Miracle of the Palm Tree," of Spanish origin.

The two big rear halls are, in a sense, the hub of the section. On the left is a Medieval Treasury, in which are grouped works in gold, ivory, silver, and other rare materials, chiefly (since the Church was the great repository of wealth in the period) sacerdotal. This hasn't the impact of the smaller but more opulent Treasury at the Cloisters. But it's worth looking into, if only for the group of aquaemanalia, or little ewers, of bronze, from the fifteenth century, the small and elegant thirteenth-century chasse, in Limoges enamel, and the startlingly lifelike "Head of Saint Yrieix," made of beaten silver in the fifteenth century.

Branching out to the right, past the well-known but ever fascinating late-fifteenth-century *studiolo*, or small study chamber, brought over intact from the Ducal Palace in Gubbio, are the galleries given over to the Renaissance. Here are more excellent pieces—among many others, the Florentine "Saint Sebastian," in painted terra cotta; the della Robbia "Assumption of the Virgin," so ethereal in its deep blues and whites; the naïve and yet strangely moving majolica "Entombment;" and, as an example of Renaissance craftsmanship, the unbelievably intricate silver, silver-gilt, and bejewelled small statuette called "Diana and the Stag," from seventeenth-century Germany. Rare examples of this sort, as well as of the lesser arts of cabinetmaking, ceramics, textiles, jewelry, and so on, abound in this area.

Yet one feels, even more than in the medieval galleries, an incompleteness, and I think the reason is that the field of the period's greatest achievement—painting—is scarcely touched on. This is understandable, since the Museum, to function coherently, must preserve its painting collection more or less intact. It does seem to me, though, that the

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addition of a few good specimens would have provided that background of color and movement that is essential to an understanding of the Renaissance. To come back to that problem I hinted at in the beginning: If one takes the new venture as merely a display of period art, it's an admirable affair, well selected and well arranged, and a tribute to the Museum's vast resources. If one takes it as an effort to recreate a period through its art—which I understand was the intention—it's considerably short of perfection, though still a good try. —Robert M. Coates

•

THE CHANGING BUT STILL MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Mita Campus, Keio University's student paper*]

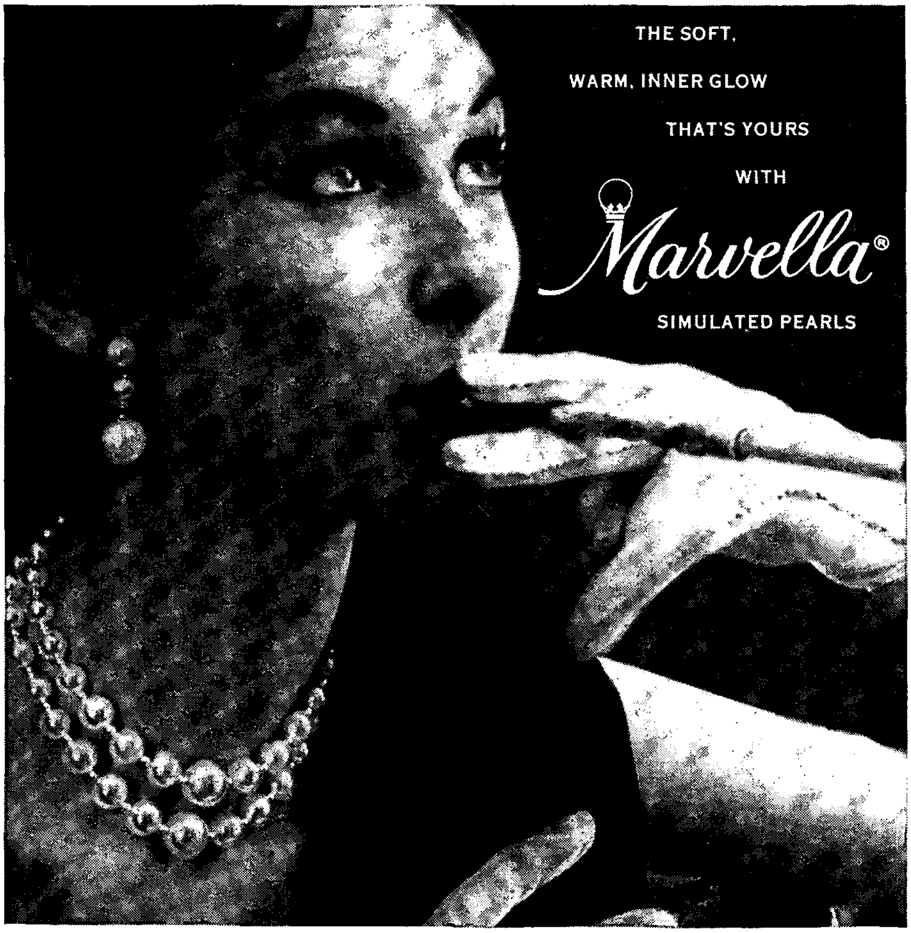
Xavier Cugat and his star-studded show appeared in Tokyo. This is, of course, for the first time that we Japanese could see Mr. Cugat on the actual stage. Most of record fans knows name as the king of the Rhumba. He was on the Japanese stage for a week in Tokyo. This must be the top show but its entertainment fare is also top. 1,500 yen is for the first class seat at the Imperial Theater. With a storm of clapping, curtain was risen and then "My Shawl" of Cugat's theme drove the audience into a terrible quiet.

The Four Step Brothers would easily become to be popular among Japanese. For, not only Four Step Brothers but also other shows should be very novel to Japanese. More than twelve-year dancing career of these four men made this show indispensable among the Cugat's entertainment. Tulara Lee, attractive actress presented an amazing performance and gave a tip-top laugh to the audience, Japan has never had such a highly accomplished performer. Xavier Cugat himself took the chair in English, and so, some of Japanese audience might be unable to appreciate the high gags in the show. Cugat's very favourite "Begin the Beguine" enamored the fanatics. This was wide and deep music which is never recorded. "Estrelita," solo of Cugat with his own violin was one of remarkable evidence to prove him a virtuoso.

Los Barroncos was very much cherred for his featherly step on the wooden floor.

Japanese performers would have a very instrument, for each of Cugat's entertainments made a rhythmical movement on the stage. As they steped to rhumba, any piece of music was like the flowed from their hands, foot and bodies.

Mr. Tiny is a famous performing dog. He is literaly tiny but get a big-pay. This might be one of the topics among the audience. Last, Mr. Cugat introduced Abbe Lane, his wife in private life. She was applaused but not the least. About dozen of Latin-America music might be not enough for the Cugat fans in the theater, but rythmical show were the envy because native techenique or exotic performances were not kept at hand in Japan. It was certain that Xavier Cugat was appreciated as a rhumba virtuoso again.



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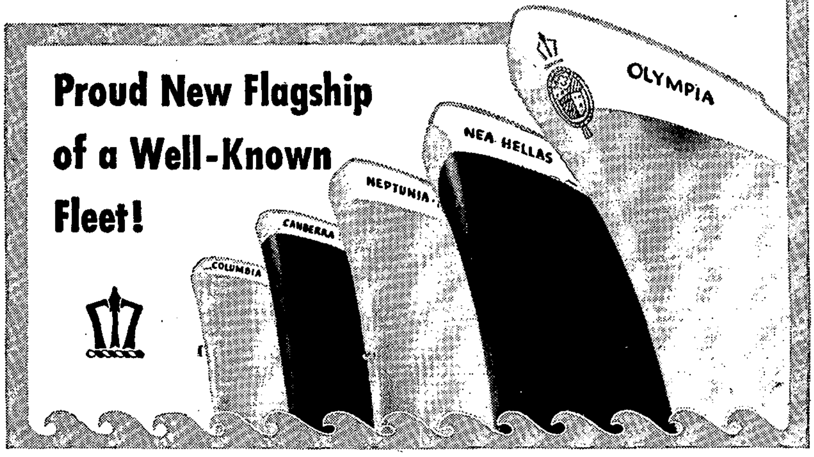

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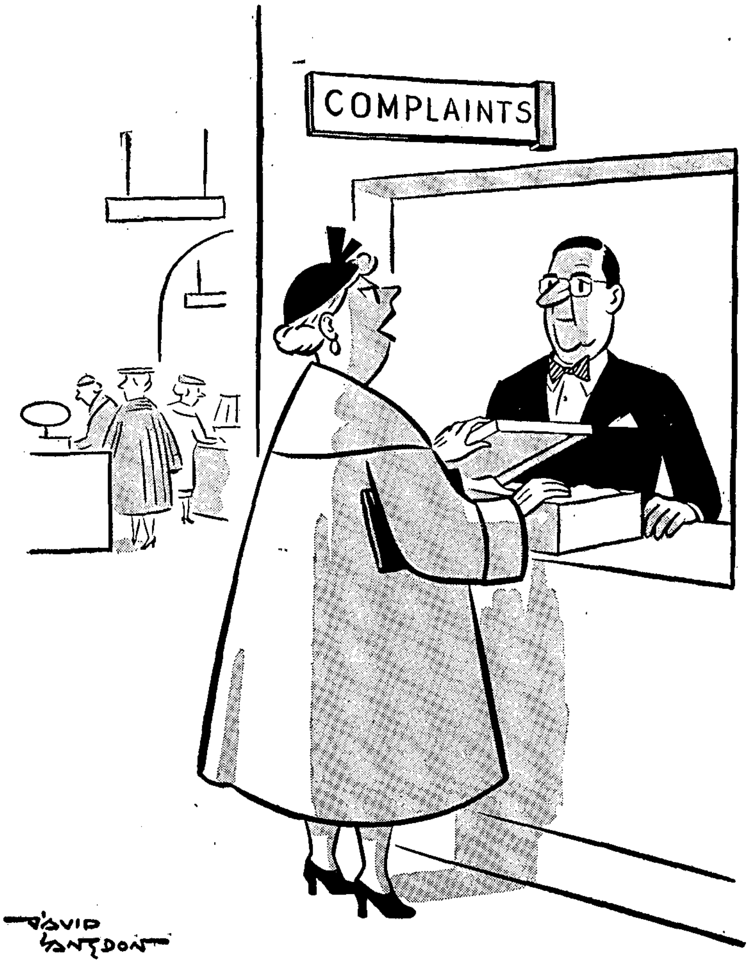
FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE are certain aspects of the current clothes that are highly satisfactory, such as the increasing fondness for the "basic" costume that lends itself to being altered in dozens of ways by the addition of ropes and ropes of beads, scarves, blouses, and—above all—hats, or bits of veiling posing as hats. It is handy, too, that so many fabrics are not restricted to a particular season; for instance, that beautiful orlon fleece, being quickly washable, makes it possible for cheerful pastels or whites to flourish the year around, even in the case of such a practical part of the wardrobe as a coat. Then, too, the entrenched passion for separates has helped; now a good-looking skirt is as acceptable for all but the most formal occasions as it is for lounging at home. And it is nice to see forthright colors mixed together with so much freedom. Pink-and-red combinations are no longer illegal, they are a rage, and sometimes shades of orange get into the act, too. Grandmother would be horribly upset.

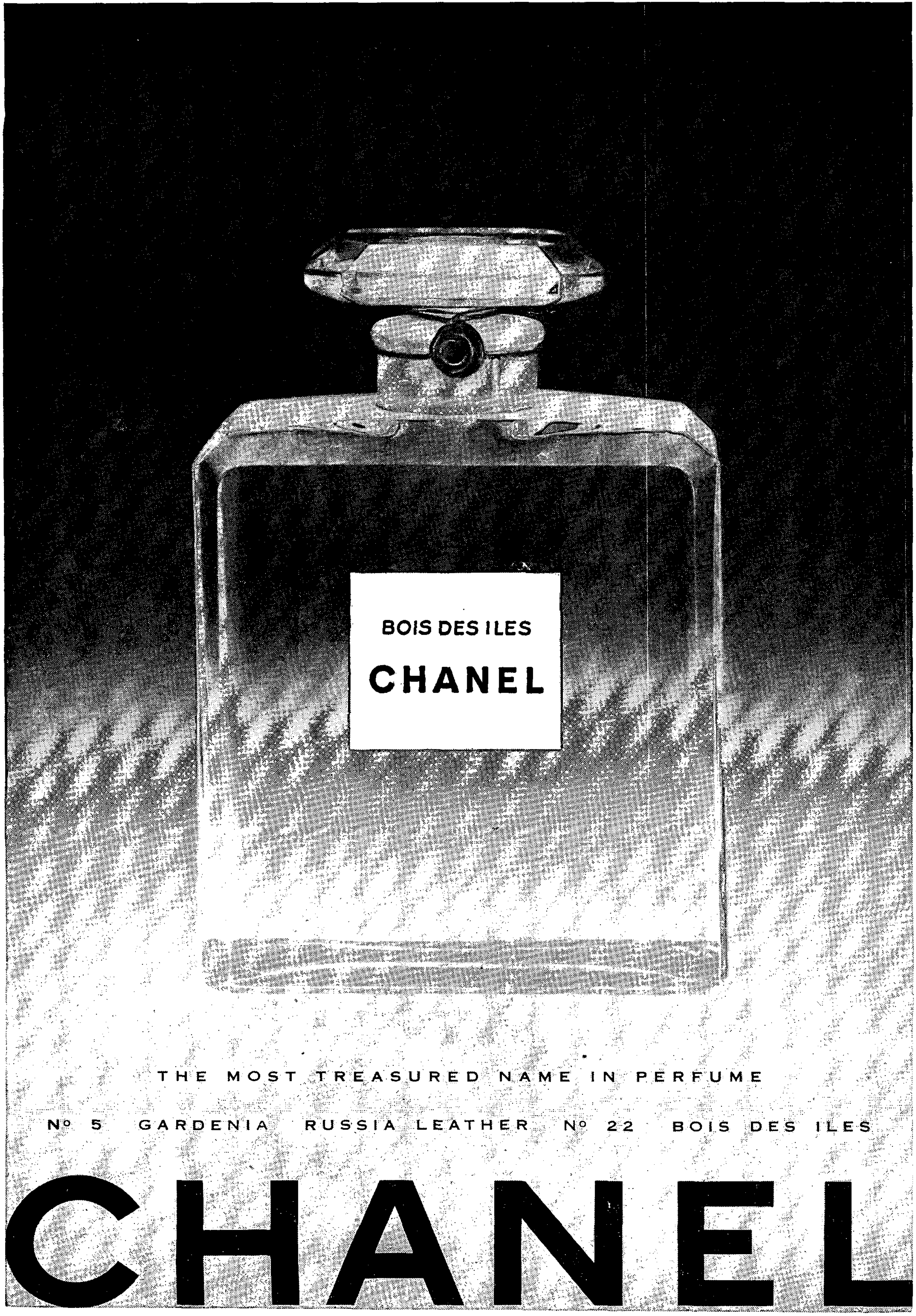
There are also many buts, though. Multiple strings of beads and fluffy gewgaws for the V of a neck can look awfully cluttered, and few American women have the knack of tying a scarf that is born into Parisiennes, who manage a nonchalant flutter that never slips or slides out of place. Furthermore, the all-purpose separate can sometimes have an air of penny-pinching. And, most important, one must realize that it takes a painter's eye to properly mix the pinks, reds, and nasturtiums that are being put together nowadays. A woman could look arty in two shakes. The custom milliners, who are gifted, as usual, with split personalities, are attempting to help out in this difficult situation by creating hats that are all sculptured line, to counteract any clutter in the rest of the customer, or are happily combining flowers and feathers of every possible color on one infinitesimal hat, lest she appear drab in her basic suit.

MR. JOHN was plumping for reasonably feminine interpretations of men's headgear long before women began to take up men's planter hats. He does all kinds of medium-brimmed confections of Egyptian sisal or rough Madagascar straw, with square, high crowns and feather hatbands. There are also lots of fedora and porkpie shapes; one fedora is of white "crystal" straw (it has a nubbly, woven look), and others are of dull-yellow straw braid with a ribbed effect. His Bretons range from a small one with a flat crown and a very fat brim (five thicknesses of white rickrack straw) to a padre type with a really deep, square crown and a very thin brim that is wide and curled up all the way around. As is customary, the cloche gets masterly treatment from Mr. John. A shallow profile one of sand-colored straw has chiffon drapery coming down over the ears and also covering the top of the brim on one side and the under part on the other. His Scoopers are cloches so deep that nothing but the point of the chin shows from the side and nothing above your slumberous eyes shows in front. The Scoopers appear in all sorts of straws and fabrics, among them an openwork woven bamboo and an unequivocal brown Milan. One of his Empire jobs is a small cranberry-red profile hat with the brim turned up on one side; another has a square crown and a brim that dips over the forehead and is curled up at the sides. There are also Empire turbans, such as a cranberry-red straw draped down close to the ears but revealing a great patch of widow's peak at the center front. A sister hat, a deep and round cloche, has the same wrapped treatment to cup the ears and a brim to cup the eyes, too. Then, there are Scotch caps that verge on toques; one of red straw sports a velvet ornament over the left eye, and another sports a pheasant feather curling toward the back.

Many of Mr. John's forward-projecting hats are square across the forehead. Among them is a tiny, flat beret of lacy, crocheted straw in a greenish beige, with a coq-feather pad on top, as well as a draped pillbox of navy silk jersey, with a multicolored pheasant feather poked through the front drapery. And there are numbers of triangular berets, straight across the front, with the points at the sides and in back. He makes some of silk taffeta and ostrich feathers (he likes ostrich feathers this spring) that occasionally curl lazily and wispily across the front and occasionally curl up the back. He turns out some that are starkly simple, and some that are really flowery, of cornflower-blue panne with a bow in front for his beloved visor look and cornflow-



"All right, if you won't, you won't. Now, who around here is like the Supreme Court?"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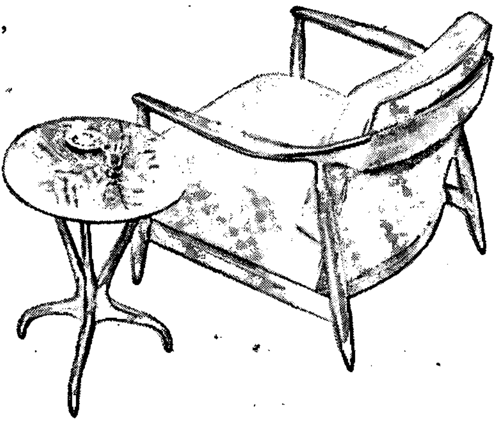

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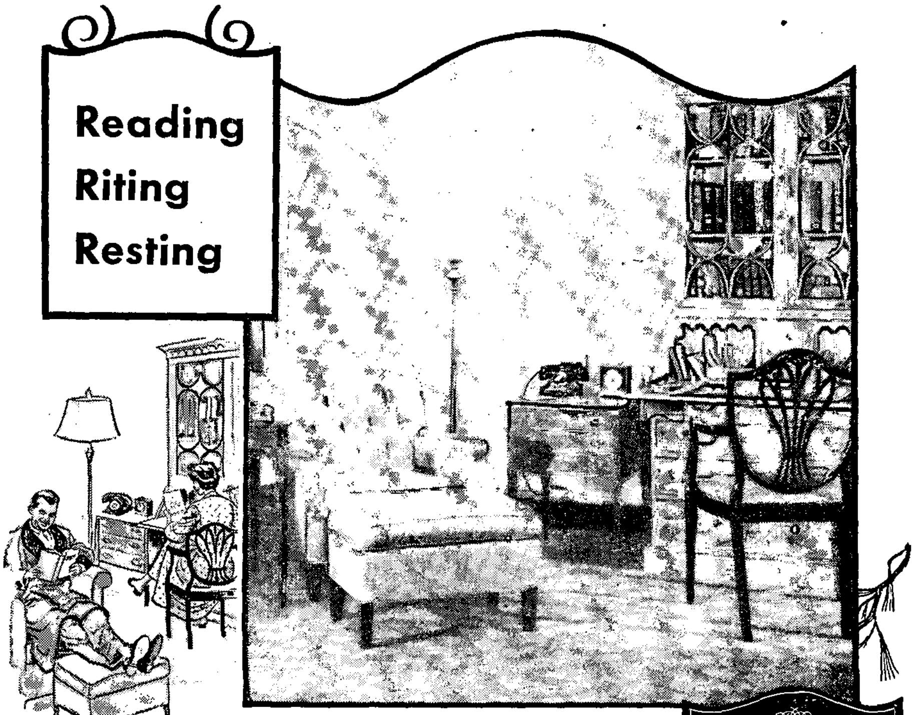

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ers piled on top for height, to say nothing of one of cranberry-red roses on which a single big pink rose is parked at the center front. He uses a layer of net shaped like a bathing cap to keep the hair plastered down, and decorates it with red velvet bows, wisps of ostrich, or whatever. These give the person behind you at the theatre reasonable visibility, and they also keep you tidy in open convertibles. Finally, he combines iridescent plastic bubbles (half an inch in diameter, and they clink as you move your head) with flowers and leaves and wings; the result is bunchy little berets, caps (sometimes with a devil's point down on the forehead), and so on.

IT is difficult not to be impressed by the architectural beauty of the small hats designed by Gustavo, who has set up in business (custom) at 59 West 56th Street, so recently that he's not in the phone book yet (Plaza 7-3698). These hats have a small but solid base, like one of Frank Lloyd Wright's concrete concoctions, from which extensions that can assume sweeping proportions branch out. His most effective materials are a gleaming glass cloth and a straw cloth he calls Shadow-weave, which looks like sparkling-white piqué. Several of his Awning hats are black velvet platform caps with a narrow, projecting, slightly wavy brim of glass cloth. The whole hat is usually long front to back and narrow at the sides. He does other forward-jutting hats, the largest of which, his Marquees, are simple and yet dramatic. One of black Panamalac has a brim that arches forward and flaring, fan-pleated things at the sides, something like backswept plane wings. The brim of another is arched in front and narrow and tapering at the sides. In back, it breaks away from the crown and soars into tapered points. Cap pillboxes, whose edges are only half an inch deep, undulate gently to nestle into the coiffure all around the head in a classically simple and most flattering way. White straw cloth with a petit-point pattern makes many of these. Gustavo's idea of trimming is contrasting binding, and flowers are scarce on his premises. There are some, though. His Watteau hats, long front to back, with an oval dip over the forehead, are occasionally adorned with a stem going over the top and ending in a rose against the hair low in back. Now and then, too, roses rise like parasols above one of those undulating pillboxes or go smack against the forehead. He offers one of the best contributions to the rash of plantation hats around

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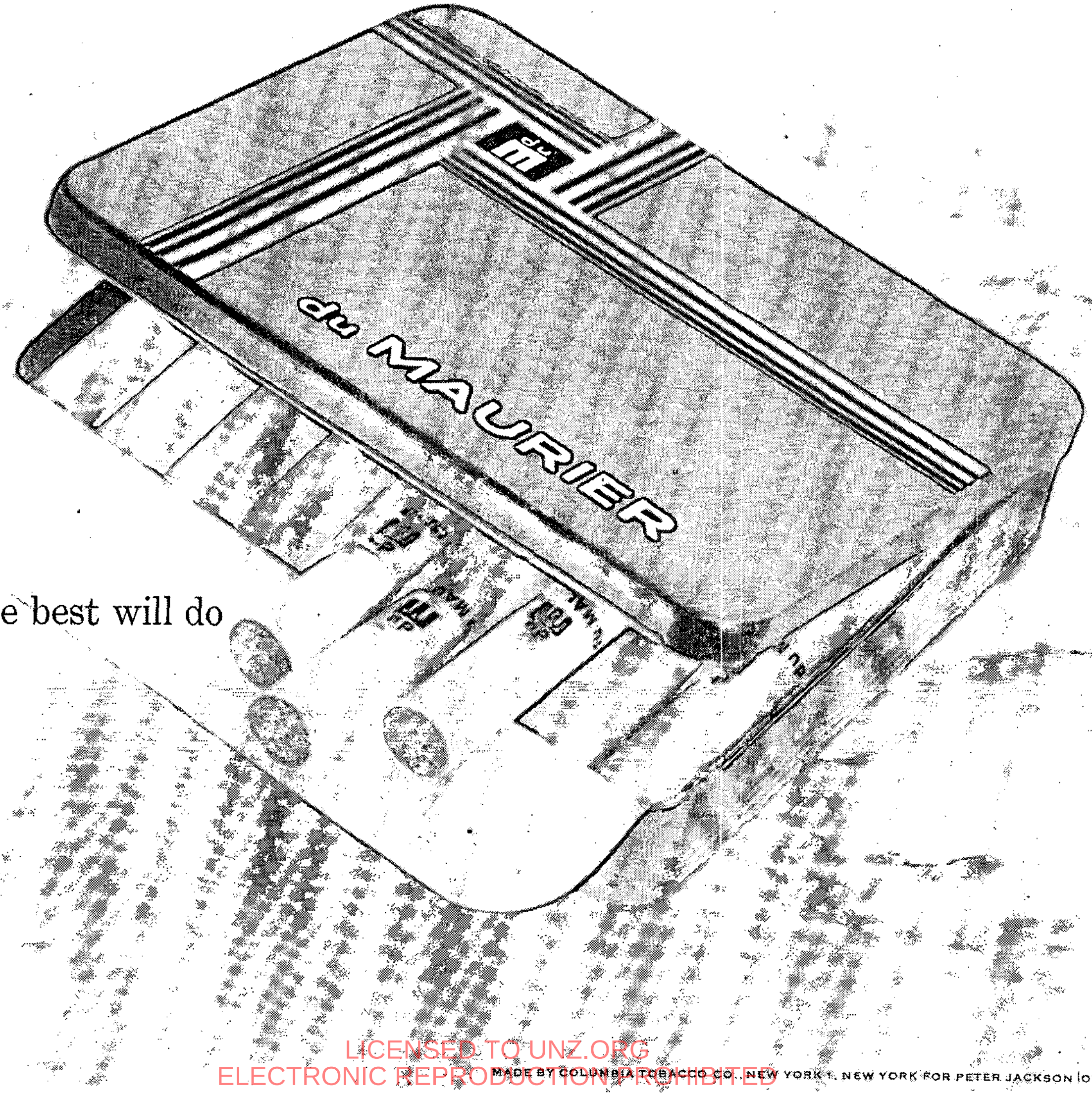

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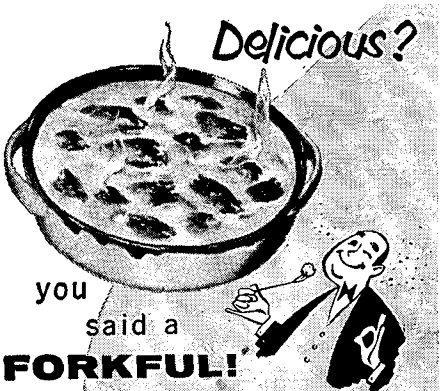
town—a high, conical, fedora-creased crown and a medium brim curving down. It's of white glass cloth, and black velvet goes around the upper edge of the brim. Ooh and also aah!

THE prim Victorian toque is everywhere this season, but no one gives it more sly humor and charm than Robert Dudley. He shows several small, forward black ones with a slight lift in front and black flowers as décor. Another is of dull black Italian straw covered all over with black wooden beads arranged in rows and looking like peas in a pod. Highish points ascend in front from its round foundation. Draped pillboxes of luggage satin are decked with satin grapes going upward on a slant. White orlon shantung is transformed into a fat, level, draped toque with a red veil and a narrow feather shooting up the back. Mauve soutache is placed in antimacassar array across the top of a small white felt sailor with a mauve shot-taffeta bow across the back. Alternating vertical strips of navy felt and white grosgrain ribbon make a close-fitting sidewise peaked cap whose edges turn under in beret style. A latticework of the ribbon covers this. Other latticework is produced by the stems of fabric roses, as on a flat white felt pillbox with a single flower (so many stems and just one pathetic flower?) placed high at one side and jutting forward. There are also jagged-edge caps; one of black velvet has Milan leaves making the jags. Some of the loveliest, sheerest big black hats of the year have low, flat crowns. They are usually worn high, with velvet clamps over the ears to guarantee security except on the windiest corners. Swiss lace straw covered with a black horsehair tracery of big daisies is mounted on a velvet platform; cape net (a stiff stuff in a honeycomb design) with an overlay of black Swiss lace-patterned marquisette makes another dilly; half-inch strips of shiny straw are laid over cape net to create an overplaid—the criss part under the brim, the cross part over it. Stunning for an unflustered lunch or cocktail date, in town or country.

DONALD BRUCE, of Milgrim, is up to devious tricks with combinations of black velvet and smooth white straws. One hat is of Watteau persuasion, the brim curving up at the sides over black velvet Vs placed above the ears. More elaborate Watteaus (for those garden parties we used to hear about) are all pleated pink organdie with a basketweave top that ends in



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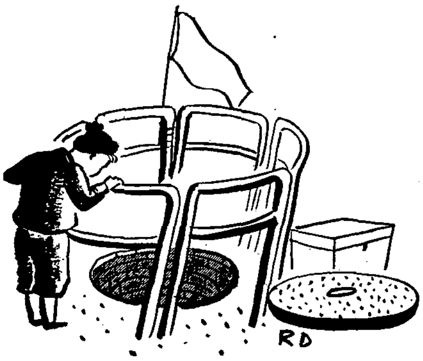
a shallow V over the hair in front; from this V a red velvet loop descends to hug the forehead. Other red doodads serve as clamps at the sides and back, and a pink rose juts out to starboard. The tricorne is rampant at Milgrim. A copy of the Parisian Paulette's Queen of Clubs leads a distinguished procession. This is a rounded tricorne with a sort of handle down the back of the head. Viewed from above (an odd way to look at a hat), it has the shape its name implies. The top is of white straw, and an inch-wide black velvet cuff surrounds it. One U of the club comes down on the forehead. Among other tricornes, all designed to augment the forward look that is becoming universal, is one of white alpaca, the Vs at the sides emphasized by black tassels. It's straight across the front, and the third V bends flat against the back of the head for anchorage. Bruce's favorite veil, which billows, is called Crinoline, since it has two tucks, like a petticoat, to give it body, to say nothing of coquetry. It appears, for one, on a pink straw-cloth half hat coming down to points at the sides and with a red velvet roll above the hairline. Italian tweed straw—brown with beige streaks or black with white streaks—makes a shiny small sailor whose brim lifts above the hairline in front, and a toque pillbox of black velvet has a white straw top curling in a V over the foundation in front.

SOME of the unmistakable come-hither of Margaret Cody's hats is due to her using veiling or lace, wired at the edge, for transparent visors on caps of every variety. This imparts a forward look, all right, but keeps it fragile and female. She is also a great one for sidewise, Sis Hopkins nonsense. One of her many narrow hats, arched in front, has a long point coming forward from behind one ear and ending in a fat rose. Cody is apt to put a flower or a clump of flowers sidewise on hats, and she thinks highly of chiffon over satin to give an iri-



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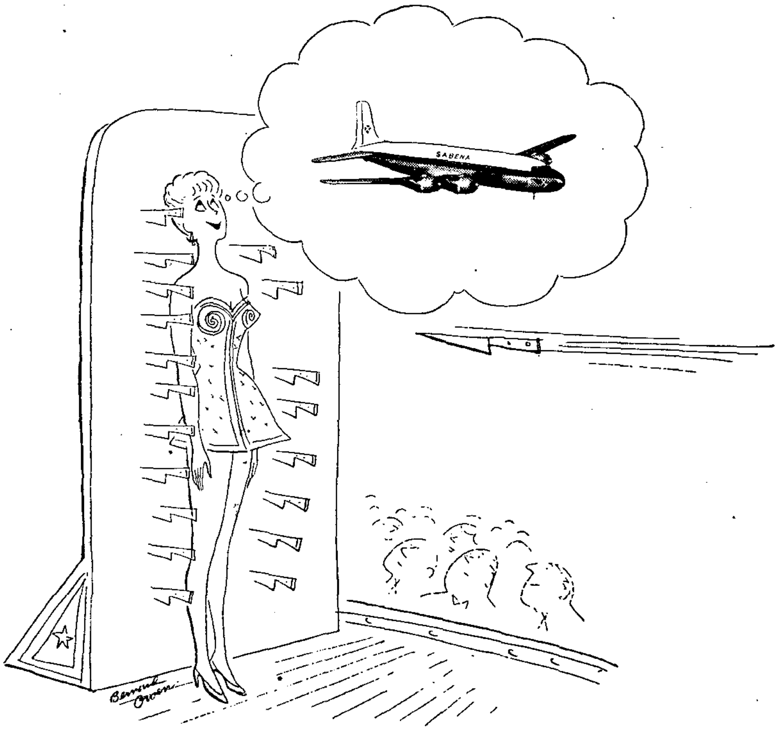

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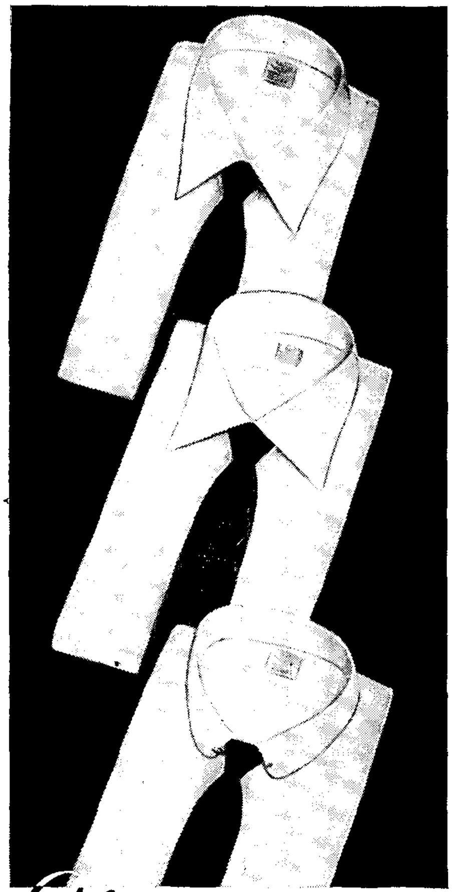

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descent look. A small pillbox, made this way and to be worn back on the head (this *is* news), has an arched band in front and a red rose at the side. Cody goes in heavily for leaves and flowers pressed under white chiffon; mimosa and jonquils are her prime favorites. Flat pillboxes of pink carnations tilt up in back and also have that veil visor forward. A visor hat to end all visor hats does a double take—puffy pale straw on top makes a beret that apes, in moderation, the forward jut of the black visor below.

MANY colors and combinations thereof are old stuff (I almost said old hat) to Nature but are complete newcomers to fashion. The lipstick and nail-polish adjuncts to the milliners' hues can be pure Picasso or plain Putrid. Experiments are in order, therefore. As a starter, Jacqueline Cochran's Orange Poppy lipstick, a vivid orange, seems a natural for the range of new nasturtium tones (I am assuming you can wear these colors). To blend with the pink-reds, Helena Rubinstein's Sporting Pink should be helpful, and, for the quantities of cranberry and other dark reds, Revlon's Cherries in the Snow is a likely contender, and so is the tried-and-true Bachelor's Carnation, another Revlon item. Elizabeth Arden's Paradise Pink is excellent with mauve pinks and hydrangea colors. With all white or beige hats, naturally, you can use the usual. —LOIS LONG

•

Some time after the Junior Prom last Friday night three stools and a red and white striped canape of considerable value were taken from the Gym.—*Daily Princetonian.*

Pimento-and-egg?

•

I'm sick of reading that every game is a big one for the Rangers.—*Jimmy Cannon in the Post, February 15th, page 47.*

"BIGGEST GAME OF YEAR"
ON TAP FOR RANGERS
—*Headline in the Post, same issue, same page.*

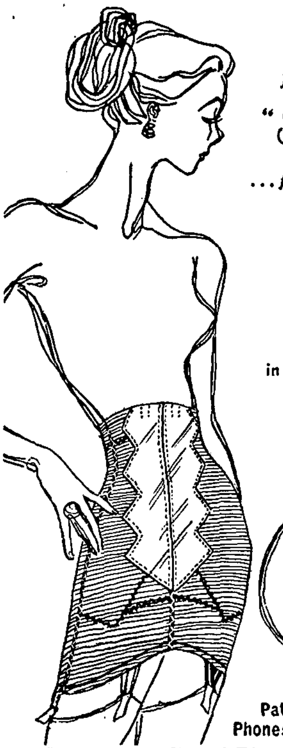
Dark glasses might be a help.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a letter in the Lancet, British medical weekly.*]

I would like to remind those responsible for the treatment of tuberculosis that Keats wrote his best poems while dying of this disease. In my opinion he would never have done so under the influence of modern chemotherapy.



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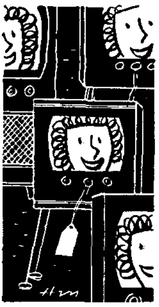
A Letter



DEAR AUNT PAULINE:

THANKS for your letter and for the chowchow. The latter was delicious, and all my friends enjoyed it. We ate it as a snack. I was sorry to hear that your video went on the blink a couple of weeks ago and has never been the same since, but honestly, Aunt Pauline, I don't think you have missed much. Sometimes I wish that my video would go on the blink and stay on the blink. I get what they call "snow" and I get what they call "double images," but, worst of all, I get the programs, by straining, and you haven't missed much. I saw Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the other night on a program called "The Rheingold Theatre." I'd thought that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was spending most of his time these days grouse shooting with the British Royal Family; at least, that's what I'd gathered from the gossip columnists. But no, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., turned up on the Rheingold program holding a glass of beer in his hand and drinking it down with a smile on his face. It must have been quite humiliating for him to be pictured standing around with a glass of beer in his hand after all the fine wines and champagnes he has had access to over the past couple of years. But there he was with the beer, and he delivered a little speech about it. You might have supposed that his mother had made the beer in her very own cellar, he thought it was so tasty and wonderful. When he stepped away, we were permitted to view a ghost story called "The Wedding Veil." This one was all about a young woman who went to visit her sick aunt in a spooky old house, and once she was there, and in the living room, a large number of dead relatives turned up, including an uncle who kept going to sleep and a young lady who fell in love with the picture of the real young woman's fiancé. The old uncle was the first ghost I have ever seen who went to sleep. Almost before I knew it, Doug was back with another glass of beer, and he was just as enthusiastic about the second glass as he had been about the first. Then we returned to the haunted house, where it seemed that the smitten ghost was about to kill off the fiancé, so that he could become a ghost and the

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Hard head, warm heart

Perhaps you heard Ike on TV when he was asked whether his policy was liberal or conservative. His answer was a good one. He said the government, so far as he was concerned should be liberal with the people and conservative with economics. Of course, we're partial to his answer because that's just about the way Nation's Business stacks up. Take the March issue as a representative example. Nothing could be more "conservative with economics" than its several chapters on "Social Security," leading off with Indiana's billion dollar revolt against the welfare state, then getting into a studious consideration of the proposals of more coverage for more people, how Social Security grew—nine meaty pages of it.

As for "liberal with people" — well, just step up and take your choice. There's Felix Morley's warm philosophy "The State of Being 60." There's Ed Folliard's casual, professional conversation about the "Washington Mood." And always "By My Way," and thanks to R. L. Duffus for it.

Again, on the conservative-economics side, try "Are We Wasting Our Urban Wealth?" Or try "Toll Road Boom." And down the liberal lane, look at NB Summary, "Exotic Fruits Challenge Old Favorites" or the "Rain Making" story over on Page 64. The big point is that we serve the man with the hard head and the warm heart . . . the businessman and the human being.

Lots in March for both. In fact, biggest, busiest March issue we've put together since 1946. More good things to read, including lots more advertising, 25% more than March a year ago. Are we bragging? You bet! Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

lady ghost would then be able to marry him. Everything worked out O.K. in the end, I am happy to say, and Doug came back with a third glass of beer.

A COUPLE of days before, on a Sunday afternoon, I watched a program called "Excursion," which has Burgess Meredith as a sort of moderator. This program is produced by the Ford Foundation, which also puts on that big "Omnibus" program later the same day. "Excursion," I suppose, is designed for brains that can't quite cope with the brainy matters discussed on "Omnibus." The other Sunday, the "Excursion" people went right into the headquarters of the United Nations here in New York. We first saw Mr. Meredith standing outside the General Assembly Building, all dressed up in a raincoat and a rain hat. It was raining in New York that afternoon. He got in out of the rain a few moments later, and took us on a tour of various parts of the building, assisted by a pretty guide, an English girl named Jill Wildes. Mrs. Wildes really stole the show, since she seemed to know just *everything* about the United Nations, and she was very pleasant and informative about it. During the second half of the program, we listened to a speech by Henry Cabot Lodge, who is the United States Representative to the United Nations. He was speaking from Washington, but from the way he acted you would have thought he was selling something on Times Square, where those pitchmen hang around with neckties and little jumping dolls. Aunt Pauline, this man had all sorts of props with him for his lecture. For one thing, he had a small vacuum tube, the type they put in radios, and he used this to demonstrate that we need friends all over the world, since the various parts of the vacuum tube come from various parts of the world. He held the vacuum tube up so that all the people could see it. At the end, he told us that the United Nations doesn't cost the individual citizen much money every year. This seemed to mean a great deal to Mr. Lodge. He had some pencils on his desk, and some cigarettes, and a comic book, and he told us that the United Nations costs us only sixteen cents a year per capita. He said this was less than the pencils, or the cigarettes, or the comic book cost. It had never occurred to me that the United Nations is a more reasonable article than a comic book. Had it occurred to you? Halfway through his talk, I expected that he would bring

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on his dog, or Mr. Nixon's dog, but there weren't any dogs on this program. I guess if you want dogs you have to watch "Super Circus."

I'VE been looking a lot lately, to kill time, and a couple of nights ago there was a play that involved a doctor who was making a speech at a banquet somewhere in California, and a mad killer was in the audience. There is usually a mad killer around somewhere. The wife of the speaker, who was watching the banquet at home on her video, spotted the mad killer and tried to warn her husband. Of course, she couldn't get her message through for almost thirty minutes, but that one worked out O.K., too. This program scared me, and I was glad I was home, with the door locked. No telling these days. Say hello to Uncle Ned, and good luck to him with his neuralgia.

Your loving nephew,
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•

THE GLAZED-CHINTZ BEDROOM

The man, the woman hold a heart
From which there springs a vine and tree.
A lonely woman stands apart;
Over her head are roses three
And in among them and below
Valentines on a green bush grow.
The man and woman, clasping hands,
Have vacant smiles upon their lips;
The lonely woman stares and stands
With elbows crooked and hands on hips;
Each narrow, empty elbow closes,
On either side, an arch of roses.
A little bush has a leaf as narrow
As the pointed tip of any arrow;
It bears a flower shaped like a heart.
The lonely woman stands apart.

The man and woman bear a tree.
The burning bush bears one red heart.
The roses happen, one, two, three.
The lonely woman stands apart.
It is not spring, though flowers bloom
And lay a curse upon the room,
On curtain, dresser flounce, and spread,
On any guest in the single bed.
The man and woman hold a heart
From which there springs a flowering vine;
The lonely woman stands apart;
Above her head, three roses shine.
So up the wall the pattern grows
Of greening vine and flowering rose.
The man and woman hold a heart.
The lonely woman stands apart.

—ELIZABETH HENLEY

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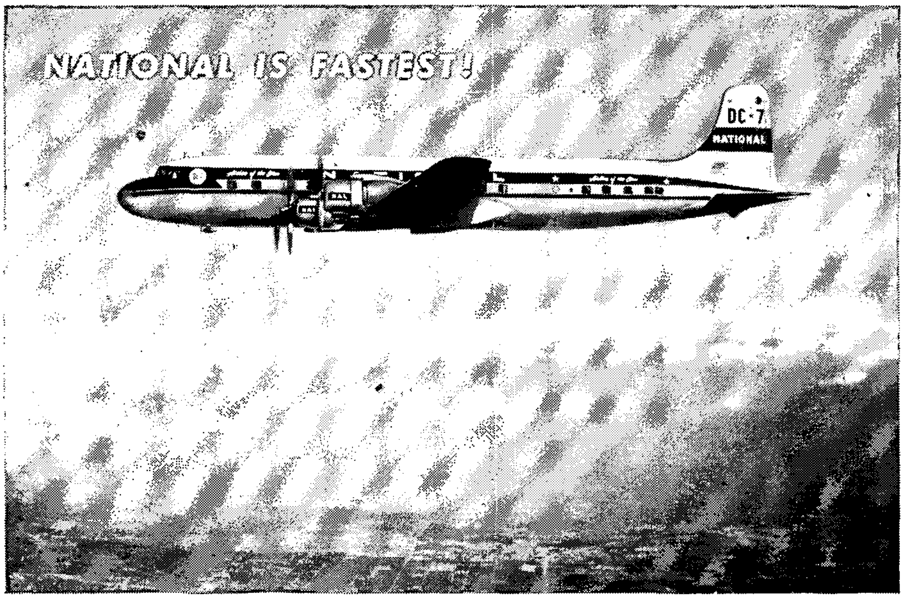

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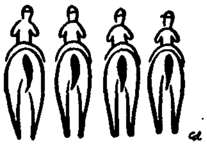
THE RACE TRACK

The Triumphs of Turn-to



If I were choosing a three-year-old to follow this spring, it would be Harry Guggenheim's Turn-to, who brought off such a smart performance in the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last weekend. The Irish-bred colt was certainly at the top of his form, and ran his opposition off their feet. When he romped past Giant Cracker, a stablemate of his, who set the pace for half a mile, you knew it was all over but the ticket cashing. Something—just what, I couldn't say—prompted Moreno, who rode Turn-to, to zigzag in the stretch, even though he was lengths in front. It was a hazardous tactic. Horses sometimes get disqualified for doing that sort of thing.

From what I saw of Turn-to on my television set, he is bigger and handsomer than he was the last time I looked him over (that was in the winner's circle after the Garden State Stakes a few months ago); also, he moves beautifully, and has obviously been trained to perfection. As you probably know, the Flamingo Stakes was his third start and third victory this year at Hialeah, and so far he has picked up $103,225 in prize money, $96,400 of it last Saturday. Although he will not run in Florida again this season, he will continue to train there for a couple of months and then go to Louisville to finish his preparation for the Kentucky Derby. (This is the routine that was followed so successfully by Mr. Guggenheim's Dark Star a year ago.) Needless to say, Turn-to will be the favorite in what future betting there will be on the Derby this spring. In the Flamingo he was even money—a very liberal price in the circumstances.

What happened to the other runners is a matter of no great interest. Just for the record, though, Maine Chance Farm's Black Metal, apparently a colt of some quality, held on stoutly to be second, and Greentree's Maharajah made a bold rush on the turn for home (I fancied for a split second that he was going someplace) but tired and finished third. Woodvale's Goyamo, who was fourth, came up fast on the rails, but he, too, ran out of speed. As for Hasty Road, who was fifth, it has been, and still is, my considered opinion that he is just a sprinter. He certainly has

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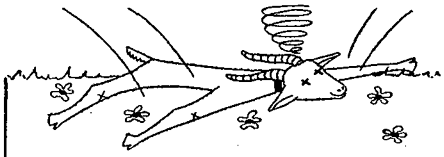

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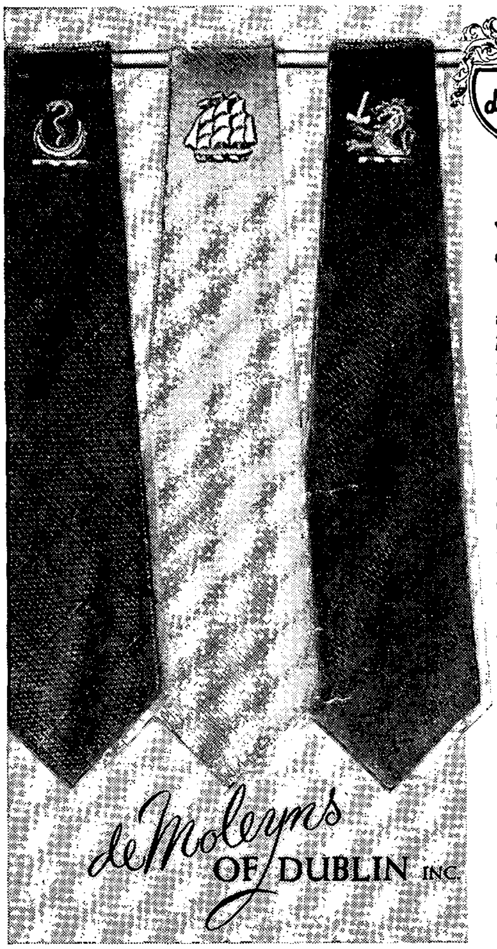
the conformation of one. In all fairness, I have to say that his dismal showing can be blamed on an ankle injury, which has been bothering him since January. A few days before the Flamingo, he was beaten at 1–10, and ever since then the road north has been crowded with hitchhiking horseplayers.

Of course, the Widener Handicap, the week before, was more exciting than the Flamingo, for James Cox Brady's Landlocked, who won, and the Apheim Stable's Quiet Step ran head and head from start to finish of the mile and a quarter. (That doesn't happen once in a donkey's age. Usually, one or both of the leaders crack before they've gone half the distance.) Royal Vale, the favorite, fizzled out, Straight Face seemed to be hexed, and several other highly regarded participants never got going. As you'd expect, the payoff odds reflected this state of utter confusion; Landlocked was 34–1, the longest odds on the board, Quiet Step was 26–1, and Andre, who was third, was 9–1. As a matter of fact, Landlocked didn't deserve quite such long odds; in the McLennan, a couple of Saturdays earlier, he had led right into the stretch. The thing that put people off him was that nobody knew much about his jockey, a young man named Heckmann, except that he'd been riding at New Orleans. If Arcaro had been on Landlocked, the odds would probably have been 8–5. Horseplayers are like that.

Well, I did Hialeah's big races by C.B.S. television again this year, and though, as far as I'm concerned, sitting in front of a cathode-ray tube will never compare with going to a racecourse, it has its points. For one thing, I saw more of the Flamingo than I could have from almost any part of the grandstand. However, if I may be a bit captious, I would have preferred to hear more about the horses as they paraded in the paddock and less from and about Arthur Godfrey, who has just bought a couple of runners and was a guest on the broadcast.

NOW for California. It seems that I was a little hasty in predicting those successes for Calumet Farm at Santa Anita. Duke's Lea was soundly beaten in the Santa Anita Derby, and Mark-Ye-Well, who everybody thought would win the Santa Anita Handicap, was taken out of the race, three days before it was run, because his left front ankle, which has plagued him off and on for some time, started acting up after he won the San Antonio



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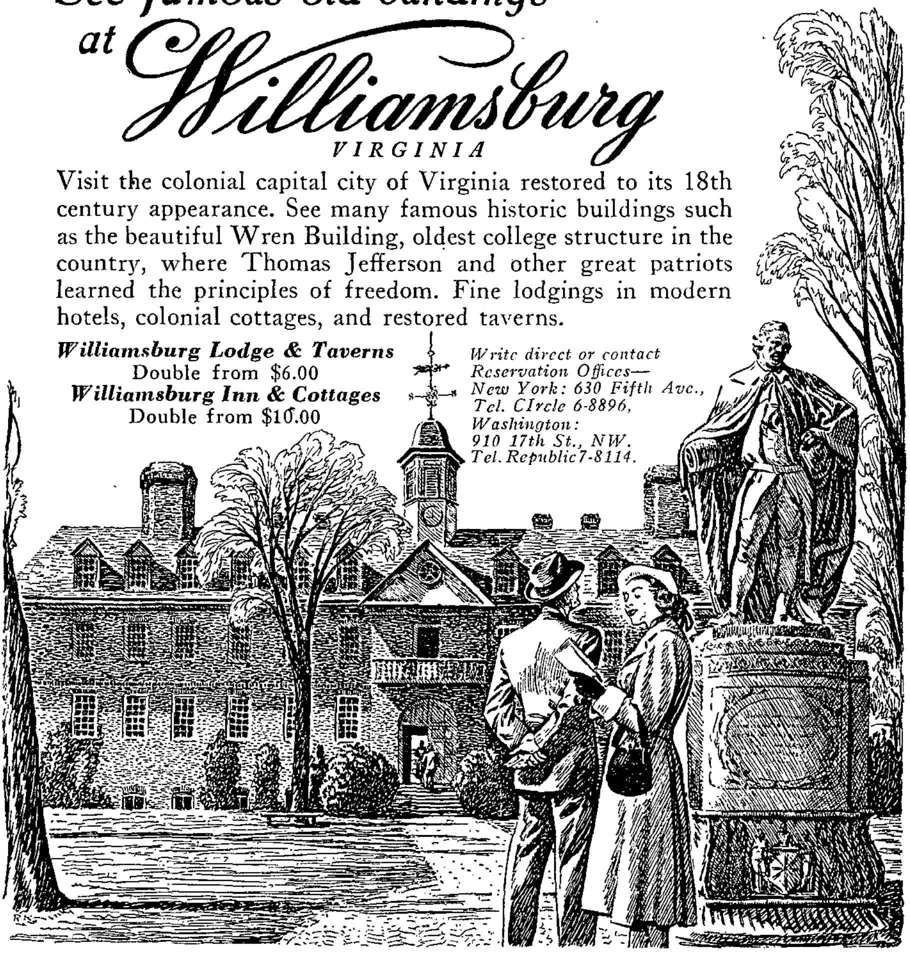

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Handicap. Considered by itself, without stacking it up against past Santa Anita Handicaps, the race this year was a lively one. Seventeen ran, and the winner was King Ranch's Rejected, ridden by Shoemaker. Rejected was last for nearly a mile of the mile and a quarter but finished like a runaway freight, catching Imbros, who had led most of the way, and beating him by more than a length. Cyclotron was third. Find had a chance a furlong from home, but wound up sixth. Rejected is trained by Buddy Hirsch, a son of Max. Buddy also saddled Intent, who finished first in the race two years ago but was disqualified for bumping Miche. This sort of makes up for that.

Looking back on the Santa Anita Derby, I find it hard to believe that Determine's victory over Duke's Lea was an accident. From all accounts, Duke's Lea was crowded, but in the shuffle he forced Determine to lose ground, too. Determine recovered quickly, however, overtook the leaders, and won by three and a half lengths. By the way, Determine, a gray, is the only horse who has won three stakes races at the meeting—the San Gabriel, the San Felipe, and the Derby—and his earnings since the first of the year tot up to $120,650. He won't start in the Florida Derby, as he was expected to, but will remain on the Coast till he leaves for Kentucky. Another winner at Santa Anita worth remembering is Llangollen Farm's Porterhouse. In his first start this season, he ran six furlongs easily in 1:09⅕. That's fast time, but, of course, Santa Anita is a fast track.

—Audax Minor

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George Barton of Islesboro was found guilty of drunkeness in a public place with a gun in his hand. He was released when he assured the Judge that he was heading home.—*Rockland (Maine) Courier-Gazette.*

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "Proust: Portrait of a Genius," by André Maurois*]

He carried a malacca cane which he had a way of twirling whenever he stooped to pick up a dropped glove . . . or was engaged in putting on or taking off its fellow.

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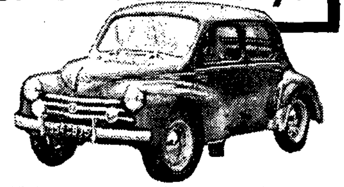

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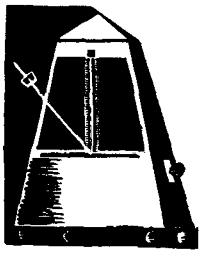
MUSICAL EVENTS

Bartók and Kabuki



THE late Béla Bartók was a composer of rather complex music, which defies classification in any obvious technical category such as atonality. It is perhaps because of this that his music is often difficult to understand on first hearing, and seems to improve with repetition. I have always found, however, that at a certain point it seems to stop improving, and that this point is somewhat short of the standard of really great music; when one has it all figured out, Bartók's art is basically of the sort that titillates the ear and stimulates the nerves but leaves the emotional regions of the psyche untouched. I saw no reason to revise this estimate last week when, in Carnegie Hall, I listened to the Concerto for Orchestra, which was brilliantly played by the Minneapolis Symphony under Antal Dorati, on Tuesday evening, and the Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, which was played with equal brilliance by the New York Philharmonic under Guido Cantelli, on Thursday evening. Both works (of the two, I prefer the former—mainly, I think, because it is louder and more dramatic and has a kind of propulsiveness that I find exciting) contain fascinating ingenuities of style but neither makes an impression that goes beyond the purely sensual pleasure of experiencing bizarre and colorful combinations of sound. Bartók's Violin Concerto, which was performed a few weeks ago in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony, with Pierre Monteux conducting and Tossy Spivakovsky as soloist, affects me in very much the same way. Even Mr. Monteux's perceptive conducting and Mr. Spivakovsky's impressive virtuosity failed to make anything more of the concerto than what is usually described as an "interesting" composition.

Quite aside from the Bartók works, both of last week's symphonic concerts were worthy of attention. The Minneapolis Symphony, which was making its first appearance here in six years, proved to be an extraordinarily well-drilled and competent orchestra, clearly entitled to a place among the finest organizations in the country, and its conductor, Mr.

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The Connoisseur's Corner

—in which a progress report is made on California's varietal wines and some exceptional whites are suggested for your pleasure. There are some thoughts here, too, on measuring wine values

WHAT'S IN A NAME? Mr. Shakespeare's famous answer hardly applies to wine—and definitely not to California's *varietal* wines. These wines bear the honored names of their grape parents. And by those very names, you can know each wine's character and something of its flavor and bouquet.

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There are steadily expanding acres, for example, of *Pinot Noir,* the world's great red Burgundy grape, and *Cabernet Sauvignon,* the choice Claret grape. New vineyards are growing the classic Sauternes grapes—*Semillon* and *Sauvignon Blanc.* The *White* and *Grey* Rieslings and the *Sylvaner* grapes are also dotting California's hillsides. And, interestingly, wine experts have found that many of these varietal grapes do better here than in countries which call them their own!

WHILE SUCH HONORED GRAPES, of course, are contributing to the finer quality of all California wines, many are being bottled under and labeled with the distinctive grape variety name. So you will find those names a helpful guide to the particular wine's personality.

If, for example, you are a lover of classic Sauternes, explore among the wines of the California-grown Semillon grape. Following the labels, you will find semi-sweet wines, sun-bright in color, rich in the flavor and traditional aromatic beauty of fine Sauternes. Others, as labeled, are dry, smooth and delicate. Or taste a wine of the Sauvignon Blanc, another honored Sauternes which takes to the gravelly soil of California coastal valleys. You'll enjoy a full-bodied golden wine, rich, spicy and fragrant.

AMONG THE RIESLINGS, you will find California's *White* (or *Johannisberger*) *Riesling* has a most flowery bouquet, a sprightly flavor and pleasing aftertaste. The *Sylvaner* is a shade more subdued in tartness, while the *Grey Riesling* provides a slightly milder wine, more mellow in character.

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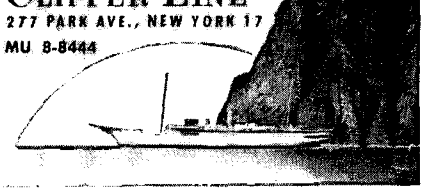

Dorati, whom I was watching for the first time, seemed to me an artist who shines to advantage in flamboyant, tense, and technically complicated music. Whether he would be similarly at ease with more serene and measured compositions, I have no way of judging. He conducted a suite of three symphonic pieces from Alban Berg's opera "Lulu" very eloquently, and I discovered, as I have in the past, that the music has compelling emotional power, despite the rather neurotic air of moody pessimism that pervades it. Mr. Cantelli, who was leading the Philharmonic for the first time this season and who is another conductor I had never seen before, appears, like Mr. Dorati, to be an expert technician and a specialist in flamboyance and high tension. I did not altogether like his performance of Brahms' First Symphony, for, though in its way it was well controlled and well proportioned, it struck me as hurried and lacking in the sort of majestic gravity that a really fine Brahms performance should have.

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "The Barber of Seville," which was first presented two weeks ago and was repeated last Thursday evening, is well worth going to see. Over the last decade or so, the opera has, of course, had numerous performances at the Met, most of them of routine quality. This one, for a change, was exceedingly fresh and lively. The stage business devised by Cyril Ritchard was, in fact, so spirited that now and then the subtleties of Rossini's musical line got lost in the horseplay. This might have been a defect in a more serious opera, but "The Barber" is, after all, a pretty broad farce, and I thought the result highly entertaining. The singing was generally excellent. Roberta Peters negotiated Rosina's vocal fireworks with nearly flawless precision, and Cesare Valletti did equally well as the Count. Cesare Siepi, as Don Basilio, and Fernando Corena, as Dr. Bartolo, were both admirable. The new scenery and costumes, designed by Eugene Berman, were tasteful and diverting. I was not quite satisfied with Robert Merrill's Figaro, which was a trifle heavy on the dramatic side, or with the conducting of Alberto Erede, which was less than crisp, but these were minor blemishes in an otherwise very enjoyable event.

THE program of Japanese dancing by the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians, currently at the Century Theatre, represents a charming distilla-

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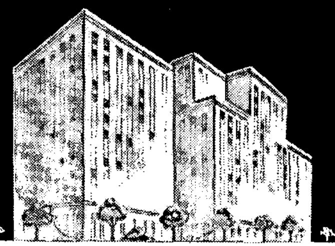

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tion in which elements of the famous Kabuki drama are combined with more popular types of entertainment. Only one item, called "Tsuchigumo," has the atmosphere of formality and austere dedication that characterizes Kabuki theatre in Japan. But the show is authentically Japanese in its quaint symbolic pantomime, its solemnly exaggerated, crooning dialogue, its striking ritualistic dancing, and its music, and the costumes and scenery are enchanting examples of the artful simplicity so often found in Japanese art. Much of the dancing, especially that of the company's star performer, Tokuho Azuma, is expert and moving.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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AN exceptionally fine performance of "Faust," recorded in Paris last spring, is offered in a new Victor album of four long-playing records. The nearest thing there is to a complete recorded version, it includes additions Gounod made long after the Paris première, in 1859—the familiar baritone aria "Avant de quitter ces lieux," which was appended to the second act five years later, for a London production (he also worked its theme into the overture then), and the unfamiliar fifth-act Walpurgis Night business, with its agreeable ballet music, which was tacked on after another five years, for an elaborate Paris presentation. The only omission worth mentioning is a scene in Marguerite's bedroom that was meant to open the fourth act, but it, of course, is almost never played anywhere. It does seem to me, though, that some sort of scene, or perhaps a pertinent orchestral prelude, would have been helpful at this point, where, after the rapid develop-

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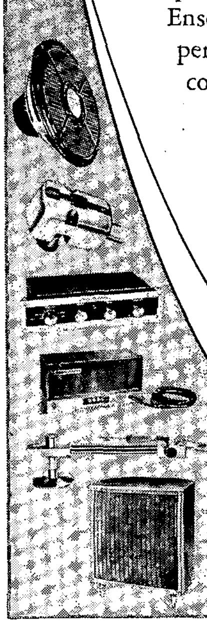

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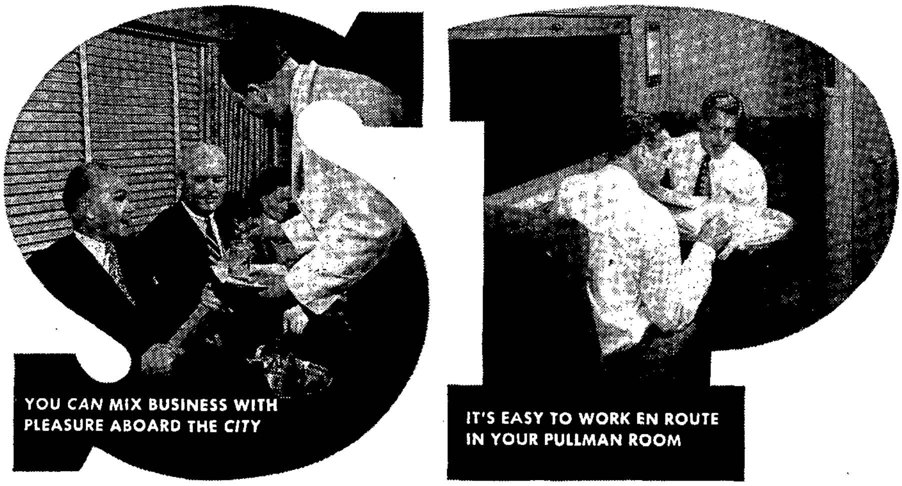
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ments of the first three acts, the opera plunges somewhat awkwardly ahead in time and suddenly loses much of its dramatic tension. The truth is that in "Faust," for all its inspired musical writing, we are confronted with the work of a composer whose unmistakably genuine abilities are simply no match for his powerful subject, and whose score is never profound or truly tragic. Even so, it is engaging, touching, and at times downright fascinating, and we are fortunate to have so much of it available on records. For that we can thank the current widespread practice among American recording firms of taking down, at far less cost than would be possible here, European performances of large-scale works of this sort. In the present case, we are also fortunate in having a performance of such high quality. Victoria de los Angeles, whose beautiful singing of the heroine's music is well known to local operagoers, is the Marguerite, and Boris Christoff, whose imposing "Boris Godunov" was recently released here by Victor, has the all-important role of Mephistopheles. He contributes a striking characterization, in which his dramatic expressiveness more than compensates for his vocal limitations. And Nicolai Gedda's sweet lyric tenor is strong enough to give urgency to the role of Faust. The three other main parts are expertly handled—Valentin by Jean Borthayre, Siebel by Martha Angelici, and Martha by Solange Michel. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra, and the whole thing is spiritedly directed by André Cluytens.

A FEW months ago, Angel, a new label, brought us a magnificent recording, made in England, of Franz Lehár's gem "The Merry Widow," and now the same company has issued an enchanting long-playing set of the same composer's "Land of Smiles," with the same principal singers, the same conductor (Otto Ackermann), and the same orchestra (the Philharmonia). Like its predecessor, it is sung in German, and portions of the spoken dialogue are included. Nicolai Gedda, whom we left a moment ago in the Victor set, brings his caressing tenor gently to bear on Prince Sou-Chong's music, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, a uniquely gifted interpreter with an admirable soprano voice, is delightful as Lisa, the rather flighty heroine. In the supporting roles, Erich Kunz, Emmy Loose, and Otakar Kraus are all wonderfully competent, singing Gustl, Mi, and Tschang, respectively. Their

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easy artistry in both the sung and the spoken portions is refreshing. As you probably know, "Land of Smiles" is a Chinese-Viennese mishmash in which lilting waltz strains go hand in hand with trashy Oriental effects. The story is an absurdity, but it is blessedly uncomplicated and Lehár manages to carry the day by the buoyancy of his music. The best-known number is the triumphantly soaring "Yours Is My Heart Alone," and Gedda sings it splendidly, but you may find more pleasure, as I did, in listening to some of the less familiar themes as they bounce around.

ANOTHER diverting excursion into Viennese operetta is a Columbia single that offers musical highlights from Franz von Suppé's "Boccaccio," a melodious and stimulating work. The soloists and the orchestra are from the Vienna State Opera, and the chorus from the Vienna Volksoper. Anton Paulik is the director. . . . Miss Schwarzkopf turns up in still another Angel release, this time in a Schubert recital, tossing off a dozen lieder with sensitivity and impressive musicianship. . . . For sheer power and beauty, it would be difficult to find a voice comparable to that of Zinka Milanov, the Metropolitan's leading dramatic soprano. With the assistance of the Robert Shaw Chorale and an orchestra under the leadership of Renato Cellini, she sings lush arias from Italian opera in a new Victor recording. "La Forza del Destino," "Aïda," "Il Trovatore," "La Gioconda," and "Cavalleria Rusticana" are the operas represented. . . . Two instrumental works by the nineteenth-century German composer Hugo Wolf—the Quartet in D Minor and the

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"Italian Serenade" in G Major—are performed by the New Music Quartet on a Columbia record. Neither is very convincing, but I would say that of the two the Serenade has a little more charm. The quartet, which is in four movements, the first of them nearly as long as the three others combined, rather obviously contrasts leisurely romantic phrases of a Wagnerian sort with incisive attacks reminiscent of Beethoven. Unfortunately, the effect of the romantic phrases is frequently sickly, and the more vigorous portions give an impression less of strength than of petulance. While similar characteristics mark the Serenade, there are moments in it when Wolf, taking himself less seriously, achieves almost an air of spontaneity. . . . On a new Capitol single, a program of music by four twentieth-century French composers is given an entertaining, if not precisely distinguished, performance by the Concert Arts Orchestra, under the direction of Vladimir Golschmann. Included are Erik Satie's three appealing "Gymnopédies" (the first and third of these were scored by Debussy), Darius Milhaud's trivial but amusing "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," and Arthur Honegger's dreamy "Pastorale d'Eté." Head and shoulders above everything else in the set is Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin." This was written as a six-part piano suite, and what we have here are the four parts he orchestrated later on. —D. W.

•

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30 (INS)—There's no discouraging Frank Reider's yen for popcorn. Frank, 12, suffered a badly bruised right hand yesterday when he stuck his hand up the chute of a whirring vending machine that hadn't delivered. Freed after an hour's work by a Fire Department rescue squad, Reider's only worry was: "Where's my popcorn?"

Jenner told newsmen some closed sessions already have been held. A subcommittee spokesman said public hearings probably won't be scheduled for some time.—*The Journal-American.*

Meantime the popcorn is impounded, eh?

•

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY DEPT.

[*From the Rock Island (Ill.) Argus*]

MRS. ROOSEVELT
MOST ADMIRED
AMONG WOMEN

(Westbrook Pegler is on vacation. His column will be resumed on his return.)

PRINCETON, N. J. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is named by Americans as the woman they admire more than any other living woman in the world today.

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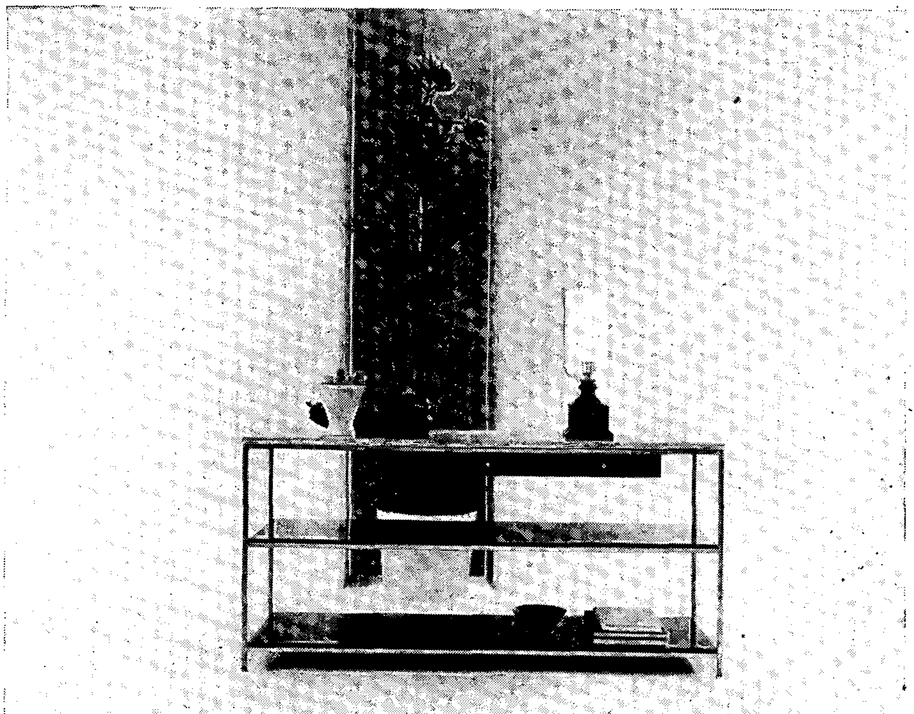

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BOOKS

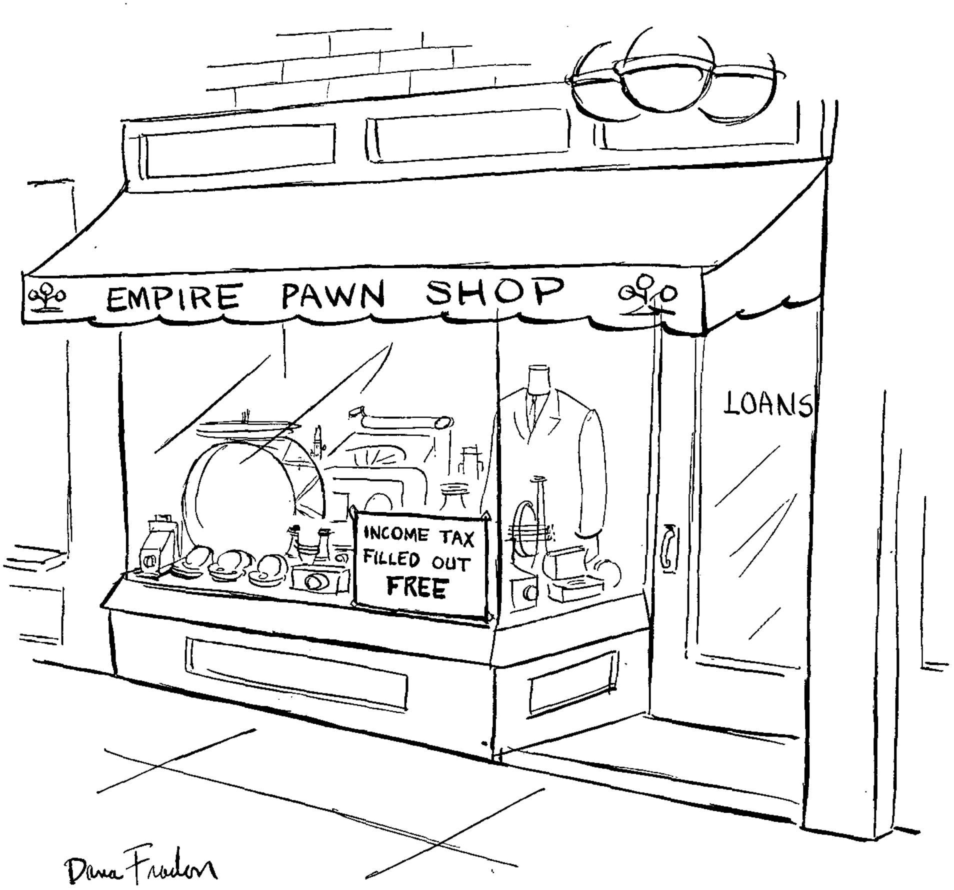
A Consciousness of Reality

IT is, probably, already too late to hope that someone will write a definitive history of Bloomsbury, that fascinating cultural milieu which formed itself around 1910, exercised its greatest influence during the twenties, and came to an end with the death of Virginia Woolf. There is an excellent account of the intellectual influences from which it was born in a posthumous essay by Maynard Keynes; for its later history we shall have to rely upon the memoirs of David Garnett, which are now appearing in England, and the journals of Virginia Woolf, of which "A Writer's Diary" (Harcourt, Brace) is, we hope, only the first installment.

Bloomsbury was not a "school" in any literary sense—there is no common Bloomsbury style or subject—nor was it centered on any one salon, like the Holland House set of the nineteenth century, or the Garsington set, to which many of its members also belonged. It included novelists, critics, painters, college dons but, curiously, no important poet (if one counts Virginia Woolf as a novelist) or composer. Nearly all its members had been to Cambridge and came from distinguished upper-middle-class families; i.e., without being aristocrats or large landowners, they were accustomed to efficient servants, first-rate meals, good silver and linen, and weekends in country houses. In rebellion against the rhetoric and conventional responses of their Victorian parents, hating dogma, ritual, and hypocritical expressions of unreal feelings, they, nevertheless, inherited from the Victorians a self-discipline and fastidiousness that made bohemian disorder impossible. "I have," writes Virginia Woolf—and most of them could have written the same—"an internal, automatic scale of values; which decides what I had better do with my time. It dictates 'This half hour must be spent on Russian,' 'This must be given to Wordsworth.' Or 'Now I'd better darn my brown stockings,' " and it is characteristic that the word she should find to express her critical reservations about "Ulysses" is "underbred." Politically a little to the left of center, they all shared a deep distrust of Parties and the State, believing passionately in the supreme importance of personal relations: "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country," wrote E. M. Forster, and during the spring of 1940, when invasion seemed imminent, Virginia Woolf refused to be distracted from writing her life of Roger Fry: "It's the vastness, and the smallness, that makes this possible. So intense are my feelings (about Roger); yet the circumference (the war) seems to make a hoop round them. No, I can't get the odd incongruity of feeling intensely and at the same time knowing that there's no importance in that feeling. Or is there, as I sometimes think, more importance than ever?"

It was, I feel, a very happy idea to confine the selections from her diary to her reflections on her own career as a writer. Henry James in his notebooks, letters, and prefaces may have said more interesting things about literary technique, but I have never read any book that conveyed more truthfully what a writer's life is like, what are its worries, its rewards, its day-by-day routine. Some readers, apparently, have been shocked to find how anxious and sensitive Virginia Woolf was about reviews, and how easily commendation of others could make her envious, but most writers, if they are honest, will recognize themselves in such remarks as "No creative writer can swallow another contemporary. The reception of living work is too coarse and partial if you're doing the same thing yourself. . . . When Desmond praises 'East Coker,' and I am jealous, I walk over the marsh saying, I am I," and even in her reflection on her father's death: "Father . . . would have been 96 . . . and could have been 96, like other people one has known: but mercifully was not. His life would have entirely ended mine."

Some of us keep up an air of stoic indifference to reviews, some avoid distress by refusing to read them, but we all care, and for good reasons. Every writer who is original is often doubtful about the value of a work; praise from a critic whom he respects is a treasured reassurance, silence or blame a confirmation of his worst fears: "So I'm found out and that odious rice pudding of a book is what I thought it—a dank failure." Then there are those critics who have made up their minds, for reasons of jealousy or fashion, about his work before they have read it, and the readers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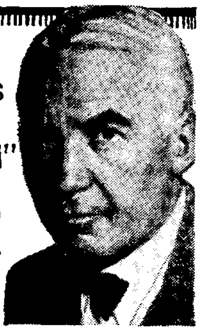

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of those critics—rival contemporaries or the ambitious young—who are glad to hear that his work is bad: "I dislike the thought of being laughed at: of the glow of satisfaction that A., B., and C. will get from hearing V. W. demolished." In Virginia Woolf's case, the fact that she was a woman was a further aggravation. She belonged to a generation in which a woman had still to fight to be taken seriously as a writer. For her, therefore, good notices and brisk sales meant financial independence and masculine admission of her sex as a literary equal; when she writes, "I'm out to make £300 this summer by writing and build a bath and hot-water range at Rodmell," she is thinking of the satisfaction it will give her, as a wife, to contribute substantially to the family budget.

Sensitive as she was to attacks, she was never too vain to deny any truth there might be in even the most prejudiced: "The thing to do is to note the pith of what is said—that I don't think—then to use the little kick of energy which opposition supplies to be more vigorously oneself. . . . To investigate candidly the charge; but not fussily, not very anxiously. On no account to retaliate by going to the other extreme—thinking too much."

THESE selections from Virginia Woolf's diary begin in the last year of World War I, when, in spite of it, England still seemed to be pretty much the same country it had been before 1914, and end, a few days before her death, in the darkest days of World War II, when her London house had been destroyed by bombs and the future of England was problematic: "A kind of growl behind the cuckoos and t'other birds. A furnace behind the sky. It struck me that one curious feeling is, that the writing 'I' has vanished. No audience. No echo. . . . We live without a future. That's what's queer: with our noses pressed to a closed door."

At the beginning, her literary reputation is just established—"I get treated at great length and solemnity by old gentlemen." During the twenties, she is universally admired; then, in the thirties, the wiggings start—she is bourgeois, oversensitive, out of date, and so on—and then she dies before she could become (what may well be the most painful fate of all) a sacred cow of whom everyone speaks in tones of hushed and bored reverence, but not before she has finished "Between the Acts," which, in my opinion, is her masterpiece.

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of an eclipse of the sun, which is as beautiful as any of the best pages in her novels, and an occasional comment, usually rather malicious, on people she knew, these selections are devoted to her thoughts upon the work in hand. Like every other writer, she was concerned about what particular kind of writer she was, and what her unique contribution could and should be. "My only interest as a writer lies, I begin to see, in some queer individuality; not in strength, or passion, or anything startling. Peacock for example: Borrow; Donne. . . . Fitzgerald's Letters." This is true if strength and passion are taken to mean what they conventionally mean when speaking of novelists. What she felt and expressed with the most intense passion was a mystical, religious vision of life, "a consciousness of what I call 'reality': a thing I see before me: something abstract; but residing in the downs or sky; beside which nothing matters; in which I shall exist and continue to exist. . . . How difficult not to go making 'reality' this and that, whereas it is one thing. Now perhaps this is my gift: this perhaps is what distinguishes me from other people: I think it may be rare to have so acute a sense of something like that—but again, who knows? I would like to express it too." Moreover, as is true of most mystics, she also experienced the Dark Night when "reality" seemed malignant—"the old treadmill feeling, of going on and on and on, for no reason . . . contempt for my lack of intellectual power; reading Wells without understanding. . . . society; buying clothes; Rodmell spoilt; all England spoilt: terror at night of things generally wrong in the universe."

What is unique about her work is the combination of this mystical vision with the sharpest possible sense for the concrete, even in its humblest form: "One can't," she observes, "write directly about the soul. Looked at, it vanishes; but look at the ceiling, at Grizzle, at the cheaper beasts in the Zoo which are exposed to walkers in Regent's Park, and the soul slips in." In preserving this balance, her sex was probably a help; a man who becomes interested in the Ground of Being all too easily becomes like Lowes Dickinson—"Always live in the whole, life in the one: always Shelley and Goethe, and then he loses his hot-water bottle; and never notices a face or a cat or a dog or a flower, except in the flow of the universal." A woman who has to run a house can never so lose contact with matter. The last entry in Virginia Woolf's diary is

(*Advertisement*)

THE

Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune

COLUMN

by **CEDRIC ADAMS**

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

IS THERE A CAR-CHASING dog in your family? You may want to try this stunt. Fill a bucket with ice water, really iced too, chunks floating around in it, and then take a member of your family with you for a drive. The moment your dog takes out after the car, yipping at the tires or running alongside, let him have the whole bucket of ice water smack in the face or wherever it'll hit him. The cure is lasting, too . . . Things must be getting tougher. This want ad appeared in a country weekly recently: "For sale—hearing aid, bathtub and an old violin" . . . This should add something to your day—Johnny Ray's dress shoes are lined with red silk . . . Do a little barbecueing at home? To get more of that smoky flavor, sprinkle a few drops of water on the coals at frequent intervals during the cooking . . . He was donating blood. The nurse, thinking she could place his arm in a more comfortable position, said, "Move over just a little, please." "Sorry, lady," he replied, "there's only room for one on this table."

★

WIVES MAY WANT to locate their husbands in this listing. Recent research on what groups of business and professional men do in the way of entertaining—dining out, nightclubs, bars, theaters and so on—indicates that advertising agency executives lead all classifications. Manufacturers' representatives were next followed by public relations and publicity men. Doctors were at the foot of the list. And that's probably because the unfortunate physician or dentist can't deduct what others claim as legitimate business entertainment expense . . . You may not care, but a chicken becomes a fowl at the end of one year, and a jack rabbit can run as fast as a good race horse. Often a long-legged jack attains a speed of 45 miles an hour . . . Pan American World Airways requires the pilot, the co-pilot and the flight engineer on all ships flying across oceans to eat completely different meals just prior to take-offs. And the boys usually argue about who's going to get the steak. The plan avoids any possibility of all three getting sick from tainted food.

★

I'M NO CELLULOID STAR, mind you, but my map is showing up on an amazing number of movie screens these days. Occasion is a movie which I narrate: "New Wealth in the Land of Hiawatha." It tells the exciting developments in oil, lignite, taconite and water out here which will assure an even greater economic potential for this already booming 3⅓-state Upper Midwest region. The movie was produced by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune. In just three months it has chalked up a commanding 335 showings before 55,000 people in 15 states. Just as we're proud to present the story of this great region which we serve, we also take pride in the fact that the best-liked, most respected newspapers of America's Upper Midwest are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 620,000).

★

A COLLEAGUE BACK from 30 days in Washington dropped by with a few notes. Each cabinet member receives a special, high-backed chair with his name engraved on a gold-plated sign attached to the chair. When he leaves, no matter the reason, the other cabinet members chip in and buy him his chair. Nixon, Stassen and Sherman Adams all attend cabinet sessions, but they sit in smaller chairs around the conference table . . . Sign of the times: Go into a cafe and ask for the dollar dinner and the waitress snaps, "On white or rye?"

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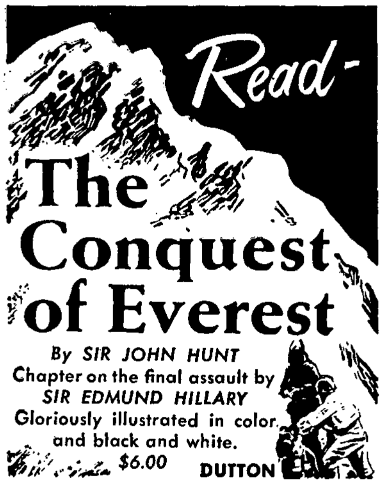

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typical: "And now with some pleasure I find that it's seven; and must cook dinner. Haddock and sausage meat. I think it is true that one gains a certain hold on sausage and haddock by writing them down."

Though she took extraordinary pains over each book, she was a born spontaneous writer who never seems to have known periods when she was without a fresh idea; even while she was in the middle of writing one book, she got ideas for the next, and her output shows a greater variety than she is sometimes credited with. Each book set its particular problem and provoked in the author its particular psychosomatic reactions: "While I was forcing myself to do 'Flush' my old headache came back—for the first time this autumn. Why should 'The Pargiters' ['The Years'] make my heart jump; why should 'Flush' stiffen the back of my neck?"

WITHIN the years covered by this diary, Virginia Woolf wrote what her husband believes to be, and I agree with him, her three best books, "To the Lighthouse," "The Waves," and "Between the Acts," and the fortunate reader is able to follow the writing of each. Here, for example, is the history of "The Waves":

1926 [She is finishing "To the Lighthouse"]:

SEPTEMBER 30. It is not oneself but something in the universe that one's left with. It is this that is frightening and exciting in the midst of my profound gloom, depression, boredom, whatever it is. One sees a fin passing far out. What image can I reach to convey what I mean?

1927 [the year of "Orlando"]:

FEBRUARY 21. Why not invent a new kind of play; as for instance: Woman thinks . . . He does. Organ plays. She writes. They say: She sings. Night speaks. They miss.

JUNE 18. A man and a woman are to be sitting at a table talking. Or shall they remain silent? It is to be a love story; she is finally to let the last great moth in.

1928:

NOVEMBER 28. The poets succeeding by simplifying: practically everything is left out. I want to put practically everything in: yet to saturate. . . . It must include nonsense, fact, sordidity: but made transparent.

1929:

JUNE 23. I think it will begin like this: dawn; the shells on a beach: I don't know—voices of cock and nightingale; and then all the children at a long table—lessons. . . . Could one not get the waves to be heard all through?

[*On September 10th, she begins writing.*]

SEPTEMBER 25. Yesterday morning I made another start on "The Moths," but

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that won't be its title. . . . Who thinks it? And am I outside the thinker?

DECEMBER 26. I wish I enjoyed it more. I don't have it in my head all day like "The Lighthouse" and "Orlando."

1930:

JANUARY 12. I can now hardly stop making up "The Waves." . . . What is essential is to write fast and not break the mood.

MARCH 17. The test of a book (to a writer) is if it makes a space in which, quite naturally, you can say what you want to say. As this morning I could say what Rhoda said.

APRIL 9. It is bound to be very imperfect. But I think it possible that I have got my statues against the sky.

APRIL 29. The greatest stretch of mind I ever knew. . . . I suspect the structure is wrong. Never mind.

[*She begins her second version of "The Waves."*]

AUGUST 20. "The Waves" is I think resolving itself into a series of dramatic soliloquies.

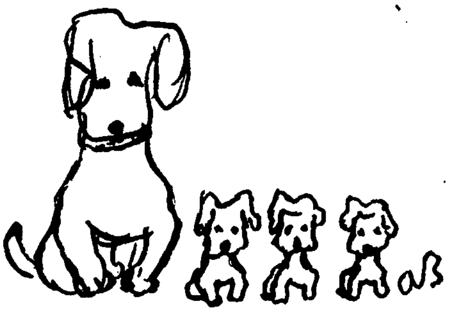
DECEMBER 22. . . . merge all the interjected passages into Bernard's final speech and end with the words O solitude.

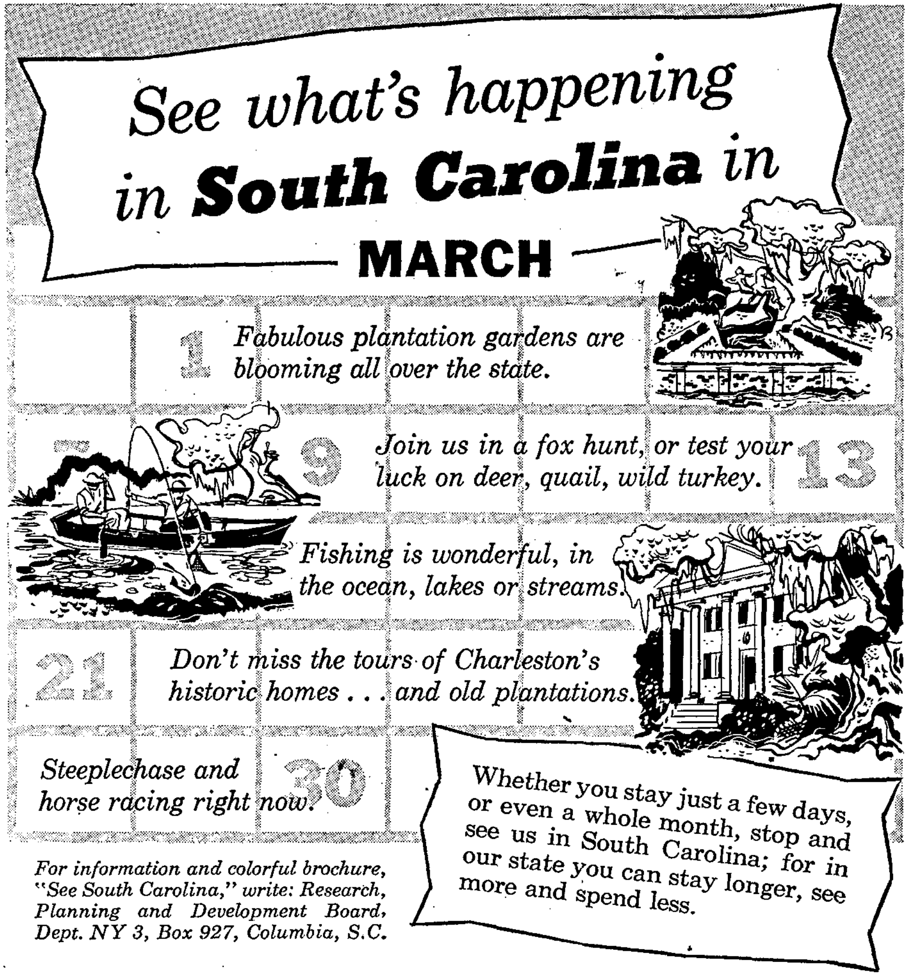
1931:

[*On January 20th, she gets the idea, in her bath, for "Three Guineas."*]

FEBRUARY 7. I wrote the words O Death fifteen minutes ago, having reeled across the last ten pages with some moments of such intensity and intoxication that I seemed only to stumble after my own voice, or almost, after some sort of speaker. . . . Anyhow it is done; and I have been sitting these fifteen minutes in a state of glory, and calm, and some tears. . . . How physical the sense of triumph and relief is! . . . I have netted that fin in the waste of water which appeared to me over the marshes out of my window at Rodmell.

I do not know how Virginia Woolf is thought of by the younger literary generation; I do know that by my own, even in the palmiest days of social consciousness, she was admired and loved much more than she realized. I do not know if she is going to exert an influence on the future development of the novel—I rather suspect that her style and her vision were so unique that influence would only result in tame imitation—but I cannot imagine a time, however bleak, or a writer, whatever his school, when and for whom her devotion to her art, her industry, her severity with herself—above all, her passionate love, not only or chiefly for the big moments of





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life but also for its daily humdrum "sausage-and-haddock" details—will not remain an example that is at once an inspiration and a judge. If I had to choose an epitaph for her, I would take a passage from "The Waves," which is the best description of the creative process that I know:

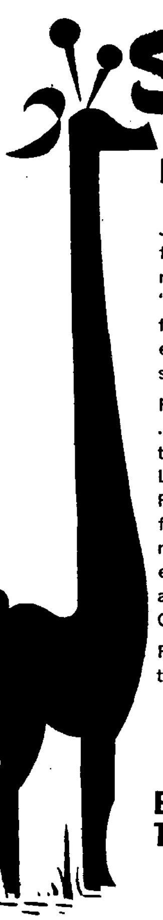
> There is a square: there is an oblong. The players take the square and place it upon the oblong. They place it very accurately; they make a perfect dwelling-place. Very little is left outside. The structure is now visible; what is inchoate is here stated; we are not so various or so mean; we have made oblongs and stood them upon squares. This is our triumph; this is our consolation.
>
> —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LUCKY JIM, by Kingsley Amis (Doubleday). A highly unusual first novel by a young English writer who is endowed with, and in control of, more than his share of talent, humor, and human sympathy. With no apparent effort, he has managed to bring to life a character, Dixon, who is lonely, a trifle frustrated, more than a trifle desperate, and at the same time irresistibly comic, to himself as well as to the reader. The story is simple. Dixon, an instructor (on probation) in a small English university, is stickily entangled, through no wish of his own, with a brainy but unprepossessing young female instructor, Margaret. In the middle of this mess, he falls in love with a beautiful London girl, Christine, whose pleasant nature, Dixon sees clearly, is a direct result of her lucky good looks, just as a substantial part of Margaret's impossible disposition may be blamed on her unlucky plainness. However, he observes, "To write things down as luck [isn't] the same as writing them off as nonexistent or in some way beneath consideration. Christine was still nicer and prettier than Margaret. . . ." With this cheerfully unfair conclusion to back his passion, he goes after the girl he wants. His story is related by Mr. Amis in a manner that is direct, sensible, and often extremely funny.

THE PROSPECT BEFORE US, by Herbert Gold (World). It is a curious and unfortunate fact that Mr. Gold, who has a quite remarkable ability to convince us of the reality of his characters and their surroundings, is unable to persuade us of their worth in even the slightest degree. He makes



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us understand that the people in his story are alive, and as we read, we see and hear them so plainly that we begin to think we remember knowing them, but they remain dwarfed, subhuman creatures, born to be, at best, objects of a disgusted and impatient pity. The hero of this novel, Harry Bowers, is doing very well as the proprietor of a cheap Cleveland hotel until a pretty Negro girl, who represents a civil-rights group, registers with him. Harry's championship of the girl and her cause brings him quickly to disaster, with time at the end for a final, characteristic gesture of grotesque and futile heroism.

The Alien Heart, by Catherine Hutter (Holt). The heavy-handed, if sincere and thoughtful, story of an exhaustingly self-centered and humorless young American, Robbie, who suffers deeply during adolescence and early manhood from the fact that his childhood was spent travelling around Europe with his father, a diplomat. His troubles are complicated by an infatuation, conceived in early childhood and apparently impossible to shake off, for a beautiful and elegant Austrian woman, a friend of his mother's. Miss Hutter frees Robbie from his locked condition not by causing him to develop but by divesting Europe and the lovely Austrian of their magic, which could not have been such a difficult matter, considering that she had the Second World War and the onset of old age to help her.

Mr. Twining, by Timothy Angus Jones (Knopf). This long and involved account of a sweet-natured, middle-aged English schoolmaster's first fling on the Riviera, where he hopes to sample, or at least observe, the joys of worldly living, is written with kindness, understanding, and fancy, but Mr. Jones' prose has an enveloping, weighty humor, an air of unintentional patronage, that reduces his poor little hero from a pathetic and gallant figure to a complete nonentity. The name of the schoolmaster is Mr. Twining, and his subject is Latin.

Senior Spring, by C. G. Lumbard (Simon & Schuster). Mr. Lumbard, whose light, frank manner betrays a large self-confidence that is sometimes irritating and sometimes moving, devotes his first novel to a thorough examination of a love affair between a fraternity boy and a sorority girl, both of them well-heeled,

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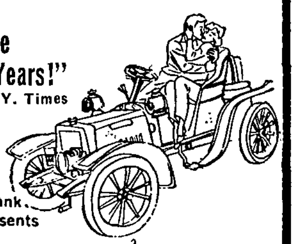

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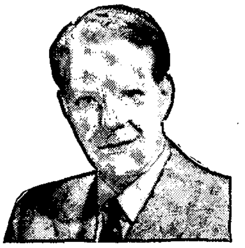
spoiled, affectionate, good-looking, and perhaps incurably juvenile, and both of them seniors at a California university.

GENERAL

BANDOOLA, by J. H. Williams (Doubleday). Another anecdotal evening in the company of the old Burma hand who introduced himself so ingratiatingly a year or two ago with "Elephant Bill." Here, as before, we are seemingly gathered together for a round of elephant stories, most of them concerned this time with an extraordinary male who was born in a teak timber camp in 1897, was named by his native keeper for the Burmese patriot General Maha Bandoola, was trained by the then revolutionary technique of kindness, grew to almost legendary size and splendor, and died of a war wound in 1945. But only seemingly. What Mr. Williams is actually, if unwittingly, giving us is a second oblique chapter in the luminous autobiography of a most engaging young Englishman alertly adrift in the jungle. Illustrated with line drawings.

I FLEW FOR THE FÜHRER, by Heinz Knoke (Holt). An account of the Luftwaffe career of one of Germany's outstanding fighter pilots, who was officially credited with having shot down fifty-two Allied aircraft, a great many of them Flying Fortresses. The book is based on Captain Knoke's diaries, and superficially it reads like the journal of any other young combat flier—a type not given by nature or training to philosophical speculation or deep political conviction. Here and there, however, one comes across unconsciously revealed attitudes indicating that Hitler's young airmen were of a quite different breed—almost lunatically receptive to the German propaganda, hardened toward human misery to a frightening degree, and afflicted with a deep-lying moroseness. Exciting in parts, but monotonous on the whole. Photographs.

RED DUST OF KENYA, by Alyse Simpson (Crowell). A quiet, almost inaudible chant about life on a squalid, sun-blistered farm in Central Africa where the author, a Swiss, and her husband, an Englishman, settled shortly after their marriage in the middle nineteen-thirties. Mrs. Simpson makes it plain that it was, at least at first, only love for her husband that held her in that cheerless land, but she voices her complaints so gen-



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tly, with so little self-pity and with so fresh a feeling for the sights and sounds of the wilderness, that we leave her with a feeling of something very like regret.

MODERN PAINTING, by Maurice Raynal, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Skira). The latest, and one hopes not the last, in a series of Skira publications that so far have canvassed the Italian and Spanish schools from the primitives to Picasso. This one tackles the moderns with the same lavishness of presentation that characterized its predecessors, and, as usual, the text, though thoroughly informative, is overshadowed by the wealth of illustrations, of which there are no fewer than two hundred, all in full color. In addition, all the pages are dated, thus keeping the chronological sequence constantly before the reader; "chronological surveys," covering the course of the major movements, are scattered through the book at appropriate moments; and complete biographical summaries of the main figures in the period are included. The whole book handles an extremely complex artistic era with truly remarkable clarity and dexterity.

NOTE: "They Went Wrong," by Croswell Bowen, six studies of crime and its psychological causes, has been published by McGraw-Hill. A large part of the contents originally appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

BEE TIME VINE AND OTHER PIECES (1913-1927), by Gertrude Stein, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Virgil Thomson (Yale). Mr. Thomson, for years Miss Stein's friend and musical collaborator, does his affectionate best to give background and dates to these long and short pieces, some of them in verse form, but his subject's "preoccupation with verbal concealment" often defeats him. Her instinctive feeling for the color and weight of words and phrases, and her touching delight in life's little jokes, just as often, though, push the material over

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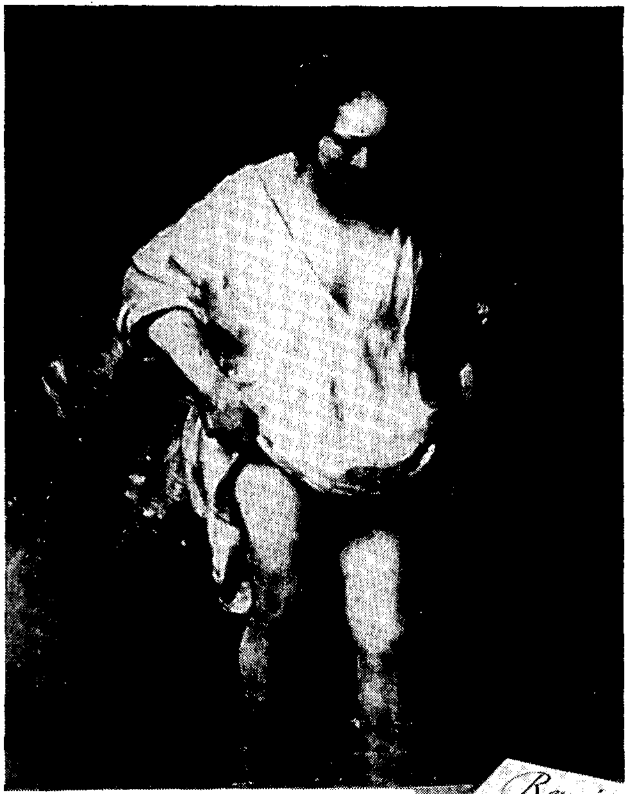

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onto the side of poetry, in spite of much that is trivial, tiresome, and downright peculiar.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS, by Dylan Thomas (New Directions). Thomas's reveals a flair for telling pictorial values, as well as for dramatic speech, in this fully developed film scenario, the last work of his to be published before his untimely death at the age of thirty-nine. The story, furnished him by Donald Taylor and presented in verse, describes the Burke and Hare body-snatching murders in early-nineteenth-century Edinburgh, and Thomas unfurls the grisly tale with admirably few clichés, in either dialogue or shooting directions.

NEW POEMS BY AMERICAN POETS, edited, and with an introduction, by Rolfe Humphries (Ballantine Books). Mr. Humphries, rejecting the notion that contemporary American verse is *in toto* "obscure, nervous, and morose verbalizing," decided to see if a direct appeal to poets (by letter, newspaper notice, and word of mouth) for contributions would produce any surprises. The resulting anthology, which appears in both paper and cloth bindings, certainly has an air of freshness and vitality. More or less unknown young people and fine but neglected talents are printed side by side with the established Auden, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, and William Carlos Williams. A group of poems by Abbie Huston Evans, Theodore Roethke's "Song for the Squeeze-Box," and Edmund Wilson's "The White Sand," an experiment in cross rhyming, are particularly memorable.

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A CORRECTION

Due to a typographical error in Friday's edition of Dr. Alvarez's column, it was incorrectly reported that a person had taken "ten grams" of nembutal daily for ten years. It should have read "ten grains." Ten grams of nembutal is a fatal dose. The Herald Tribune regrets the error.

—*The Herald Tribune.*

No wonder we slept right through Wednesday!

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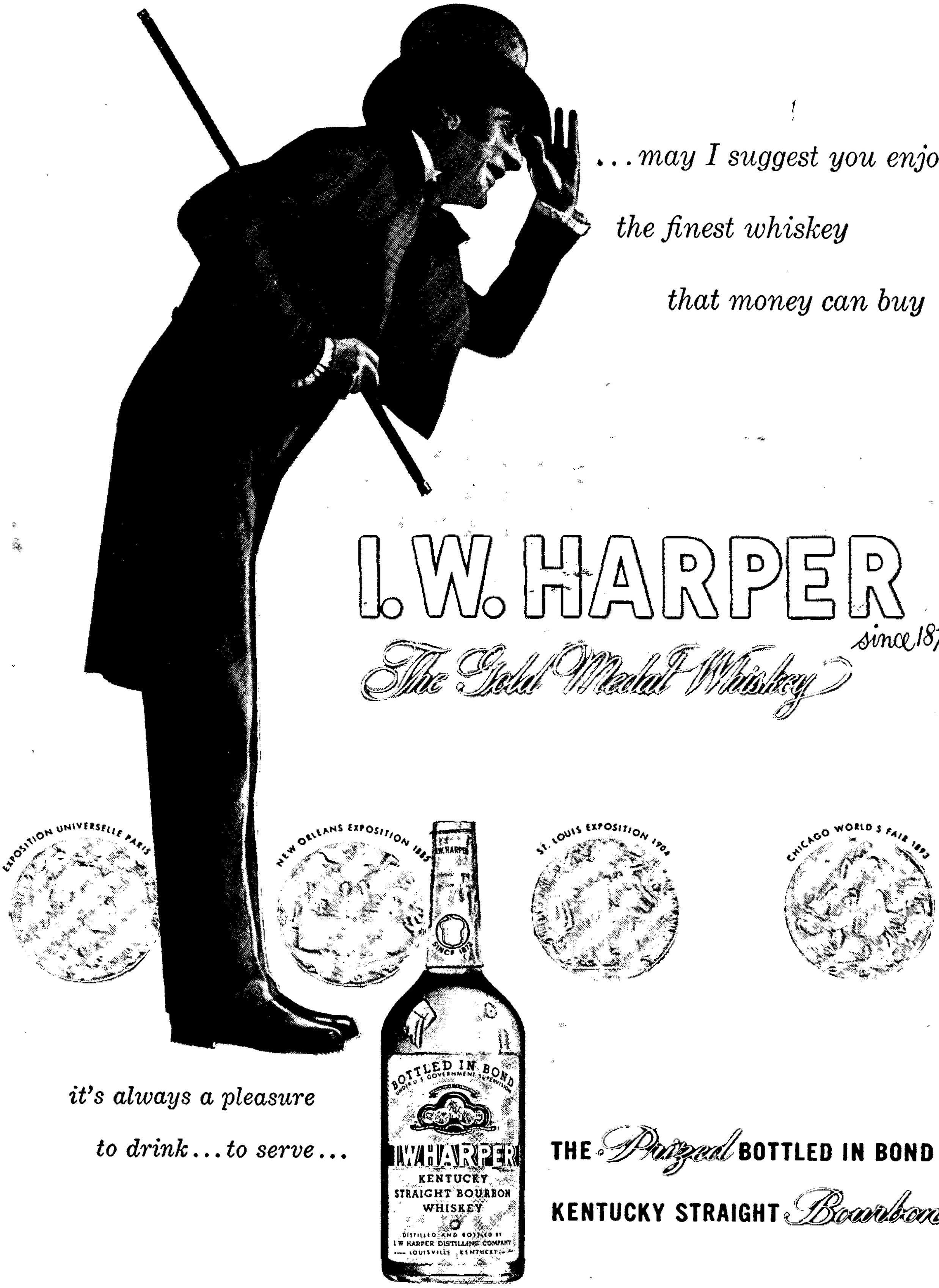
DEEP IN THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF TEXAS

[*From the score card of a Dallas golf course*]

Do not cross Southerland along No. 7 fairway to retrieve golf balls from private property. Trespassers have been fired upon.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